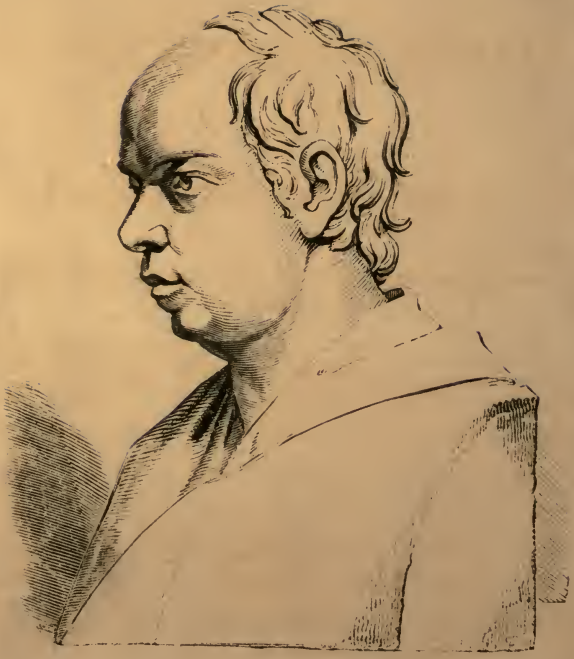

THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH, M. B.

WITH

A NEW LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

SIVE RISUS ESSENT MOVENDI, SIVE LACRYMÆ, AFFECTUUM POTENS,
AT LENIS DOMINATOR.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS edition of Goldsmith's *Miscellaneous Works*, comprises all the pieces which have appeared in former editions, (the best of which have been carefully collated, for the purpose of securing a correct text,) together with several pieces which are now inserted for the first time. The additions in the present volume are the *Captivity*, an Oratorio, which is not generally inserted in the author's Miscellaneous Works; the *Threnodia Augustalis*, which was first printed from his manuscript in Chalmers's *English Poets;* and several smaller pieces. Some of his *Letters* have been added, chiefly extracted from the Memoir drawn up by Dr Percy. The *Various Readings* are now introduced for the first time; and the dates of the several pieces, when they could be ascertained with sufficient accuracy, have been prefixed. In an edition which rests one of its principal claims to the attention of the Public

on its superior accuracy, it may not be superfluous to mention that the punctuation has been minutely revised, and carefully corrected. Those who have observed how often the most elegant editions of popular works, particularly of our poets, are disfigured by the hasty adoption of a careless punctuation, and how much, in consequence, the beauty of the Author's style is injured, even when the sense is not absolutely destroyed, will not look upon this as too trivial a matter to deserve notice.

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THE LIFE

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

The eccentricities of Goldsmith's character, and his unsettled habits, have imparted to his history an air of romance, which seldom belongs to the record of a scholar's life. A restless love of adventure, joined with incorrigible imprudence, was perpetually involving him in difficulties; while he alternately extorted the admiration of the world by the excellence of his writings, and exposed himself to general ridicule by the absurdity of his conduct. The story of his life has acquired additional interest for the lovers of the marvellous, through the carelessness or credulity of his earlier biographers, who have sometimes admitted into their narrative adventures which are either purely imaginary, or which properly belong to some other hero. Such idle stories are readily circulated of those who have attained sufficient eminence to make them the objects of public curiosity; and Goldsmith's high reputation as an author, together with his remarkable peculiarities, and the uncertainty which prevailed in regard to several events of his life, made him a valuable

subject for those ingenious gentlemen who manufacture biographical sketches for the magazines, or draw upon a lively imagination for literary anecdotes to enliven the columns of a newspaper. For the present memoir, less questionable authorities have been consulted. In the general narrative we have principally followed the account written by Dr Percy,* late Bishop of Dromore, who was himself a personal friend of Goldsmith, and who derived a great part of his materials from the poet's own family and relations; and such anecdotes as we have introduced, illustrative of his peculiar habits and temper, are extracted from the pages of those among his literary acquaintance with whom he lived on terms of the most intimate familiarity. Fortunately such notices are pretty numerous; his literary reputation and the singularity of his appearance and manners, secured for him a niche in almost every volume of contemporary biography; yet we must regret that we have not still more minute details of an author so justly eminent. A genius all but universal enabled him to cultivate almost every variety of study, with a success which proves that there is no necessary connection between versatility and mediocrity of talent; and which amply justifies the eulogium of Dr Johnson, that he left scarcely any species of writing unattempted or unadorned by his pen.†

* We allude to the life prefixed to the genuine edition of Goldsmith's *Miscellaneous Works*, in 4 vols. 8vo. published by the London booksellers in 1801, which, though anonymous, is known to have been principally contributed by Bishop Percy. This account has been abridged by Chalmers for his edition of the *English Poets*, and also by the editors of the *Encyclopædia Edinensis*.

† Nullum ferè scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit. — See his Epitaph.

Oliver Goldsmith was born November 29, 1728, at Pallas, in the parish of Forney, and county of Longford, in Ireland. His father, the Rev. Charles Goldsmith, was a clergyman of the established church, and had received his education at Dublin College. This gentleman was a native of Roscommon, which has led to the common mistake, that our poet was born in that county. By an early marriage he sacrificed his hopes of college preferment, and burdened himself with a family before he had secured the means of supporting one. His wife was Anne, daughter of the Rev. Oliver Jones, master of the diocesan school of Elphin, and by her he had five sons, of whom Oliver was the second, and two daughters. For some time after their marriage, Mr Charles Goldsmith and his wife lived at the house of her brother, who was rector of Kilkenny West, in the county of Westmeath, to which living he himself was afterwards presented. To the virtues of this parent, his son has borne affectionate testimony in his sketch of the Preacher in the *Deserted Village*,—a character which some have supposed to be meant for his brother Henry, but it has been ascertained that the poet intended it for a portrait, and it is said to be a faithful one, of his father. * Such a tribute is alike creditable to the filial piety of Goldsmith, and to the man whose worth originally suggested so exquisite a model of primitive simplicity, and Christian charity. He is also understood to have been the archetype of the Man in Black, mentioned in the *Citizen of the World;* † and, perhaps, some additional traits of his character might be traced in the simple-hearted and benevolent Vicar of Wakefield. The only other relation whom our

* Narrative of Mrs Hodson, Goldsmith's sister. See *Life* by Percy.

† Letters 13, 26, &c.

author has commemorated in his works, is his eldest brother Henry, who adopted his father's profession, and appears to have inherited much of his amiable and unostentatious character, together with a slight portion of that imprudence which seems to have been a family characteristic,—for he married at the early age of nineteen, and, returning to a country curacy, disappointed those sanguine expectations which his friends had formed of his future career, from the talent and learning which he is said to have displayed at college. For this brother, to whose good offices and liberality he had frequent occasion to appeal in the earlier part of his career, Goldsmith always entertained the warmest affection: he inscribed to him his *Traveller* in a strain of respectful fondness; he frequently consulted him with regard to his literary plans; and, in 1767, when the Earl, afterwards Duke, of Northumberland, who had just then been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, invited the poet to an interview, and offered him his protection, he declined asking any favour for himself, but recommended his brother Henry to his patronage.*

His father, who had already stretched his slender means to secure a liberal education for his eldest son, destined Oliver for some mercantile employment. He was accordingly sent to a sort of hedge-school in the parish, for the purpose of being initiated in the necessary branches of reading, writing, and arithmetic. His preceptor was an eccentric fellow, an old soldier who had served in Spain under the Earl of Peterborough, during the War of the Succession; and from this learned vagabond, who encouraged his pupil's love of the marvellous by strange stories of his own travels and military adventures, young Goldsmith is said † to have

* Sir John Hawkins's *Life of Johnson.*

† Mrs Hodson's Narrative.

imbibed those wandering propensities and unsettled habits which formed so remarkable a feature of his character through life. Under such a master, his proficiency in learning was probably not very great. It is said, however, that, even at this early period, he gave such indications of talent, as encouraged his friends to alter his original destination, and educate him for one of the learned professions. This plan was first proposed by his mother, with whom he was always a favourite, and the chief objection to it being removed by an offer, on the part of some of his relations,* to bear a portion of the expense, it received the sanction of his father; the more readily, perhaps, that the youthful poet had already begun to manifest irregularities of temper and conduct, which threatened to disqualify him for the quiet routine of business. He was accordingly withdrawn from the humble seminary of his military friend, and placed under the care of the Rev. Mr Griffin, at Elphin: he was afterwards removed to Athlone; and lastly, to Edgeworthstown, in the county of Longford, where he studied under the Rev. Mr Hughes, preparatory to his being sent to the University. It was on his journey to the last mentioned school, that he is said † to have himself met with the adventure which suggested the groundwork of his comedy *She Stoops to Conquer*, where the lover mistakes the house of his mistress's father for an inn. Having inquired of some one he had met on the road, which was the best house in the neighbourhood, meaning the best inn, he was directed to that of the squire, where he soon after arrived; and, with all the importance of a youth who, for the first time, found himself his own

* Particularly the Rev. Mr Contarine and the Rev. Mr Green.

† Mrs Hodson's Narrative.

master, with money in his pocket, having left his horse to be taken care of by a servant, who naturally supposed the young traveller had come on a visit to his master, he marched into the house, where he found the owner of the mansion, and ordered him to get ready a good supper. The gentleman at once perceived his mistake, but on ascertaining the name of his youthful guest, being an acquaintance of his father, he resolved to humour the jest. Young Goldsmith, with the extravagant liberality which so strongly marked his character in after life, invited his landlord, together with his wife and two daughters, to sup with him; and after spending a happy evening with them, retired to rest, having previously ordered a hot cake to be prepared for his breakfast. It was not till next morning, when he called for his bill, that he was informed of his mistake. Such is the story, somewhat exaggerated, no doubt, in the telling, if indeed it had any foundation in fact.

In June, 1744, he was sent to Dublin, and entered Trinity College as a Sizer,* which implies that he had attained more than the usual proficiency in regard to previous study. Here, however, his progress was not so distinguished as might have been expected from a mind of great acuteness, and feelingly alive to the admiration which is secured by successful exertion. This has been ascribed† to his misfortune in being placed under a tutor of harsh temper and violent passions, whose system of discipline appears to have been unnecessarily rigorous; and, in the case of Goldsmith, singularly injudicious. Upon one occasion, this gentleman thought proper to chastise his pupil, then a youth of eighteen, in the presence of some young friends of both sexes,

* *College Record.*

† By Dr Percy, Sir Egerton Bridges, &c.

whom, with his characteristic indiscretion, he had invited to a supper and dance in his room. Indignant at receiving such treatment, he immediately disposed of his books and part of his clothes, and, privately leaving college, commenced the life of a wanderer.* What little money he had was soon spent, and he now discovered the imprudence of having thrown himself upon the world, without friends, fortune, or prospects. He subsisted for some days on his last shilling, and after this was spent, experienced such extremity of hunger, that a handful of gray pease, which he received from a country girl at a wake, was considered by him as a luxurious meal. He at length adopted the prudent resolution of making his situation known to his brother Henry, who immediately supplied him with such necessaries as he required, and carrying him back to college, effected an accommodation between himself and his tutor, Mr Wilder. This reconciliation, however convenient for both parties, was probably not very cordial on either side: the ingenuous nature of Goldsmith entitled him to more generous treatment than he appears to have received; while, on the other hand, his extreme thoughtlessness and repeated irregularities must have given frequent and just provocation to a man of hasty temper and bigoted to the strict observance of college rules. But, on whichever side the fault lay, it is certain that the differences between the tutor and his pupil had a very unfavourable influence on the studies of the latter; for he was not admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, till 1749,† two years after the regular time. It has indeed been hinted, that

* His first intention was to get on ship-board at Cork, and quit his native country for ever.

† Dr Wilson of Trinity College.

his tardy progress at College ought to be ascribed less to the neglect of his tutor and his own irregular habits, than to an original slowness of parts which gave no early promise of future excellence. According to Dr Johnson, "Goldsmith was a plant that flowered late;"* and this opinion has been adopted by several of his biographers, but, as it would appear, without sufficient consideration. His claims to superior scholarship were never called in question by those who knew him best and judged him most severely; and, indeed, his writings furnish sufficient evidence that his mind was deeply imbued with classical literature. We have no reason to believe, however, that such studies occupied much of his attention after leaving Dublin: his natural indolence, and the early necessity of directing his attention to pursuits more immediately profitable, render the supposition altogether improbable; and we are therefore entitled to conclude, that his acquirements in this respect were made either at Mr Hughes's seminary or at college, and that at one or both he must have been a successful, if not distinguished student. We have also the testimony of his fellow-student, Mr Burke, to his having displayed very considerable talent while at college;† and the still more decisive evidence of Archdeacon Kearney, formerly senior fellow of Trinity College, by which it appears, that Goldsmith obtained a premium at a Christmas examination,‡ a distinction which is esteemed peculiarly honourable, because it ascertains the person who receives it to be the first in literary merit; while at the other quarterly examinations, a premium is sometimes given to the second best answerer, when the person

* Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*

† *Ibid.* note.

‡ *Ibid.* note.

who answers best has previously obtained that honour.* He was also, June 15, 1747, elected an exhibitioner on the foundation of Erasmus Smyth.† The truth appears to be, that while Goldsmith's talents were not, even in those days, unappreciated, his unsettled character and idle habits prevented his obtaining those academical distinctions which are the reward of painful assiduity and continued exertion: and, after all, those who are acquainted with colleges, will not, in their estimate of abilities, be disposed to attach undue importance to academical honours, which, however they may be admitted as evidence of scholarship, are perhaps as frequently conferred on plodding mediocrity, as on superior talent. Several of Goldsmith's college exercises, however, were much admired; especially some of his translations from Horace, which procured for him the favourable notice of his superiors, and perhaps saved him from the rigorous punishment which his delinquencies merited. Upon one occasion, he was engaged in a very serious riot, which ended in the expulsion of some of his companions from the University, but he escaped with the milder punishment of a public admonition,‡ in which he is charged with having abetted the conspiracy, and given assistance to the rioters.§

In 1750, soon after he had obtained his degree, his father died; and his friends wished him to prepare for holy orders, as they had hopes of being able to provide for him in the church; but this was a destination to which he himself had always felt a decided aversion. He was prevailed upon, however, to apply for licence, but was rejected by Dr Synge, then Bishop of Elphin, ostensibly

* Malone. † Rev. Mr Wolfen. ‡ May 25, 1747.

§ *Quod seditioni favisset et tumultuantibus opem tulisset.* These are the words of the sentence, as quoted by Dr Wilson.

on account of his youth, though it is not improbable that the candidate's questionable reputation, and perhaps his limited acquaintance with theology, may have principally influenced the bishop's decision.* This was a disappointment rather to his friends than to Goldsmith himself, who, though he afterwards professed to admire the wisdom of his brother Henry's choice in despising fame and fortune, and retiring early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a-year,† seems never to have had any great inclination to follow his example. On the contrary, he loved to indulge his fancy with dreams of future greatness, which was always connected in his mind with a desire to see the world,—a passion which was with him too vague and general to admit of any specific plan, or even definite object, but which he never failed to manifest whenever an occasion offered. He had been received into the family of a neighbouring gentleman, as tutor to his children; but he soon became tired of his situation, and again became a wanderer, with about thirty pounds in his pocket. As usual, he contrived in a very short time to spend his slender stock of money, and, at the end of six weeks, returned to his mother's house without a penny. Of the adventures which he had met with during this excursion, he gave his friends a curious, but somewhat improbable history. According to this account, he had proceeded to Cork, with the intention of going to America, and actually paid his passage to the captain of a vessel bound thither; but the wind proving unfavourable for a day or two, he had gone to pass the interval with some friends, who had formed a party to the country, and on his return he found that the vessel had sailed. He had still some

* Such is the tradition among the clergy of the diocese.

† Dedication of the *Traveller*.

money left, with which he bought a wretched little nag, intending to return home as soon as possible. On his way, he was tempted to pay a visit to an old college acquaintance, from whom he had formerly received many pressing invitations to pass some time at his house, but from this gentleman he received a very scurvy reception. He remained, however, a couple of days, and, in the meantime, became acquainted with another gentleman of the neighbourhood, who invited him to his house, where he was hospitably entertained by the owner and his two beautiful daughters, for some weeks, and at last permitted to depart with the greatest reluctance.*

His friends now proposed to send him to London to study law, and the Rev. Thomas Contarine, rector of Kilmore, who was married to his aunt, and had always taken a paternal interest in young Goldsmith, undertook the expense of his studies in the Temple: but in passing through Dublin, on his way to England, the imprudent youth fell in with some sharpers, who persuaded him to stake at the gaming table the fifty pounds with which his uncle's liberality had furnished him for the expenses of his journey. This instance of extreme folly and, under the circumstances, ingratitude, although it had the effect of putting a stop to his journey, and of changing his future destination, did not provoke his generous benefactor to withdraw his patronage; but his mother was seriously offended at this last escapade of her prodigal son, and it was not without some difficulty that she again received him into favour, at the warm intercession of his brothers and sisters. He had already disappointed the hopes of his family with regard to two of the learned professions; it was now resolved to

* Mrs Hodson's Narrative.

give him an opportunity of trying his fortune in the third; and the same kind relation, to whom he had already been so much indebted, having again assisted him with his purse, he was sent to study physic at Edinburgh College, which had at that time acquired the reputation which it still boasts, of being one of the best medical schools in Europe. This event took place in 1752, when he was in his twenty-fourth year.

On the very evening of his arrival in the Scottish metropolis, he gave a curious proof of that inattention and thoughtlessness, which rendered him so unfit for the ordinary business of life. He had no sooner engaged a lodging, than he sallied forth to view the curiosities of the city, and it was not till he was tired of rambling about, and began to think of returning to his lodging, that he made the unpleasant discovery, that he had neglected to ascertain the name of his landlady, or even that of the street in which she lived. He was now at a loss in what direction to proceed, when, by good fortune, he met the *cady*, or porter, whom he had employed to carry his luggage, and received from him the information required.* A change of scene and profession does not appear to have effected any remarkable change in Goldsmith's habits. At Edinburgh, as in Dublin, his unfortunate facility of temper, and his love of frolic, made him neglect his studies, and attach himself to the fellowship of the idle. He always loved applause; and as he did not care to discriminate very nicely between that which is earned by eminence in honourable attainments, and that which is freely bestowed on a master of the revels by his pot-house companions, he naturally sought the praise which could be obtained with the least effort. The lax discipline of a Scottish

* Dr Percy.

University, where, except at class hours, the students are exempt from college rules and the surveillance of the professors, unfortunately left him at liberty to give free indulgence to his love of dissipation; and the lectures of Monro and Cullen were forgotten in the noisy merriment of the tavern, and the worthless applause of his fellow-idlers. He associated chiefly with his own countrymen, and seems never to have regarded Scotland or its natives with much partiality. In a letter, dated September 26, 1753,* and addressed to an Irish gentleman, Mr Robert Brianton, he gives a very humorous description of Edinburgh society, such as it existed at that period; but we may be permitted to suspect that the picture is slightly overcharged, even if it be thought probable that the young student of medicine had access to the aristocratic circle which then constituted society in Edinburgh, and which his letter affects to describe. At all events, he himself escaped all taint from the formal preciseness, which is said to have characterized Scottish manners at that time; for, according to his biographer, it was during his residence in the northern metropolis, that he acquired that love of vulgar display, and those habits of rude and boisterous merriment, of which, in after life, and in polite society, he could never entirely divest himself. The knowledge of his profession, which he gained during the same period, was probably not very great; and, after an attendance of two years on such classes as at that time constituted a medical course, he left the University without a diploma. It is said† that his departure from Edinburgh was hastened by a

* See his *Letters*.

† Anecdotes of Dr Goldsmith in Dodsley's *Annual Register*, 1774, signed G. (Griffin?)

circumstance which is in perfect accordance with his character. He had inconsiderately become surety for one of his idle companions, to a greater amount than his slender means enabled him to cover; he was therefore arrested at the suit of one Barclay, a tailor, his friend's principal creditor. From this difficulty he was extricated by the good offices of his fellow student, Dr Sleigh, and another friend; but the disgrace of an arrest, and perhaps the apprehension of other demands being made upon him on his friend's account, made him anxious to put in immediate execution a plan, which had already met with his uncle's sanction, of paying a visit to the Continent, and finishing his studies at one of the foreign universities. He, accordingly, engaged a passage in a Scottish vessel bound for Rotterdam, where he arrived after a tedious voyage and a narrow escape from shipwreck.* He immediately proceeded to Leyden, where, by his uncle's liberality, he was enabled to carry on his medical studies, especially in the two important branches of anatomy and chemistry; in which latter science, under Professor Gaubius, whom he mentions in his correspondence as the most efficient teacher in the University, he made considerable proficiency. At Leyden he remained for about a year; but it is uncertain whether it was here or at Louvain,† or, as some affirm, at Padua,‡ where he afterwards spent some time, that he took his degree of

* Letter to Mr Contarine. The vessel in which he had engaged his passage was obliged, by stress of weather, to put in to Newcastle, where Goldsmith, and some of his fellow-passengers, (Scottish Jacobites,) were put under arrest. Here he was detained for a fortnight: meanwhile, the vessel proceeded on her destination, but was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and every soul on board perished.

† *Life of Goldsmith*, 8vo. 1774. ‡ Dr Percy.

Bachelor of Physic, which was confirmed to him by the University of Oxford, in 1769, and which was the only medical degree he ever obtained; though the title of Doctor, which courtesy allows to every medical practitioner, was that by which he was known among his contemporaries, and is still designated. Before he left Leyden, his fatal propensity for gaming had again reduced him to pecuniary difficulties, from which he was extricated by the liberality of his friend Dr Ellis, afterwards clerk of the Irish House of Commons. Such, however, was his inconsiderate extravagance—though upon the present occasion it almost disarms censure, on account of its generous motive—that the money which he had borrowed from his friend, to enable him to leave Holland, was all expended on some costly flowers, which he bought from a Dutch florist, as a present for his uncle.* So great, indeed, was his genius for getting into difficulties, and so little did he profit by experience, that, as he himself afterwards candidly confessed, "there was scarcely a kingdom in Europe, in which he was not a debtor."†

He was now (1755) once more, without money and without prospects, left to shift for himself. Under such circumstances, which were by this time become tolerably familiar to him, his passion for travelling never failed to return, though, one would have thought, with the worst possible prospect of being gratified. The expense of travelling did not, however, present so insuperable an obstacle to Goldsmith, as it might to one of a less sanguine temperament. He was much better qualified, partly by constitution, and partly from habit, for enduring adversity, than for improving his better fortune; and he now resolved, with a magnanimity

* So Dr Ellis. † Letter to his brother.

which deserves our admiration, to perform the tour of Europe on foot, with no other resources besides a tolerable suit of clothes, a spare shirt in his pocket,* and a German flute. This resolution, he actually put in practice, without any assistance from his friends, except a small supply of money, which Mr Contarine contrived to forward to him in Italy. He himself has described a similar exploit, of the celebrated Baron Holberg, who was originally of very humble rank, and who had to encounter many difficulties in the earlier part of his life. Whether his example suggested the idea to Goldsmith, is doubtful, but the description which the latter gives of the Danish writer's adventure, is so minutely applicable to his own case, that we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it. "His ambition was not to be restrained, or his thirst for knowledge satisfied, until he had seen the world. Without money, recommendations, or friends, he undertook to set out upon his travels, and make the tour of Europe on foot. A good voice, and a trifling skill in music, were the only finances he had to support an undertaking so extensive; so he travelled by day, and at night sang at the doors of peasants' houses, to get himself a lodging."† It is an undoubted fact, that in this very manner Goldsmith himself travelled over the greater part of the Continent. He had a competent knowledge of French, knew a little Italian, and by means of these, and his acquaintance with Latin, he generally contrived to make himself understood in the several countries which he visited; but his great resource was his German flute. His knowledge of music was not indeed very scientific or extensive; what little he knew, was principally

* Dr Ellis.

† *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning.*

by the ear;* yet his performance, such as it was, generally procured him a ready welcome at the cottages where he sought a night's hospitality, especially among the honest boors of Flanders, and the light-hearted peasantry of the south of France. When he approached a town, where his rude minstrelsy would have had to encounter severe critics, and a competition at once degrading and formidable, he abandoned his flute, and had recourse to his scholastic powers. At many of the foreign universities and monasteries, there is a custom of maintaining theses, on certain days, against any adventitious disputant. If the adventurer exhibit sufficient dexterity of reasoning to gain the applause of his judges, or, which is more frequently the case, if no one come forward to oppose him, he is entitled to claim a small gratuity in money, and a night's lodging.† Goldsmith's necessities, and perhaps his inclination — for he was fond of disputing, and was at no

* According to Sir John Hawkins, Goldsmith did not so much as understand the character in which music is written, in confirmation of which he tells the following story:—"Roubiliac the sculptor, a merry fellow, once heard him play; and, minding to put a trick on him, pretended to be so charmed with his performance, that he entreated him to repeat the air, that he might write it down. Goldsmith readily consenting, Roubiliac called for paper, and scored thereon a few five lined staves, which having done, Goldsmith proceeded to play, and Roubiliac to write; but his writing was only such random notes on the lines and spaces as any one might set down who had never inspected a page of music. When they had both done, Roubiliac shewed the paper to Goldsmith, who, looking it over with seeming great attention, said it was very correct, and that if he had not seen him do it, he never could have believed his friend capable of writing music after him."—Hawkins's *Life of Johnson*, p. 418.

† History of a Philosophic Vagabond, in the *Vicar of Wakefield.*

time unwilling to support a paradox for the sake of argument—induced him frequently to enter the lists, and by this means he was enabled occasionally to secure a comfortable and honourable subsistence. Of his adventures during this pedestrian tour, he is supposed to have given a pretty faithful sketch, in his History of a Philosophic Vagabond, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*. It is probable, however, that some of the incidents introduced into that narrative, and which have been admitted upon that ground alone as having actually occurred to Goldsmith himself, are purely imaginary. Among others, the circumstance of his having accompanied a young Englishman as travelling tutor, though the story has been repeated* with a grave circumstantiality which notices the young gentleman's name and private history, has been denied upon good authority;† and the character of the rich young attorney is at once so odious and so unnatural, that we do not regret to find this part of the story pure fiction.

It is not a little surprising that a man of Goldsmith's fine genius and ready talents should apparently have reaped little advantage from his extensive tour. In that polish of manners, the easy breeding, and what is called knowledge of the world, which travel is generally supposed to be the best means of acquiring, he was, through life, miserably deficient. His writings discover no acquaintance with the manners, literature, peculiar traditions, or domestic history of the different people among whom he sojourned, which he might not easily have obtained from books at home. Indeed, it may be

* *Annual Register* for 1774.

† Namely, that of his most intimate friends.—See Dr Percy.

suspected, that though the acquisition of useful knowledge was his avowed object, an idle passion for wandering was the real motive, and its gratification the sole aim, of his excursion; at least, it does not appear that from his pedestrian tour through Flanders, France, Switzerland, Italy, and part of Germany, he gained any thing else besides that satisfaction which is enjoyed by less philosophic vagabonds, who, in defiance of the beadle, wander from parish to parish, under the influence of no more dignified motive than a restless love of locomotion. He himself pleads guilty to something like this in one of his letters to his brother Henry, where he describes this restlessness as a family characteristic. "Whence," he writes, "whence this romantic turn that all our family are possessed with? Whence this love for every place and every country but that in which we reside? for every occupation but our own? this desire of fortune, and yet this eagerness to dissipate?"* It was while at Padua,† where he resided for some months, and resumed his medical studies, that he received the unwelcome news of his uncle Contarine's death; and the consequent discontinuance of the pecuniary assistance which he had so often received from that excellent relative, made it necessary for him to turn his attention to some less precarious means of subsistence than his musical powers, or his talent for disputation. He accordingly resolved to try his fortune in London; and, after a pedestrian journey, attended with many privations, through the greater part of France, he landed at Dover, in 1756.

When he arrived in London, the meanness of his appearance afforded ample testimony of the difficulties to

* See *Letters*. † *Life* by Percy.

which he had been reduced: his finances were reduced to a few halfpence, and his prospects were sufficiently cheerless to have driven any other person to absolute despair. But to Goldsmith his present situation was not new; and he had, as he himself expressed it, "a knack of hoping," which enabled him to bear up manfully against the disappointments and mortifications which he was destined to encounter in his search after employment. He at length succeeded, on the recommendation of his friend Dr Radcliff,* in obtaining the humble situation of usher in an obscure academy; but, as he himself had never borne with much patience the discipline of a public school, he was, perhaps, not very well qualified to enforce it. It is certain, at least, that he did not continue long in his new situation; and, unless the account of its duties, which he has given in his History of a Philosophic Vagabond be very much exaggerated, the drudgery and mortifications to which he was subjected must have severely tried a less irritable and impatient temper than Goldsmith's. But, even if we allow the picture to be highly coloured, this very exaggeration is a proof that he found his duties as usher intolerably humiliating: and, though it be admitted farther, that this disgust is, in a great measure, to be ascribed to his own peculiar temper, it must be acknowledged, that the task of educating youth, at all times sufficiently laborious and irksome, is sometimes rendered still less tolerable by unnecessary mortifications, and an ungenerous attempt at degradation, on the part of those who, being themselves engaged

* Dr Campbell in his *Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland.* Dr Radcliff, a mild and benevolent gentleman, had been joint tutor with Mr Wilder, Goldsmith's early persecutor.

in the same employment, might be expected to have greater sympathy with their hard-working subordinates. He next procured, though not without some difficulty, the situation of shopman, or rather journeyman, to a chemist near Fish Street;* but soon after, either from ambition, or from his natural love of change, he commenced practitioner, and attempted to establish himself in Bankside, Southwark. To this step he was encouraged by his friend Dr Sleigh,† with whose residence in London he had become acquainted through mere accident. From this gentleman, who had been his fellow-student at Edinburgh College, and whose friendly services he had experienced upon an occasion already mentioned, he met with a very cordial reception; though his appearance was so much altered by a year or two of wandering, and probably by the present very indifferent state of his wardrobe, that his friend did not immediately recognize him. Dr Sleigh not only assisted him with his advice—the contribution most frequently offered, though least palatable, to a friend in distress—but he also liberally shared with him his purse while he remained in London. From Bankside, Goldsmith afterwards migrated to the neighbourhood of the Temple; but in neither place was his practice sufficient to supply him with a decent competency. His own account of the matter was, that he had an extensive circle of patients, but no fees. At last necessity drove him to seek employment from the booksellers, the usual patrons of indigent genius; and he commenced, as an occasional writer in the Reviews, that literary career which afterwards became so distinguished. About the same time, he made his first attempt at dramatic

* Life commonly prefixed to his Poems. † *Ibid.*

composition, and spent some time upon a tragedy, which he appears never to have finished.*

In 1758 he was appointed, through the influence of Dr Milner, a dissenting minister, who kept an academy at Peckham, which Goldsmith had taught for a short time during that gentleman's illness, physician to one of our factories in India, on the coast of Coromandel. Why he did not avail himself of this appointment, the contingent emoluments of which he himself estimated at a thousand pounds per annum,† is not known: perhaps he found it difficult to raise the necessary funds for his equipment; or, perhaps, a literary engagement had greater charms for him than the duties of his profession. Whatever was the cause, he gave up his Indian appointment, and entered into articles with Mr Griffiths to write for the Monthly Review.‡ To a person of his limited prospects, the terms of this new engagement were sufficiently favourable: he wrote regularly for about five hours a-day; and, in recompense of his labour, had board, lodging, and a handsome salary. This agreement continued for about eight months, and was then dissolved by mutual consent, though our author still continued to contribute to the work occasionally. He now hired an obscure lodging in Green Arbour Court, where he finished his *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning*, which he had some time before proposed to publish by subscription, for the purpose of enabling him to pay his passage to India. Here Dr Percy once visited him, and found him engaged on his essay. There was only one chair in the apartment, which Goldsmith offered

* This tragedy he submitted, so far as it had been written, to Richardson, the author of *Clarissa Harlowe*. He probably received little encouragement to finish it.

† Letter to Mr Hodson, his brother-in-law. ‡ Dr Percy.

to his visitor, while he himself occupied the window sill. While they were in conversation, a little girl, of genteel appearance, came into the room, and curtsying, said, "My mamma sends her compliments, and begs of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals." *

It was in this mean abode, in the midst of squalid poverty, that he completed his *Inquiry*, which is written with his characteristic elegance of style, and displays extensive information, and a judgment from which it is seldom safe to dissent. His proposals to publish this essay by subscription had apparently met with little encouragement; it was printed, however, the following year, for Dodsley, and immediately obtained for its author the reputation of a learned and an elegant writer. It was also the means of procuring him the acquaintance of some eminent literary characters; and, among others, the author of *Roderick Random*. Dr Smollett's attention was first attracted to Goldsmith's merit by the ability displayed in a criticism of his, which appeared in the *Critical Review*, of a despicable translation of Ovid's *Fasti*, by one William Massey. His friendship was of considerable use to our young author, for he introduced him to several of his literary acquaintance, and, what was of more importance, warmly recommended him to his future patrons, the booksellers.† Smollett himself was, at that time, editor of the *British Magazine;* and to this work Goldsmith contributed some of the Tales and Essays which he afterwards published in a collected form, in 1765. His increasing reputation as a writer, and his consequent credit with the booksellers, soon after enabled him to remove from his mean apartment in the Old Bailey, into decent lodgings in Wine-Office

* Dr Percy. † Life prefixed to his Poems.

Court, Fleet Street.* He had now abundance of literary employment: he was engaged by one Wilkie, a bookseller, to conduct a *Lady's Magazine;* he also published the *Bee*, a weekly essay, or rather magazine in miniature, which was soon after discontinued from want of encouragement, though its merit deserved a very different reception; and he contributed to the *Public Ledger*, a newspaper of which his countryman Kelly, the dramatist, was editor, his *Chinese Letters*, which were afterwards published, under the title of the *Citizen of the World*. But although he was now liberally paid for his literary labours, and seldom wanted employment, he remained as indigent as ever. His habits of expense more than kept pace with his prosperity; and this profusion, which proceeded partly from generosity, and partly from vanity, left him incurably necessitous, even while he was in the receipt of emoluments which ought to have been more than sufficient for his comfortable subsistence. Goldsmith could bear poverty, but he had an unconquerable aversion to the practice of economy; when he had money, he gave himself up to idleness and dissipation till it was spent, and then returned to hard study and thin potations. It was under these latter circumstances that he now (1761) finished his novel, the *Vicar of Wakefield*. This exquisite story of domestic life he was compelled to part with in a less perfect form than it would perhaps have assumed under his hands, had he found leisure to revise it carefully,† in order to satisfy the demands of an importunate creditor. It seems his landlady, to whom he was in arrear for lodging, at last became

* It was here that he wrote his *Vicar of Wakefield*.

† Sir Walter Scott has pointed out some improbabilities in the story; among others the masquerading of Sir William Thornhill among his own tenants. See his *Life of Goldsmith*.

weary of delay, and threatened him with an arrest, which he could only avoid by paying the money, or complying with the somewhat disagreeable alternative hinted to him, of marrying his clamorous creditor. In this dilemma he applied to Dr Johnson, with whom he had recently become acquainted, and whose benevolence towards distressed authors was well known. Johnson himself used to give, with some humorous variations, the following account of the situation in which he found his friend:—"I received one morning a message from poor Goldsmith that he was in great distress, and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea, and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was drest, and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. I perceived that he had already changed my guinea, and had got a bottle of Madeira and a glass before him. I put the cork into the bottle, desired he would be calm, and began to talk to him of the means by which he might be extricated. He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press, which he produced to me. I looked into it, and saw its merit; told the landlady I should soon return, and having gone to a bookseller, sold it for sixty pounds. I brought Goldsmith the money, and he discharged his rent, not without rating his landlady in a high tone for having used him so ill."* Mr Newbery, the bookseller here alluded to, had such faint expectations from his purchase, that he did not

* This is the account given by Boswell, (*Life of Johnson.*) See also Sir J. Hawkins, (*Life*, p. 420) and Mrs Piozzi, (*Anecdotes*, p. 116) where the story is told with some slight alteration. It is also related by Cumberland in his *Memoirs*, but somewhat differently.

venture to publish Goldsmith's MS. till the reputation which he gained by his poem the *Traveller*, made the speculation a safe one; and Johnson himself though satisfied of its great merit, confessed that he had doubts whether the novel would *take*. With Mr Newbery our author continued to cultivate a literary connection highly advantageous to both parties. The former was an extensive publisher, and Goldsmith was occasionally employed in compiling for him, and more frequently in revising his other publications.* It was for him that he wrote, in 1763, his *History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son*, 2 vols. 12mo, which was greatly admired at the time, and generally attributed to Lord Lyttelton. For the same publisher he wrote a *Survey of Experimental Philosophy*, in 2 vols. 8vo, which, however, was not printed till some years after. Goldsmith's scientific attainments do not appear to have been extensive, yet in this work he has exhibited no deficiency of information upon the subject of which he affects to treat; and, though of no value to the philosopher, his book might still with advantage be put into the hands of those who are satisfied with a superficial acquaintance with a subject of which, in the present day, few men are content to remain totally ignorant. Our author was often compelled, by his necessities, to consult rather the taste of his bookseller than his own genius, in the choice of his literary undertakings; yet it will seldom be found that he disappointed the expectations of his employer by crude or worthless compilations. If neither his ambition of fame, nor his love of independence, furnished sufficient motive to exertion, he at least knew the value, in a pecuniary point

* Two of these were, the *Art of Poetry*, 2 vols.; and the *Life of Beau Nash*, 1 vol.

of view, of a name with the booksellers too well to commit himself by hasty negligence; and such was the happy versatility of his genius, that, according to an eminent critic,* he seemed always to do that best on which for the time he happened to be engaged.

In 1764 he again changed his lodging, and fixed his abode in the Temple, first in the Library Staircase, afterwards in the King's Bench Walks, and latterly, as his circumstances improved, in Brick Court, where he had handsome apartments on the first floor, for which he paid four hundred pounds: he was at the additional expense of furnishing them in a very elegant style; and at length enjoyed the happiness, after which he had long aspired, of making a genteel figure among his acquaintance. He had always attached more importance to appearances than became a professed philosopher and citizen of the world; but Goldsmith was a philosopher only in his closet. Some time before he removed to his new house, he was apologizing to Dr Johnson, who happened to call upon him, for the meanness of his present lodging, and told him he should soon be in better apartments than these, when his friend interrupted his apology with the handsome compliment, *nil te quæsiveris extra*, implying, that a person so eminent by his intellectual endowments was independent of the distinction which attends on mere external advantages.† It would be hard, however, to deny to Goldsmith the indulgence of an honest pride in seeing himself surrounded, through his own exertions, with the elegancies of life, since it is a feeling to which few men are superior, especially if they have long experienced, like him, the real evils of poverty. He could now, without any feeling of uneasiness on the score of appearances,

* Dr Johnson. † Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*

receive at home the visits of the many distinguished individuals who sought his acquaintance, and were desirous of cultivating his friendship. About the same time, he began to pay more attention to his dress;* he assumed the physician's scarlet cloak, wig, sword, and cane, and along with them no small share of the importance which is said to have belonged to the medical practitioners of the last century. He now also proposed to employ an amanuensis, both because this was a more dignified way of committing his thoughts to paper, and, being more easy, might lighten the labour of his numerous literary engagements; but, upon trial, he found this would not do. The young man, whose services he had engaged, having taken his place at the desk, Goldsmith for some time paced his apartment to no purpose; he at last made a full stop, and his secretary and he gazed at each other for a minute or two in silence, when our author, finding that his head and fingers must work together, slipped a guinea into the hand of his astonished clerk, and hastily dismissed him.† But we are slightly anticipating the order of our narrative.

When the *Literary Club* was instituted, in 1764, Goldsmith was one of the original members. This celebrated club, which still exists, and which exhibits on its list many of the most distinguished names which have adorned the last half century,‡ was founded by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Dr Johnson,

* Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Goldsmith.*

† Dodsley's *Annual Register.*

‡ For a fuller account of this distinguished body, see Malone's *Life and Writings of Sir Joshua Reynolds,* vol. i. p. 49, and Boswell's *Life of Johnson,* particularly the valuable edition lately given by Mr Croker, who has added some interesting particulars, from the information of Mr Hatchetts, the present secretary.

and at first consisted of twelve members, viz. the illustrious founders, Mr Edmund Burke, Dr Nugent, (Burke's father-in-law,) Mr Topham Beauclerk, Mr Langton, Dr Goldsmith, Mr Chamier, (under Secretary of State,) and Sir John Hawkins, who soon after underwent a sort of civil expulsion for having uttered some malicious reflections against Mr Burke.* They met for some years once a-week, on Monday evenings, at the Turk's Head, in Gerard Street, Soho, and, after supping together, generally sat till a late hour.† Goldsmith appreciated the advantages of intercourse with such men too highly, to neglect the ordinary meetings of the club. He accordingly began to estrange himself from the low haunts and mean company which he had hitherto been in the habit of frequenting, and for which he never entirely lost a relish; observing, that a man must sacrifice something for the honour of being admitted into such society. Like Falstaff, when he found his honours accumulating, he resolved to forswear bad company, to purge and live cleanly, as a gentleman should do.

In 1765 he fairly emerged from the obscurity of a bookseller's drudge, and, by the publication of the *Traveller*, put forth his claim to a place among the most successful candidates for poetical fame. This poem at once established his reputation. It was pronounced by Dr Johnson, to whose judgment and friendly revision it had been submitted before publication,‡ to be "the finest poem since Pope's time." Mr Fox praised

* Dr Percy.

† In addition to the names given above, we may mention the following: — Mr Fox, Sir William Jones, Mr Gibbon, Adam Smith, Mr Windham, Bishop Percy, Lord Stowell, Mr Canning, Bishop Horsley, Sir Humphry Davy, Sir Walter Scott, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Mr Chantrey.

‡ Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*

it as "one of the finest poems in the English language;" and the public confirmed this opinion by an eager demand for repeated impressions; so that, in the course of eight years, it had passed through nine large editions. From this time, Goldsmith's reputation as an author stood so high as to procure him many attentions from those who either were, or wished to be thought, friends to learning and learned men. Among others, Lord Nugent, afterwards Earl of Clare, courted his acquaintance, and continued, ever after, to live with him on terms of the most intimate familiarity and friendship. By this nobleman he was recommended to Earl Percy, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, who was at that time Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; and, in consequence, Goldsmith was invited by the Earl, through his friend Dr Percy, to an interview. He accordingly waited upon him at the time appointed, but, by an unlucky blunder, disqualified himself for making so favourable an impression on the Earl as he had fondly anticipated. He had been shewn into an antechamber, where he waited for some time, conning his acknowledgment for the honour which had been done him, when the Earl's groom of the chambers happening to make his appearance, the poet, who mistook him for his master, addressed to him all the fine things which he had prepared for the occasion. At that instant the Earl himself entered the room, and Goldsmith, being made sensible of the blunder which he had committed, was so disconcerted that, according to his own account, he wanted words barely sufficient to express a sense of his Excellency's politeness, and went away greatly chagrined.* Sir John Hawkins gives some farther particulars of this

* Dodsley's *Annual Register* for 1774, from Goldsmith's own account of the interview. See also *Life* by Dr Percy.

curious interview. He himself had been calling on the Earl the same morning, and waited to take Goldsmith home. Upon his coming out, he asked him the result of his conversation. "His lordship," said Goldsmith, "told me he had read my poem, (meaning the *Traveller*,) and was much delighted with it; that he was going Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and that, hearing that I was a native of that country, he should be glad to do me any kindness." "And what did you answer," said Hawkins, "to this gracious offer?" "Why," said he, "I could say nothing, but that I had a brother there, a clergyman, that stood in need of help. As for myself, I have no dependence on the promises of great men: I look to the booksellers for support: they are my best friends, and I am not inclined to forsake them for others." "Thus," adds Hawkins, "did this idiot in the affairs of the world, trifle with his fortunes, and put back the hand that was held out to assist him!"* But the circumstance which Sir John adduces as a proof of Goldsmith's folly, will be viewed by less harsh judges as an instance of magnanimity and disinterested affection. His recommendation in favour of his brother, however, was not attended to by the Earl; though that nobleman, on his return from Ireland, continued to cultivate the poet's acquaintance, and professed his regret that he had not been made acquainted, during his government, with a wild scheme which Goldsmith at that time cherished, of making the tour of Asia,† or, as others say, of penetrating into the interior of Africa, ‡ as he would have secured him the means of prosecuting his travels, on the Irish establish-

* Sir John Hawkins's *Life of Johnson.*

† Dr Percy. He applied to Lord Bute for a salary, to enable him to put this project in execution; but his application was neglected or refused.

‡ Sir Egerton Bridges. See his *Censura Literaria*, vol. vii.

ment. This scheme of penetrating the unexplored regions of the East, to obtain a knowledge of the peculiar arts of the oriental world, with a view of enriching his own country by the importation, he could never be prevailed upon entirely to relinquish, though his friends always laughed at it as chimerical.* "Of all men," Dr Johnson once observed to a friend, "Goldsmith is the most unfit to go out upon such an inquiry; for he is utterly ignorant of such arts as we already possess, and consequently could not know what would be accessions to our present stock of mechanical knowledge. Sir, he would bring home a grinding-barrow, which you see in every street in London, and think he had furnished a wonderful improvement."†

Of his interview with the Earl of Northumberland, though he derived from it neither immediate nor prospective advantage, he could not resist boasting to his acquaintance. An ingenious bailiff, who had a writ against him, is said to have taken advantage of this vanity of being noticed by the great, and, by corresponding with him in the character of steward to a nobleman who had read his poem, and was desirous of an interview with the author, inveigled him to a coffee-house, where he immediately produced his writ. The debt, which happened to be trifling, was discharged upon the spot, by Mr Hamilton, printer of the *Critical Review*, an old friend of Goldsmith; and thus the affair ended with less inconvenience to the poet's person than mortification to his vanity.‡ Many similar stories have been recorded of his great simplicity, but they generally

* See his paper, recommending this scheme, in the *Citizen of the World.*

† Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*

‡ Life prefixed to his Poems.

rest upon too slender evidence to entitle them to much credit.

Having already distinguished himself in various departments of polite literature, he now turned his attention to the drama, and, in 1768, produced his comedy, the *Good Natured Man*. This play was greatly admired by Mr Burke, who perused it in manuscript; and, encouraged by his approbation, and that of other eminent literary friends, Goldsmith offered it for representation, first to Garrick, by whom, after some hesitation, it was declined,* and afterwards to Colman, by whom it was accepted. It was, accordingly, produced at Covent Garden,† and was acted, for nine successive nights, with considerable applause. Its success was not so decided, however, as we should have expected of certainly one of the most admirable comedies in the language, full of wit, originality, and character. *Croaker*, in particular, is an exquisitely drawn character, and the acting of Shuter is said to have given it additional excellence. Goldsmith confessed that he took the hint of this character from *Suspirius*, in Johnson's *Rambler*.

Goldsmith was now engaged in finishing his poem, the *Deserted Village*, having already, as he confessed in his dedication to Sir Joshua Reynolds, been employed for some years in collecting materials. It is worthy of remark, that our author, whose beautiful prose flowed from his pen with great ease and rapidity, and seldom underwent any after correction, bestowed great pains upon his verses. He wrote with wide intervals between the lines, to leave space for interlineation, and his

* According to Davies, Garrick was willing to accept the play, but he wished to be courted to it; and Goldsmith was too much persuaded of his own importance, and independent greatness, to make any concession to the manager's vanity.

† Jan. 29, 1768.

corrections were so numerous, that scarcely a word of the original text remained unaltered.* He also availed himself of the judgment of his friend Dr Johnson, unquestionably the first critic of his age, to whom he submitted for correction the manuscripts of his two great poems, the *Traveller* and the *Deserted Village;* and this latter poem, in particular, he himself retouched so carefully before publication, as to leave little room for after emendation. This extreme fastidiousness with regard to his poetry, made it necessary for him to have recourse to less congenial employment for his immediate support: and when the Earl of Lisburne once lamented to him, that he who was sure of charming every reader by his poetry should neglect the Muses, and bestow so much of his time upon mere compilations, he replied, "My Lord, by courting the Muses I shall starve; but by my other labours, I eat, drink, have good clothes, and enjoy the luxuries of life." He accordingly, in the interval between the appearance of the *Good-Natured Man* and the publication of the *Deserted Village*, resumed his labours for the booksellers, and compiled for Thomas Davies, his *Roman History*, two vols. octavo, chiefly extracted from Livy, and afterwards an abridgment of it in one vol. duodecimo; also a *History of England*, four vols. octavo, which, like the former work, he afterwards abridged for the use of schools. Of these abridgments, it is sufficient praise, that they are still the standard works read in our schools, and the hitherto unequalled models of other historical compilations for the use of the young. For his Histories of England, viz. that formerly published in Letters, and the two just mentioned, he received, according to Davies,† the publisher of the latter, £750 or £800; and probably an

* Dr Percy. † See his *Life of Garrick.*

equal sum for his Roman Histories. He also compiled a *History of Greece* on the same plan. His biographer indeed affects to doubt, whether he had any thing to do with this last work; but upon this subject we have the positive authority of Davies,* which is satisfactory. Goldsmith's Histories have been severely criticised as hasty compilations, but apparently with no great justice. His avowed object was, to present the more prominent events in a clear and interesting form; and he did not pretend to consult, for this purpose, any other but the ordinary sources of information. He has perhaps done more than any other writer to promote a general acquaintance with history. The politician may wish to consult minuter and more critical narratives, but the generality of readers will find, in the simple and elegant pages of Goldsmith, as much of the record of past events as is necessary or profitable for them to know. The following estimate of his merits in this department of literature by Dr Johnson, may be confidently opposed to the sneers of his detractors: "Goldsmith, as an historian, stands in the first class .... It is the great excellence of a writer, to put into his work as much as his book will hold. Goldsmith has done this in his History—he tells you shortly all you want to know.... No man will read Robertson's cumbrous detail a second time; but Goldsmith's plain narrative will please again and again... His abridgment (of the *Roman History,*) is better than that of Lucius Florus or Eutropius: and I will venture to say, that if you compare him with Vertot in the same places of the Roman History, you will find that he excels Vertot. He has the art of compiling, and of saying every thing he has to say, in a pleasing manner."† In the course

* See his *Life of Garrick.* † Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*

of this year (1768) he drew up his *Life of Parnell*, which was prefixed to an edition of that poet's works. This life is written with great elegance, but the materials were too scanty to admit of its being made very interesting. He also wrote a *Life of Lord Bolingbroke*, originally prefixed to the *Dissertation on Parties*, in 1771, and afterwards to the large edition of *Bolingbroke's Works*, in 1777.

In another of his undertakings for the trade, he was less fortunate than usual. According to Dr Percy, he had been desired by Griffin the bookseller, "to make a selection of elegant poems from the best English classics for the use of *boarding schools*, and to prefix to it one of his captivating prefaces, for which he was to receive two hundred pounds. Among other pieces, Goldsmith, carelessly and without reading it, marked for the printer one of the most indecent tales of Prior. This, as might be supposed, prevented the sale of the work. Of this work the late ingenious Mr Headley says, 'Dr Goldsmith—who was only unhappy, amidst all the works he undertook, in his *Beauties of English Poetry*, disgraced himself by a very superficial and hasty production of this kind.'"* There is probably a slight mistake here: our author made *two* different selections of English Poetry, both published in the same year, 1767. The one, the *Beauties of English Poetry*,† alluded to, and justly characterized by Headley, does indeed contain Prior's *Hans Carvel*,‡ the poem apparently meant by

* Dr Percy.

† For making this selection Goldsmith received two hundred pounds.

‡ It is not a little extraordinary that so many wits should have thought it worth while to repeat this silly story. Prior borrowed it from La Fontaine; La Fontaine from Rabelais; and he from the Italian novelists.

Dr Percy; but this selection *was not meant for boarding schools*, but, as Goldsmith mentions in his preface, "designed chiefly for such as either want leisure, skill, or fortune to choose for themselves." Neither was the poem admitted through inadvertence, "without reading it," for Goldsmith introduces it with a special criticism; nor is it perhaps more indecent than some parts of Gay's *Shepherd's Week*, and other poems in the same collection. The other selection, which was really intended for the use of boarding schools, and which is entitled *A Collection of Poems for Young Ladies, Devotional, Moral, and Entertaining*, does not contain any thing by Prior. It may be a question, whether the wit of Prior's *bagatelle* so counterbalances its indecency, as to excuse its insertion in any collection; but Goldsmith does not appear to have deserved the additional imputation of having, either through carelessness or design, admitted it into a work designed exclusively for cultivating the taste of the young and the innocent.

In the following year, he embarked on a more extensive undertaking than he had yet tried, and from which he eventually derived more emolument than reputation. This was his *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*. In 1763, he had written a preface to Dr Brookes's *System of Natural History*, in which he recommended the study of that science with so much elegance, and displayed such acquaintance with the merits of those writers who had chiefly distinguished themselves in treating of it, as encouraged the booksellers to engage himself on a new work of the same kind. His friends endeavoured to discourage him from this undertaking, in which he was to enter upon a branch of science with which it was supposed he had not much previous acquaintance, and which was too extensive to be acquired as a new study, without

more time and greater patience than he could bestow on it.* Dr Johnson, however, who had great confidence in our author's powers of composition, predicted truly, that he would make his Natural History as amusing as a Persian Tale;† and although the work has no great reputation among naturalists, it has passed through numerous editions, and is still one of the most popular books on the subject of which it treats. It is quite unjust to regard it as a mere translation of Buffon's work. Goldsmith, certainly, like every other historian of Nature, availed himself without scruple of the observations of his predecessors, and especially of the labours of Buffon, to whom natural history owes so much; but the valuable reflections with which the work abounds are his own. He has also made large and important additions to the information given by that author; and if, as it must be confessed, he has sometimes adopted, he has still more frequently corrected, his numerous errors. It may be right to deny to Goldsmith the credit of having contributed much to the discoveries of natural science, but it must at the same time be admitted, that he successfully fulfilled his engagement with his employers; and, what is of more importance to the public, that he gave his readers the best and most satisfactory general work on *Natural History* which had yet appeared. Yet our author felt no great satisfaction in the execution of a work, which his pressing want of money alone induced him to undertake. In a letter to his friend Bennet Langton, Esq. dated September, 1771, he writes, "The *Natural History* is about half finished. God knows, I am tired of this kind of finishing, which is but bungling

* Boswell, Dr Percy, Cumberland.

† Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*

work, and that not so much my fault, as the fault of my scurvy circumstances."* For this work, which was not published till 1774, (8 vols. 8vo.) he received £850.

When the Royal Academy was instituted, in 1768, Goldsmith had the honour of being appointed to one of its professorships, that of Ancient History, in which he was succeeded by Edward Gibbon, the celebrated historian. In the same institution, Dr Samuel Johnson held the appointment of Professor of Ancient Literature.† These distinctions were merely honorary, and attended with neither emolument nor trouble; but the professors, in virtue of their office, enjoyed the privilege of a place at the extraordinary meetings of the society, and at their annual dinner.

In 1769, Goldsmith published his beautiful poem, the *Deserted Village*, by which he sustained, and even increased, the reputation which he had already obtained from the *Traveller*. His poetry, however, only added to his fame, without greatly increasing his fortune. He therefore turned his attention once more to the drama, which has always proved one of the most lucrative departments of literature to the successful candidate for its honours; and the success of the *Good-Natured Man*, though not equal to its merit, was sufficiently decided to tempt the author to adventure on a new comedy.‡ He accordingly produced, in 1773, *She Stoops to Conquer*. Colman, then manager of Covent Garden, entertained no great hope of its success; but Goldsmith himself was sanguine, and his high reputation as an author, together with the

* See *Letters*. † Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

‡ He was at this time engaged on his *Natural History*, which will account for his publishing less than usual from 1768 to 1773. He also accompanied a party of ladies (the Miss Hornecks and their mother) to Paris, in 1770.

powerful recommendation of his literary friends, induced the manager to give it a trial. It was attended with the most distinguished success. Of the first night of the performance, the following amusing account is given by Cumberland in his Memoirs: —"Mr Colman protested against the comedy, when as yet he had not struck upon a name to it. * Johnson at length stood forth in all his terrors as champion for the piece, and backed by us, his clients and retainers, demanded a fair trial. Colman again protested, but with that salvo for his own reputation, liberally lent his stage to one of the most eccentric productions that ever found its way to it, and *She Stoops to Conquer* was put into rehearsal. We were not over sanguine of success, but perfectly determined to struggle hard for our author. We accordingly assembled our strength at the Shakespeare Tavern, in a considerable body, for an early dinner, where Samuel Johnson took the chair, at the head of a long table, and was the life and soul of the corps. The poet took post silently by his side, with the Burkes, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Fitzherbert, Caleb Whitefoord, and a phalanx of North British predetermined applauders, under the banner of Major Mills, — all good men and true. Our illustrious president was in inimitable glee, and poor Goldsmith that day took all his raillery as patiently and complacently as my friend Boswell would have done any day, or every day, of his life. In the meantime, we did not forget our duty, and though we had a better comedy going, in which Johnson was chief actor, we betook ourselves in good time to our separate and allotted posts, and waited the awful drawing up of the curtain. As our stations were preconcerted, so were our signals for plaudits arranged and determined upon,

* See also Davies' *Life of Garrick.*

in a manner that gave every one his cue where to look for them, and how to follow them up. We had amongst us a very worthy and efficient member, long since lost to his friends and the world at large, Adam Drummond, of amiable memory, who was gifted by nature with the most sonorous, and at the same time the most contagious, laugh, that ever echoed from human lungs. The neighing of the horse of the son of Hystaspes was a whisper to it — the whole thunder of the theatre could not drown it. This kind and ingenious friend, fairly forewarned us that he knew no more when to give his fire than the cannon did, that was planted on a battery. He desired therefore to have a flapper at his elbow, and I had the honour to be deputed to that office. I planted him in an upper box, pretty nearly over the stage, in full view of the pit and galleries, and perfectly well situated to give the echo all its play through the hollows and recesses of the theatre. The success of our manœuvres was complete. All eyes were upon Johnson, who sat in a front row of a side box, and when he laughed, every body thought themselves warranted to roar. In the meantime, my friend followed signals with a rattle so irresistibly comic, that when he had repeated it several times, the attention of the spectators was so engrossed by his person and performances, that the progress of the play seemed likely to become a secondary object, and I found it prudent to insinuate to him, that he might halt his music without any prejudice to the author: but, alas! it was now too late to rein him in. He had laughed upon my signal where he found no joke, and now, unluckily, he fancied that he found a joke in almost every thing that was said; so that nothing in nature could be more malapropos than some of his bursts every now and then were. These were dangerous moments, for the pit began to take umbrage; but we

carried our play through, and triumphed not only over Colman's judgment, but our own." *

In this last sentence there is a little envy; for Cumberland, whose vanity made him feel as uneasy as Goldsmith himself could possibly do at the success of a literary rival, seems to hint that the play was tolerated, not on account of its own merits, but solely in consequence of a manœuvre, and against the judgment of the poet's own friends. The truth is, *She Stoops to Conquer* was eminently successful,† and none of the author's friends, except Cumberland himself, seems to have thought its success greater than its merit, though, from the fashion of the day, which was strongly in favour of sentimental comedy, they might have entertained doubts of its favourable reception, and adopted some measures to secure it. Of this play, Dr Johnson obseved, "I know of no comedy for many years that has so much exhilarated an audience, that has answered so much the great end of comedy,—making an audience merry." This character of comedy, however, is applicable rather to farce; and it must be admitted, that Goldsmith has taken no great pains to avoid the imputation of dealing too freely in farcical situation and broad humour: but what his play wants in dignity, is amply compensated by its great merits in other respects. He has drawn his characters with vigour, and with a considerable portion of originality, though Marlow bears some resemblance to Lord Hardy, in Steele's *Funeral*, and Tony Lumpkin is a sort of second edition—a decided improvement, we admit—of Humphry Gubbins. The plot, though said to be founded on fact, is a little too improbable; but the dialogue is

* Cumberland's *Memoirs*, vol. i. pp. 366-9.

† Davies' *Life of Garrick*. Dr Percy.

throughout full of spirit: genius breathes in every scene, and the incidents are sufficiently interesting to excite and sustain the attention of an audience. When the play was first acted, the audience manifested some disapprobation at the extravagance of making Mrs Hardcastle believe that she was forty miles from home, when she was within a few yards of her own door. The poet, who could not conceal his uneasiness, ran up to Mr Colman, and asked what was the meaning of those murmurs? "Pshaw! Doctor," said the manager in a sarcastic tone, "don't be terrified at *squibs*, when we have been sitting these two hours upon a barrel of *gunpowder*." The acclamations of the audience soon relieved Goldsmith from his uneasiness respecting the fate of his play, but he did not easily forget or forgive the jest of the witty manager.*

The success of his comedy drew upon Goldsmith the envy of less fortunate writers for the stage. Among others, Dr Kenrick gave vent to his malice, and, under the signature of Tom Tickle, published, in the *London Packet*, a scurrilous letter, which contained neither wit nor just criticism, but was a tissue of malignant satire and low abuse. An Irish gentleman, one of those good natured friends, who are ever ready to shew their regard in the most disagreeable way, brought the paper to Goldsmith, and hinted to him that he ought to demand satisfaction; thinking, no doubt, as he himself belonged to the military profession, that he could not give his countryman a more unequivocal proof of his attachment than by involving him in a quarrel. The irritable

* Lee Lewis's *Memoirs*.—In the *Annual Register*, already referred to, this anecdote is told somewhat differently, and Colman's observation is said to have been made at the rehearsal of the play; but we have preferred the authority of Lee Lewis, who was himself present on the occasion.

poet immediately proceeded, accompanied by his *friend*, to the shop of Mr Evans the publisher of the *Packet*, and, introducing himself, complained of the libel which had been published against himself, and a young lady of his acquaintance, Miss H——k.* Evans, who was in all probability ignorant of the whole affair, stooped behind the counter for a file of the paper, when the Doctor's friend pointed to the broad shoulders of the publisher as a proper mark for his cane, and Goldsmith, following the hint, began to inflict corporal punishment on the astonished bookseller; but Evans, a hot-blooded Welshman, was not disposed to bear this operation patiently: he soon recovered himself from his stooping posture, and closed with his opponent; a scuffle ensued, during which, it is alleged, the military gentleman decamped. The affray, in which it seems the poet came by the worst,† was at last terminated by the interference of Dr Kenrick, the real libeller, who, happening to be in the house at the time, now came forward, and affecting much sympathy with Goldsmith, conducted him home in a coach. This foolish affair threatened to end in a prosecution, but matters were at length made up between the parties—not, however, without affording much merriment to the town, and furnishing fresh matter of abuse against Goldsmith, for attempting to beat a man in his own house. This induced him to publish in the *Daily Advertiser*, 31st March, 1773, the following vindication of his conduct:

"TO THE PUBLIC.

"Lest it may be supposed that I have been willing to correct in others an abuse of which I have been guilty myself, I beg leave to declare, that, in all my

* Probably Miss Horneck. † Nicholl's *Literary Anecdotes.*

life, I never wrote, or dictated, a single paragraph, letter, or essay in a newspaper, except a few moral essays, under the character of a Chinese, about ten years ago, in the *Ledger*; and a letter, to which I signed my name, in the *St James's Chronicle*. If the liberty of the press, therefore, has been abused, I have had no hand in it.

"I have always considered the press as the protector of our freedom, as a watchful guardian, capable of uniting the weak against the encroachments of power. What concerns the public most, properly admits of a public discussion. But of late, the press has turned from defending public interest, to making inroads upon private life—from combating the strong, to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too obscure for its abuse, and the protector is become the tyrant of the people. In this manner the freedom of the press is beginning to sow the seeds of its own dissolution; the great must oppose it from principle, and the weak from fear, till, at last, every rank of mankind shall be found to give up its benefits, content with security from its insults.

"How to put a stop to this licentiousness, by which all are indiscriminately abused, and by which vice consequently escapes in the general censure, I am unable to tell; all I could wish is, that, as the law gives us no protection against the injury, so it should give calumniators no shelter after having provoked correction. The insults which we receive before the public, by being more open, are the more distressing; by treating them with silent contempt, we do not pay a sufficient deference to the opinion of the world. By recurring to legal redress, we too often expose the weakness of the law, which only serves to increase our mortification by failing to relieve us. In short, every man should

singly consider himself as a guardian of the liberty of the press, and, as far as his influence can extend, should endeavour to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of its freedom.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH."

Of this vindication Dr Johnson said, "He has indeed done it very well; but it is a foolish thing well done."* In the course of this year, he finished his *History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, which was not published, however, till the year following.

He now prepared himself for a still more extensive undertaking—one which the prodigious versatility of his own genius, and the success which had hitherto accompanied him in all his literary engagements, could alone justify. He had for some time past entertained the project of publishing an *Universal Dictionary of Arts and Sciences*, in the execution of which he was to

* The letter was considered to be so much in the style of Dr Johnson himself, who was in the frequent habit of writing prefaces, dedications, and apologies for his friends, that he was suspected of being the author. "Sir," replied Johnson, when Boswell hinted to him this suspicion, "Dr Goldsmith would no more have asked me to write such a thing as that for him, than he would have asked me to feed him with a spoon, or to do any thing else that denoted his imbecility. I as much believe that he wrote it, as if I had seen him do it. Sir, had he shewn it to any one friend, he would not have been allowed to publish it. He has, indeed, done it very well; but it is a foolish thing well done. I suppose he has been so much elated with the success of his new comedy, that he has thought every thing that concerned him must be of importance to the public."—BOSWELL: "I fancy, Sir, this is the first time that he has been engaged in such an adventure."—JOHNSON: "Why, Sir, I believe it is the first time he has *beat*; he may have *been beaten* before. This, Sir, is a new plume to him."—Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

be assisted by all the members of the *Club*, and other literary friends.* The prospectus of this work was afterwards found among his papers, and is said to be written with even more than the usual felicity of his proposals; but the scheme itself was prevented by his untimely death. It is idle to speculate about what might have been the success of such a work in such hands; yet we may be permitted to regret, that the world should have been disappointed of a publication which was to have contained elaborate articles, on the studies most familiar to each, by Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, Gibbon, Fox, Adam Smith, and Sir William Jones.

Goldsmith was now about to finish his short but varied career, and close a life which had been passed in a singular alternation of idleness and extraordinary exertion, of great privation and luxurious enjoyment, of dependent beggary and the most boundless extravagance. He had for some years past been subject to severe fits of strangury, which had probably been brought on by his intemperate habit of close study, without taking proper exercise, while engaged on his compilations. On such occasions, he would hire a lodging some miles distant from London, whither he removed with a coachful of books; and here he would shut himself up for a few weeks, or even months, till he had finished his task: he then returned to town, received the price of his manuscript, and plunged into the gaieties and dissipation of London, till his funds were exhausted, and he found it necessary to retreat once more to his studies and country seclusion. But latterly, the value of his name was so well known to the booksellers, that they seldom hesitated to advance

* Dr Percy.

him money on the credit of works to be hereafter written; and he had so liberally availed himself of this source of relieving present difficulties, that he found himself, this last year, burdened with his engagements to a very considerable amount. This is the more extraordinary, as he had already realized very large sums by his works; and in the course of this very year, 1774, is said to have received eighteen hundred pounds for what he had published during the last twelvemonth. He was, however, liberal to excess; he was also imprudent as well as charitable: his extreme vanity exposed him to the designs of flatterers, and his simplicity made him the ready dupe of every plausible impostor.* He had, besides, at a very early period, contracted a fatal passion for gaming, which adhered to him through life, in spite of the remonstrances of his friends, his uniform want of success at play, and his own better resolutions. His embarrassed circumstances now preyed so much upon his mind as to aggravate the irritability caused by bodily pain, under a severe attack of his usual malady, and to induce a violent fever, which made it necessary to call in medical assistance. This was on the 25th March. Mr, afterwards Dr, Hawes, the apothecary, was the first person sent for, and to him Goldsmith mentioned that he had taken some ipecacuanha to promote a vomit; and he at the same time intimated a wish to make trial of his favourite medicine, Dr James's powders. This Mr Hawes deemed

* The ingenious Mr Pilkington once called on him, and requested the loan of a few guineas, as he had a white mouse for the Duchess of Portland, but was destitute of clothes fit to appear before her. Goldsmith swallowed the tale; but as he had no money, he was prevailed on by Pilkington to let him pawn his watch: of course he saw no more of watch, white mouse, or Mr Pilkington.

imprudent under the circumstances, and accordingly he endeavoured to dissuade him from his resolution; but finding his remonstrances ineffectual, he prevailed with his patient to let him send for Dr Fordyce, in whose skill they had both great confidence. Dr Fordyce agreed with Mr Hawes, that the powders ought not to be administered. Goldsmith, however, persisted in his resolution, pleading the great benefit which he had formerly received from the medicine. Next morning he was so much worse, that his medical attendant deemed it proper to send for Dr Turton, with whom he held a consultation. The fever had by this time greatly increased, and the danger was considerably aggravated by the patient's anxiety, probably on account of his embarrassed affairs; for when Dr Turton remarked, "Your pulse is in greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever which you have: is your mind at ease?" Goldsmith answered, "*It is not.*" Every effort to arrest the progress of the disease proved unavailing, and at last it terminated fatally, on Monday, April 4, 1774.

Thus died Oliver Goldsmith, in the forty-sixth year of his age, when he was in the height of his reputation, and in the full enjoyment of his faculties, and might naturally have looked forward to a long and prosperous career. It was at first proposed to give him a public funeral, and his pall was to have been supported by Lords Louth and Shelburne,* Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr Beauclerc, Mr Burke, and Mr Garrick: but his friends, after consulting together, thought it more advisable to have him buried privately, and to

* It was to this nobleman that Goldsmith made his blundering speech, "I wonder they should call your Lordship Malagrida, for *Malagrida* was a very good man." Some one has very justly remarked, that this, after all, was only a blunder in emphasis.

erect a monument for him afterwards in Westminster Abbey.* His remains were accordingly deposited in the Temple burying-ground, on Saturday, April 9; and soon after a subscription was raised among his friends and his brethren of the Literary Club, to defray the expense of a marble monument to his memory. This monument, which was executed by Nollekins, was placed in the Poet's Corner, between Gay's monument and that of John Duke of Argyle; and Johnson wrote for it the following Latin inscription:—†

* They were probably influenced in their decision by the circumstance of Goldsmith having died in debt to the amount of £2000.

† Upon the subject of this inscription, Dr Johnson received a curious round robin from the members of the Club, and some other friends of Goldsmith, suggesting that it should be in English, on the plea that "the memory of so eminent an English writer ought to be perpetuated in the language to which his works are likely to be so lasting an ornament." The remonstrance farther hinted, that the character of the deceased as a writer, particularly as a poet, was not delineated with sufficient exactness. This paper was written by Sir William Forbes, to Mr Burke's dictation, and was signed in the form of a round robin; among others, by Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Joseph Warton, Gibbon, Colman, and R. B. Sheridan. Johnson professed himself ready to make any minor alterations, but stoutly resisted the proposal of having it in English; and added, that he would never consent to disgrace the walls of Westminster Abbey with an English inscription. It was his opinion that the language of the country of which a learned man was a native was not the fit language for his epitaph, which should be in ancient and permanent language. "Consider," he exclaimed to a friend, who argued in favour of Goldsmith's epitaph being in English, "how you should feel were you to find at Rotterdam an epitaph on Erasmus in *Dutch!*" The two cases, however, are not similar. There might be a propriety in giving a Latin inscription to Erasmus, whose fame is identified with that language, but Goldsmith's reputation is purely national, and the language by which he immortalized his

OLIVARII GOLDSMITH,
POETÆ, PHYSICI, HISTORICI,
QUI NULLUM FERE SCRIBENDI GENUS
NON TETIGIT,
NULLUM QUOD TETIGIT NON ORNAVIT:
SIVI RISUS ESSENT MOVENDI,
SIVE LACRYMÆ,
AFFECTUUM POTENS AT LENIS DOMINATOR:
INGENIO SUBLIMIS, VIVIDUS, VERSATILIS,
ORATIONE GRANDIS, NITIDUS, VENUSTUS:
HOC MONUMENTO MEMORIAM COLUIT
SODALIUM AMOR,
AMICORUM FIDES,
LECTORUM VENERATIO.
NATUS IN HIBERNIA, FORNIÆ LONGFORDIENSIS,
IN LOCO CUI NOMEN PALLAS,
NOV. XXIX. MDCCXXXI: *
EBLANÆ LITERIS INSTITUTUS;
OBIIT LONDINI,
APRIL. IV, MDCCLXXIV. †

name will naturally appear to be the most proper for his epitaph. Perhaps the only weighty reason for giving the preference to Latin in monumental inscriptions is, that from its genius it admits of greater brevity, and conveys a less doubtful construction than belong to modern languages in general, and particularly to our own.

* This is a mistake, which was not discovered till after the monument was put up. Goldsmith was born, as we have already mentioned, November 29, 1728.

† *Translation.* — To the memory of Oliver Goldsmith, poet, naturalist, and historian, who left scarcely any species of writing untouched or unadorned by his pen: a powerful but gentle master of the passions, both in exciting mirth, and in drawing forth tears: of a genius sublime, penetrating, versatile; in expression noble, elegant, and graceful: — this monument has been consecrated by the affection of his companions, the attachment of his friends, and the veneration of his readers. He was born at Pallas, in the parish of Forney and county of Longford, in Ireland, November 29, 1731 (1728): he was educated at Dublin; and died in London, April 4, 1774.

Johnson also honoured the memory of his friend with the following Greek tetrastic.

Τὸν τάφον ἐισοράας τον 'Ολιβαρσιο, κονίην
Ἄφροσι μὴ σεμνην, Ξεῖνε, πόδεσσι πάτει·
Οἵσι μέμηλε φύσις, μὲτρων χαρις, ἔργα παλαιῶν,
Κλαίετε ποίητην, ἱστόρικον, φύσικόν.*

Goldsmith's personal appearance was by no means prepossessing. His stature was under the middle size; his body strongly built; his features large and coarse; his complexion pale, or rather sallow; his forehead low; his face almost round, and pitted with small pox. His address was that of an awkward pedant affecting the easy manners of a gentleman; and in his dress he was, by turns, slovenly to excess, and outrageously fine. Yet the concurring testimony of his contemporaries describes him as in no ordinary degree vain of his personal appearance, and as extremely impatient of the merriment which his pretensions in this respect provoked among his companions. The following amusing anecdote is recorded by Boswell, with his usual graphic power. He had invited a literary party to dine at his lodgings, and among others, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Johnson, Goldsmith, and Garrick. They had to wait some little time for one of the company who was late of arriving. "Goldsmith, to divert the tedious minutes, strutted about, bragging of his dress, and, I believe, was seriously vain of it, for his mind was wonderfully

* *Imitated,* —

Stranger, behold the tomb where Goldsmith lies,
Nor with rash foot his awful dust profane;
Ye who love history's page, and ye who prize
The works of nature, or the muse's strain,
Lament, — for one demands your friendly tear
To science, history, and the muses dear.

prone to such impressions. 'Come, come,' said Garrick, 'talk no more of that. You are perhaps the worst—eh, eh!' Goldsmith was eagerly attempting to interrupt him, when Garrick went on, laughing ironically,—'Nay! you will always *look* like a gentleman; but I am talking of being well or *ill drest*.'—'Well, let me tell you,' said Goldsmith, 'when my tailor brought home my bloom coloured coat, he said, Sir, I have a favour to beg of you. When anybody asks you who made your clothes, be pleased to mention John Filby, at the Harrow, in Water Lane.' JOHNSON.—'Why, sir, that was because he knew the strange colour would attract crowds to gaze on it; and thus they might hear of him, and see how well he could make a coat even of so absurd a colour.'" * Upon another occasion, when he was travelling in France, in 1770, with two beautiful young ladies of the name of Horneck, and their mother, he was seriously offended that the young ladies excited more attention than himself.

But his love of praise was not satisfied with claiming admiration for his personal appearance, or his mental accomplishments; he was also jealous of the applause which was earned by others for arts in which he could have no pretensions to excel, and for proficiency which could not be to him a legitimate object of ambition. Happening to be present at an exhibition of the *Fantoccini*, when some one expressed his admiration of the dexterity with which a puppet was made to toss a pike, he could not bear to hear it praised, and exclaimed, with some warmth, "Pshaw! I can do it better myself." † He afterwards went home with Mr Burke to supper, and broke his shin in attempting to exhibit to the company how much better he could jump over a stick than the puppets. So remarkable a feature of

* Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. † *Ibid.*

his character was this extreme unwillingness that any other should, for whatever cause, share that attention which he thought exclusively due to himself, that his companions sometimes took advantage of it to make him appear in a very ridiculous light. The following story, which, if related of any other man, would scarcely obtain credit, on any evidence, is told by Mr Croker, on the authority of his friend, Colonel O'Moore, who was himself present on the occasion:—

"One afternoon, as Colonel O'Moore and Mr Burke, were going to dine with Sir Joshua Reynolds, they observed Goldsmith (also on his way to Sir Joshua's) standing near a crowd of people, who were staring and shouting at some foreign women in the windows of one of the houses in Leicester Square. 'Observe Goldsmith,' said Mr Burke to O'Moore, 'and mark what passes between him and me by and by at Sir Joshua's.' They passed on, and arrived before Goldsmith, who came soon after, and Mr Burke affected to receive him very coolly. This seemed to vex poor Goldsmith, who begged Mr Burke would tell him how he had had the misfortune to offend him. Burke appeared very reluctant to speak, but, after a good deal of pressing, said, 'that he was really ashamed to keep up an intimacy with one who could be guilty of such monstrous indiscretions as Goldsmith had just exhibited in the Square.' Goldsmith, with great earnestness, protested he was unconscious of what was meant. 'Why,' said Burke, 'did you not exclaim, as you were looking up at those women, What stupid beasts the crowd must be for staring with such admiration at those painted Jezebels, while a man of your talents passed by unnoticed?' Goldsmith was horror-struck, and said, 'Surely, surely, my dear friend, I did not say so?'—'Nay,' replied Burke, 'if you had not said so, how should I have known it?'—'That's true,' answered Goldsmith, with great humility;

'I am very sorry—it was very foolish: I do recollect that something of the kind passed through my mind, but I did not think I had uttered it.'"*

He was also envious of the reputation which any of his brother authors obtained by their writings; or perhaps we should rather say, that he was at no pains to conceal that jealousy which is generally felt of one another by fellow-craftsmen, and by none more strongly than by those who belong to the irritable race of bards. As he had neither the art nor the prudence to conceal his spleen, he incurred the odium of ill nature, without exciting the sympathy which he aimed at. Of this unfortunate disposition, Boswell, in his *Life of Johnson*, has recorded numerous instances; but they are generally to be regarded rather as the indiscreet ebullitions of restless vanity than as proofs of a malicious disposition. Boswell indeed appears to have entertained an unaccountable grudge at Goldsmith, and misses no opportunity of presenting him in an unfavourable light: we must, therefore, take the character which he draws of him with some grains of allowance. There appears no reason, however, to doubt the general resemblance of the portrait, since his description is for the most part borne out by the testimony of other contemporaries who were disposed to view the poet's eccentricities with a more friendly eye, as Cumberland, Davies, and Dr Percy. We do not mention Sir John Hawkins, whose general malignity makes his statements questionable, and his portrait of no value; nor Mrs Piozzi, who, as a woman and a wit, may be suspected of writing sometimes with a greater regard for effect than love of truth.

That the impression which he made in society, was not equal to the reputation which he acquired by his writings

* Croker's edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol. i. p. 423, note.

is certain: that he was the mere idiot in conversation, which he is sometimes represented, may, we think, be fairly questioned. His misfortune was, that he had an unconquerable desire to shine in every company to which he was introduced, and upon every subject which chanced to be started in conversation. But for obtaining colloquial fame he was entirely disqualified by his eagerness of controversy, and the great hurry and confusion of his ideas, added to a confirmed habit of stammering, and incredible ignorance on general topics; for though his intellectual powers were such that he could easily make himself master of any study to which he chose to direct his application, his stock of available knowledge was always extremely limited; and even upon those subjects which he had treated in the most masterly manner in his closet, he would, in conversation, betray an ignorance altogether unaccountable. It was in reference to this, that Mr Chamier, after listening for some time to his conversation, said to a friend, "Well, I do believe he wrote this poem (the *Traveller*) himself, and let me tell you this is a great deal."* Another of his friends† observed of him, that no man was a greater fool when he had not a pen in his hand, nor wiser when he had. His fondness for paradox contributed to make his conversation still more absurd; and as he had no settled notions upon almost any subject, he often spoke at random, and was easily led into contradictions. This general character of his conversation, is confirmed by almost all his literary friends,‡ yet it is scarcely borne out by the specimens which Boswell gives, in his Life of Johnson, which are at least equal to those recorded of the great lexicographer's other companions; and this fact would almost

* Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. † Dr Johnson.
‡ Boswell, Percy, Hawkins, Reynolds, Beattie, &c.

seem to warrant a suspicion, that Goldsmith's independence of spirit, and determination to assume a leading part in every discussion, rather than the silliness of his remarks, provoked the severity of his companions. In other words, he appears to have been a *bore* rather than a *fool* in conversation. The following anecdotes shew that he could occasionally utter a good thing. He was one day in company, observing that he thought he could write a good Fable: he mentioned the simplicity which that kind of composition requires, and remarked, that in most fables, the animals introduced seldom talk in character. "For instance," said he, "the fable of the little fishes who saw birds fly over their heads, and, envying them, petitioned Jupiter to be changed into birds: the skill consists in making them talk like little fishes." While he indulged himself in these speculations, he observed Dr Johnson shaking his sides, with laughter; upon which he smartly proceeded, "Why, Doctor Johnson, this is not so easy as you seem to think; for if you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like WHALES." * At another time,† when he and Johnson were in Westminster Abbey, the former observed,

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis :

When they got to Temple Bar, Goldsmith stopped his friend, and pointing to the heads upon it, in allusion to Johnson's Jacobite principles, and perhaps his own, he slily whispered,

Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur ISTIS.

But although it be admitted, that Goldsmith did not excel in conversation, we ought to remember, that this is a reproach which he shares in common with some

* Boswell's *Life of Johnson.* † *Ibid.*

men of the first eminence in literature. Addison's character in this respect is well known; and it is recorded of Corneille, that when the Duchess of Rambouillet, who was charmed with his tragedies, invited him to join the other wits who frequented her house, he became the butt of the company; his conversation was dry and *distrait*, and the author of the *Cid* and *Cinna* needed all the fame which he had acquired by his writings, to save him from being set down as a mere fool. Dryden is another instance;* and the lively, agreeable, egotistical Montaigne, is said to have retained his egotism alone in society. After all, it need not excite our astonishment, that nature should seldom unite every species of excellence in the same individual, and that, where she has bestowed great powers of intellect, she should withhold those lighter graces by which men less highly gifted establish their sole claim to notice: *non omnes possumus omnia.* Horace Walpole, called Goldsmith "an inspired idiot:" Garrick characterized him, as one "who wrote like an angel, and talked like poor Poll:" Cumberland says, "he had gleams of eloquence, and at times a majesty of thought, but in general, his tongue and pen had two very different styles of talking."† Sir Joshua Reynolds, indeed, who always shewed himself his warm friend, affected to think that he sometimes spoke foolishly from design, as he was often known to complain of the hardship to which men who had raised themselves to eminence, were exposed, in being excluded from the sympathies of their fellow-men, to whom, when they became objects of envy, they ceased to be objects of affection;‡ and Dr Beattie professed himself of Sir Joshua's opinion. But there is too much of refinement in the supposition to

* Johnson's *Lives of the Poets.* † Cumberland's *Memoirs.*
‡ Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*

make it probable; and of all men, Goldsmith was the least likely to sacrifice a particle of the immediate applause which he could command by talking sensibly, to any distant and quiet advantage which he might expect to derive from an assumption of folly.

Of his occasional absence of mind, a curious instance has been recorded by Dr Percy, on the authority of the Duchess of Northumberland.* On one of the parades at Bath, where the Duke and Duchess were accustomed to spend part of the summer, the Duke had hired a house adjoining that which was occupied by Lord Nugent. Goldsmith, who was then on a visit to the latter, one morning walked up into the Duke's dining-room, as he and the Duchess were preparing to sit down to breakfast. In a manner the most free and easy, he threw himself on a sofa; and as he was then perfectly known to them both, they inquired of him the Bath news of the day. But as he appeared to be rather in a meditative humour, they guessed there was some mistake, and therefore endeavoured, by easy and cheerful conversation on their part, to prevent his becoming embarrassed. When breakfast was served up, they invited him to stay and partake of it; and then poor Goldsmith, awaking from his reverie, declared he thought he had been in the house of his friend Lord Nugent, and with a confusion probably equal to that of his first introduction to the Duke, hastily withdrew; not, however, till the good-humoured Duke and Duchess had made him promise to return and dine with them.

Of Goldsmith's moral character, it is difficult to speak either in terms of praise or blame. That his conduct, especially in the earlier part of his career, was highly irregular, is undeniable. It is probable, also, that at this period his religious principles were not more settled

* See the *Life of Goldsmith*, by Dr Percy, so often quoted.

than his notions upon most other subjects; and it is certain, that he sometimes *talked* of sacred things with unbecoming levity. There is reason to believe, however, that as he advanced in life, his opinions became more correct. Dr Johnson, observed of him, in 1763, "Doctor Goldsmith is one of the first men we now have as an author, and he is a very worthy man too. He has been loose in his principles, but he is coming right." * In his writings, he shews himself uniformly the friend of virtue, and the advocate of religion; and even those who are the least disposed to look upon this as a sufficient test of a man's real sentiments, will find it difficult to believe, that the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, however much he may have erred in his own conduct, could have been otherwise than deeply imbued with belief in the truth, and reverence for the character, of religion. Possessing a warm heart and generous affections, he was at all times liberal to the distressed; of an unsuspicious temper, he often became the dupe of the designing and the worthless. He would rise from his bed at midnight, to relieve the wants of a street beggar; and perhaps finish the remainder of the night at a gaming-table, where he hazarded without scruple the money which properly belonged to some industrious tradesman, his creditor: yet no one has more happily ridiculed or more severely condemned the character of the man who is generous before he is just.† His veracity has been called in question, and perhaps not without reason: nothing is more apt to lead to occasional departure from truth than inordinate vanity. His fictions, however, were harmless—so far as falsehood can ever be harmless,—since they were generally intended not to injure others, but to convey an exag-

* Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*

† See his admirable Essay on *Justice and Generosity*, and the character of Lysippus, in the third number of the *Bee.*

gerated notion of his own importance: they were also harmless in another point of view, since they were often so little plausible as to be easily detected.* But while we must deny him the praise of virtue, we ought not to forget that his faults have been brought to the surface by his own simplicity, and that we need therefore make the less allowance for secret sins. As the generality of men are more wicked than they appear, so, on the other hand, it may be suspected of Goldsmith, that he appears more faulty than he really was; at least it may be surmised that his vices were not so much worse, or more numerous, than those of many who left a better character, as that he had less art to conceal them. His simplicity in this respect does, however, form no proper justification of his conduct; and it cannot be sufficiently lamented, that he who shewed himself so capable of appreciating the beauty of a virtuous life, should have indulged in irregularities which every good man must condemn. Yet such was the warmth of his affections, and the general benevolence of his disposition, that, in spite of his follies and his faults, he has more of our kindness than any of his contemporaries whose conduct may have been less exceptionable. His character, indeed, consisted so much of contradictions, and his faults and his virtues formed so heterogeneous a mass, that he cannot perhaps be more justly described than in the words of Garrick, who represents him as

A scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet.

In these remarks we have been considering Goldsmith's morals exclusively in reference to his conduct: were we to judge of them by the principles which he recommends in all his works, we should find less to censure. The purity of sentiment, and delicacy of expression,

* He once told a clergyman, who himself mentioned it to Boswell, that he had a brother Dean of Durham.

which pervade his writings, render them as unobjectionable in point of morals, as they are admirable in point of taste. The man had his failings; but the author is always the friend of innocence and the advocate of virtue.

As a prose writer, Goldsmith is generally acknowledged to stand in the foremost rank of merit. He has the happy art of always engaging the attention, and communicating interest to whatever subject employs his pen: he never tires his reader by unnecessary minuteness, and seldom disappoints his curiosity by superficial brevity. In the words of one of his most highly gifted contemporaries, he was a man who, whatever he wrote, did it better than any other man could do. His style, though not always critically correct, is always easy, elegant, and expressive. "There is something," says Cumberland,* "in Goldsmith's prose, that, to my ear, is uncommonly sweet and harmonious; it is clear, simple, easy to be understood; we never want to read his period twice over, except for the pleasure it bestows; obscurity never calls us back to a repetition of it." This style, too, it must be remarked, is peculiarly his own. Boswell, it is true, calls him the brightest ornament of the Johnsonian school: but, as Mr Croker justly observes,— "Boswell imagined that all the literary men in England were mere planets, moving round, and borrowing light from his great luminary, Johnson. Goldsmith was an ornament of the Johnsonian *society*, but in what respect can he be said to have belonged to the Johnsonian *school?*"† Johnson himself disclaimed him as an imitator of his style;‡ and, indeed, nothing can be more unlike the laboured pomp and massy state of Johnson's periods, than the easy grace and attic elegance of Goldsmith.

* Cumberland's *Memoirs*.

† Croker's edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

‡ Boswell's *Life of Johnson*.

As a writer of essays, he has had no equal since the days of Addison. From the judgment displayed in the few pieces of criticism which he has left, there is reason to believe that he would have excelled in this art, had he devoted to it a greater share of attention. His little tales are admirably told; but the subjects are generally borrowed, most frequently from the French writers. The story of *Alcander and Septimius* is one of the most exquisite pieces of composition in the English language. Of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, it is unnecessary to speak. It has been long an established favourite with the public, and if it can receive any addition to the praise which this extensive popularity implies, it must derive it from the circumstance of having elicited the following high eulogium from one who was himself the greatest master of fictitious narrative that the world has ever seen:* "The admirable ease and grace of the narrative, as well as the pleasing truth with which the principal characters are designed, make the *Vicar of Wakefield* one of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition on which the human mind was ever employed. We read it in youth and in age—we return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature." The *Citizen of the World*, written in imitation of Montesquieu's *Lettres Persannes*, is a work of great merit. It is equal to that of the French writer in the learning and judgment which it displays, and surpasses it in wit, humour, delicacy, and variety.

As a poet, Goldsmith ranks higher than any other English author who has written so little, with the exception, perhaps, of Gray. It has indeed been the fashion to decry that school of poetry to which he belongs, and of which Pope is the acknowledged head; and some

* Sir Walter Scott. See his *Memoir of Goldsmith.*

ingenious critics have attempted to shew that its disciples have no just claim even to the name of poet. It is not necessary for us to enter upon this discussion. The common sense of mankind has declared for Pope and his followers; and if authority be required, it is surely not asking too much, that, in a question regarding poetry, the opinion of Dr Johnson and of Lord Byron, the best poet and the best critic of modern times, shall be allowed to have as much weight as that of Warton, and Bowles, and Sir Egerton Bridges. Though Goldsmith has been included in the same censure with Pope, it may be observed that he possesses sufficient originality to distinguish him in many important respects from his school. He is not more the pupil of Pope, than Pope himself is the pupil of Dryden: and if, in some respects, he falls short of his master, it must be admitted that, in others, he has greatly excelled him. In simplicity, elegance, and pathos, Goldsmith has no superior.

The *Traveller* is a noble production. It combines the highest beauties of ethic and descriptive poetry. Here is, indeed, little room for invention; but its absence is compensated by a variety of interesting pictures, and a succession of the most pleasing images. Imagination Goldsmith possessed in a very high degree, if this faculty be rightly described as "that which strongly impresses on the writer's mind, and enables him to convey to the reader the various forms of nature, incidents of life, and energies of passion." * Of the national portraits, the character of the Swiss is the most admirably drawn, and that of the Dutch is the least felicitous. The plan of the *Traveller* is obvious and simple; but such as it is, Goldsmith appears to have borrowed it. There is a forgotten poem by Blackmore, entitled "*The Nature of Man*, in three books," 8vo.

* Johnson. *Life of Pope.*

1711, which, in its preface, professes the following design,—"1st, To shew the influence of climate, &c. on faculties, dispositions, &c.; 2d, Bring down this general object to particular European nations; 3d, The causes enumerated which produce a generous or a worthless race of men." We shall here quote part of the argument of the second book:—"The character of the French nation, their virtues and vices—of the Spaniard—of the Italians—of the Germans—of the United Netherlands—of the Britons—an episodical digression in praise of British liberty—the Britons' vices." This poem our author must have seen; but it is scarcely necessary to add, that Goldsmith is indebted to Blackmore for nothing except the hint of his general plan.

The *Deserted Village* is more carefully finished than the *Traveller*, and this care has been successfully employed in adding to that character of simplicity which is proper to the subject. The remark of Horace, that the great perfection of art is to conceal all appearance of art, has never been more happily illustrated. The reader feels that the description here given, and the sentiments expressed, are the feelings and language most naturally suggested by the objects which were presented to the poet's view; yet the pleasure with which we dwell upon the individual features, and the vivid impression which they make, when grouped, upon the mind, are a proof of the genius which sketched out, and the fine taste which so happily executed, this enchanting composition. The *Deserted Village* is, however, inferior to the *Traveller* in the bolder flights of poetry; and it must also be admitted that, with regard to particular sentiments, and the general train of thought, the author too closely resembles his former self. His principles of political economy led him to see in refinement, luxury, abused freedom, and the preference given to commerce

over agriculture, the source of the greatest evil to nations in general, and to individual communities; and the reflections which are called forth in both cases, are therefore naturally the same. To compensate for these disadvantages, the *Deserted Village* exhibits more unity of subject, and a greater delicacy of finish; it has more exquisite touches of nature, it speaks the language of a generous heart, and conjures up, in all their freshness, those early associations upon which the mind ever delights to dwell. The splendours of Italy, and the rude magnificence of Switzerland, in the poet's eloquent description, may excite our admiration, but we reserve our gentler sympathies for a humbler picture,—

> The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
> The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
> The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
> The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
> For talking age, and whisp'ring lovers made!

Sir Egerton Brydges,* indeed, characterizes this as the verbal description of a scene of Teniers's, and speaks of the poem generally, as degraded by similar "comic and grotesque figures of a Flemish landscape." But critics of less questionable judgment than Sir Egerton, have considered this as the very triumph of genius, to communicate interest to the well known scenes and events of ordinary life, and to dignify the humble annals of the poor, by investing them with the charms of poetry, without destroying either their reality or their simplicity. That Goldsmith has succeeded in doing this, will hardly be denied: that he is entitled to little credit for his success—that his touches of nature are low, and that he has marred a serious poem by "comic" descriptions, "in a very bad style and very unfortunate,"—are

* See his *Censura Literaria*, vol. vii. art. Goldsmith.

opinions peculiar, we think, to Sir Egerton Brydges. But what can be expected from the critic who declares that Goldsmith "did not possess fancy or sensibility," and that "he is the poet rather of reason than pathos?"* The *Deserted Village* is full of pathos.

The *Hermit* is a singularly beautiful ballad; but the original idea, and some of the sentiments, are borrowed from an old poem in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*.† The *Haunch of Venison*, and *Retaliation*, were occasional poems, written in haste, and not published till after the author's death; yet, if we make some little allowance for the want of that correctness which they would probably have received had Goldsmith himself revised them for the press, they are not unworthy of him. His smaller pieces scarcely deserve a separate notice, except, perhaps, the *Logicians Refuted*, in imitation of Swift, which has all the merit which an imitation can possess. In the present edition, we have inserted two poems which are seldom printed among his works, an *Oratorio*, and the *Threnodia Augustalis*. Of these, the first is the best; but neither possesses much merit.

Of his two comedies, we have already spoken. *She Stoops to Conquer* was the more popular on the stage; but the critic will give the decided preference to the *Good-Natured Man*, which, for wit, elegance, and originality, is equal to the best dramas of Vanbrugh and Cibber.

With the following high estimate of Goldsmith's merit as an author, by two writers, themselves second to none in the republic of letters, we shall close our memoir:

"Goldsmith," says Dr Johnson, "is a man of the most

* *Censura Literaria.*

† "A dialogue between a Pilgrim and a Herdsman." Percy's *Reliques*, vol. ii.

distinguished abilities as a writer; and whether we take him as a poet, as a comic writer, or as an historian, he stands in the first class. Whatever he wrote, he did it better than any other man could do. He deserved a place in Westminster Abbey; and every year he lived, would have deserved it better."* And in his *Life of Parnell*, the same eminent critic pays him the following tribute:—"The life of Dr Parnell is a task which I should very willingly decline, since it has been lately written by Goldsmith—a man of such variety of powers, and such felicity of performance, that he always seemed to do best that which he was doing—a man who had the art of being minute without tediousness, and general without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, and easy without weakness. What such an author has told, who would wish to tell again?"†

"The wreath of Goldsmith," says Sir Walter Scott, "is unsullied; he wrote to exalt virtue and expose vice; and he accomplished his task in a manner which raises him to the highest rank among British authors. We close his volumes with a sigh that such an author should have written so little from the stores of his own genius, and that he should have been so prematurely removed from the sphere of literature which he adorned."‡

H. B.

* Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*

† Johnson. *Lives of the Poets.*

‡ Sir Walter Scott. *Miscellaneous Prose Works. Memoir of Goldsmith.*

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

EXTRACT FROM A POEM

WRITTEN BY COURTNEY MELMOTH, ESQ.

ON THE DEATH OF EMINENT ENGLISH POETS.

THE TEARS OF GENIUS.

THE village bell tolls out the note of death,
And through the echoing air the length'ning sound,
With dreadful pause, reverberating deep,
Spreads the sad tidings o'er fair Auburn's vale.
There, to enjoy the scenes her bard had praised
In all the sweet simplicity of song,
GENIUS, in pilgrim garb, sequester'd sat,
And herded jocund with the harmless swains:
But when she heard the fate-foreboding knell,
With startled step, precipitate and swift,
And look pathetic, full of dire presage,
The church-way walk, beside the neighb'ring green,
Sorrowing she sought; and there, in black array,
Borne on the shoulders of the swains he loved,
She saw the boast of Auburn moved along.
Touch'd at the view, her pensive breast she struck,
And to the cypress, which incumbent hangs,
With leaning slope and branch irregular,
O'er the moss'd pillars of the sacred fane,
The briar-bound graves shadowing with funeral gloom,

Forlorn she hied; and there the crowding wo
(Swell'd by the parent) press'd on bleeding thought,
Big ran the drops from her maternal eye,
Fast broke the bosom-sorrow from her heart,
And pale Distress sat sickly on her cheek,
As thus her plaintive Elegy began:—

And must my children all expire?
Shall none be left to strike the lyre?
Courts Death alone a learned prize?
Falls his shafts only on the wise?
Can no fit marks on earth be found,
From useless thousands swarming round?
What crowding cyphers cram the land!
What hosts of victims, at command!
Yet shall the ingenious drop alone?
Shall Science grace the tyrant's throne?
Thou murd'rer of the tuneful train,
I charge thee with my children slain!
Scarce has the sun thrice urged his annual tour,
Since half my race have felt thy barbarous power;
Sore hast thou thinn'd each pleasing art,
And struck a muse with every dart:
Bard after bard obey'd thy slaughtering call,
Till scarce a poet lives to sing a brother's fall.
Then let a widow'd mother pay
The tribute of a parting lay;
Tearful, inscribe the monumental strain,
And speak aloud her feelings and her pain!

And first, farewell to thee, my son, she cried,
Thou pride of Auburn's dale—sweet bard, farewell!
Long for thy sake the peasant's tear shall flow,
And many a virgin bosom heave with wo;
For thee shall sorrow sadden all the scene,
And every pastime perish on the green;
The sturdy farmer shall suspend his tale,
The woodman's ballad shall no more regale,
No more shall Mirth each rustic sport inspire,
But every frolic, every feat shall tire.
No more the evening gambol shall delight,
Nor moonshine revels crown the vacant night,
But groups of villagers (each joy forgot)
Shall form a sad assembly round the cot.

Sweet bard, farewell!—and farewell, Auburn's bliss.
The bashful lover, and the yielded kiss:
The evening warble Philomela made,
The echoing forest, and the whispering shade,
The winding brook, the bleat of brute content,
And the blithe voice that "whistled as it went:"
These shall no longer charm the ploughman's care,
But sighs shall fill the pauses of despair.

Goldsmith, adieu! the "book-learn'd priest" for thee
Shall now in vain possess his festive glee,
The oft-heard jest in vain he shall reveal,
For now, alas! the jest he cannot feel.
But ruddy damsels o'er thy tomb shall bend,
And conscious weep for their and virtue's friend;
The milkmaid shall reject the shepherd's song,
And cease to carol as she toils along:
All Auburn shall bewail the fatal day,
When from her fields their pride was snatch'd away;
And even the matron of the cressy lake,
In piteous plight, her palsied head shall shake,
While all adown the furrows of her face
Slow shall the lingering tears each other trace.

And, oh, my child! severer woes remain
To all the houseless and unsheltered train!
Thy fate shall sadden many an humble guest,
And heap fresh anguish on the beggar's breast;
For dear wert thou to all the sons of pain,
To all that wander, sorrow, or complain:
Dear to the learned, to the simple dear,
For daily blessings mark'd thy virtuous year;
The rich received a moral from thy head,
And from thy heart the stranger found a bed:
Distress came always smiling from thy door;
For God had made thee agent to the poor,
Had form'd thy feelings on the noblest plan,
To grace at once the poet and the man.

EXTRACT FROM A MONODY

ON THE DEATH OF

DR OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Dark as the night, which now in dunnest robe
Ascends her zenith o'er the silent globe,
Sad Melancholy wakes, awhile to tread,
With solemn step, the mansions of the dead:
Led by her hand, o'er this yet recent shrine
I sorrowing bend; and here essay to twine
The tributary wreath of laureat bloom,
With artless hands, to deck a poet's tomb,—
The tomb where Goldsmith sleeps. Fond hopes, adieu!
No more your airy dreams shall mock my view;
Here will I learn ambition to control,
And each aspiring passion of the soul:
E'en now, methinks, his well-known voice I hear,
When late he meditated flight from care,
When, as imagination fondly hied
To scenes of sweet retirement, thus he cried:—

"Ye splendid fabrics, palaces, and towers,
Where dissipation leads the giddy hours,
Where pomp, disease, and knavery reside,
And folly bends the knee to wealthy pride;
Where luxury's purveyors learn to rise,
And worth, to want a prey, unfriended dies;
Where warbling eunuchs glitter in brocade,
And hapless poets toil for scanty bread:
Farewell! to other scenes I turn my eyes,
Embosom'd in the vale where Auburn lies—
Deserted Auburn, those now ruin'd glades,
Forlorn, yet ever dear and honour'd shades:
There, though the hamlet boasts no smiling train,
Nor sportful pastime circling on the plain,
No needy villains prowl around for prey,
No slanderers, no sycophants betray;

No gaudy foplings scornfully deride
The swain, whose humble pipe is all his pride,—
There will I fly to seek that soft repose,
Which solitude contemplative bestows.
Yet, oh, fond hope! perchance there still remains
One lingering friend behind, to bless the plains;
Some hermit of the dale, enshrined in ease,
Long lost companion of my youthful days;
With whose sweet converse in his social bower,
I oft may chide away some vacant hour;
To whose pure sympathy I may impart
Each latent grief that labours at my heart,
Whate'er I felt, and what I saw, relate,
The shoals of luxury, the wrecks of state,—
Those busy scenes, where science wakes in vain,
In which I shared, ah! ne'er to share again.
But whence that pang? does nature now rebel?
Why falters out my tongue the word farewell?
Ye friends! who long have witness'd to my toil,
And seen me ploughing in a thankless soil,
Whose partial tenderness hush'd every pain,
Whose approbation made my bosom vain,—
'Tis you to whom my soul divided hies
With fond regret, and half unwilling flies;
Sighs forth her parting wishes to the wind,
And lingering leaves her better half behind.
Can I forget the intercourse I shared,
What friendship cherish'd, and what zeal endear'd?
Alas! remembrance still must turn to you,
And, to my latest hour, protract the long adieu.
Amid the woodlands, wheresoe'er I rove,
The plain, or secret covert of the grove,
Imagination shall supply her store
Of painful bliss, and what she can restore;
Shall strew each lonely path with flowrets gay,
And wide as is her boundless empire stray;
On eagle pinions traverse earth and skies,
And bid the lost and distant objects rise.
Here, where encircled o'er the sloping land
Woods rise on woods, shall Aristotle stand;
Lyceum round the godlike man rejoice,
And bow with reverence to wisdom's voice.
There, spreading oaks shall arch the vaulted dome,
The champion, there, of liberty and Rome,

In attic eloquence shall thunder laws,
And uncorrupted senates shout applause.
Not more ecstatic visions rapt the soul
Of Numa, when to midnight grots he stole,
And learnt his lore, from virtue's mouth refined,
To fetter vice, and harmonize mankind.
Now stretch'd at ease beside some fav'rite stream,
Of beauty and enchantment will I dream;
Elysium, seats of art, and laurels won,
The Graces three, and Japhet's * fabled son;
Whilst Angelo shall wave the mystic rod,
And see a new creation wait his nod;
Prescribe his bounds to Time's remorseless power,
And to my arms my absent friends restore;
Place me amidst the group, each well-known face,
The sons of science, lords of human race;
And as oblivion sinks at his command,
Nature shall rise more finish'd from his hand.
Thus some magician, fraught with potent skill,
Transforms and moulds each varied mass at will;
Calls animated forms of wonderous birth,
Cadmean offspring, from the teeming earth,
Unceres the ponderous tombs, the realms of night,
And calls their cold inhabitants to light;
Or, as he traverses a dreary scene,
Bids every sweet of nature there convene,
Huge mountains skirted round with wavy woods,
The shrub-deckt lawns, and silver-sprinkled floods,
Whilst flowrets spring around the smiling land,
And follow on the traces of his wand.

" Such prospects, lovely Auburn! then, be thine,
And what thou canst of bliss impart be mine;
Amid thy humble shades, in tranquil ease,
Grant me to pass the remnant of my days.
Unfetter'd from the toil of wretched gain,
My raptured muse shall pour her noblest strain,
Within her native bowers the notes prolong,
And, grateful, meditate her latest song.
Thus, as adown the slope of life I bend,
And move, resign'd, to meet my latter end,

* Prometheus.

Each worldly wish, each worldly care repress'd,
A self-approving heart alone possess'd,
Content, to bounteous Heaven I 'll leave the rest."

Thus spoke the Bard: but not one friendly power
With nod assentive crown'd the parting hour;
No eastern meteor glared beneath the sky,
No dextral omen: Nature heaved a sigh
Prophetic of the dire impending blow,
The presage of her loss, and Britain's wo.
Already portion'd, unrelenting Fate
Had made a pause upon the number'd date;
Behind stood Death, too horrible for sight,
In darkness clad, expectant, pruned for flight;
Pleased at the word, the shapeless monster sped,
On eager message to the humble shed,
Where, wrapt by soft poetic visions round,
Sweet slumbering, Fancy's darling son he found.
At his approach the silken pinion'd train,
Affrighted, mount aloft, and quit the brain,
Which late they fann'd. Now other scenes than dales
Of woody pride, succeed, or flowery vales:
As when a sudden tempest veils the sky,
Before serene, and streaming lightnings fly,
The prospect shifts, and pitchy volumes roll,
Along the drear expanse, from pole to pole;
Terrific horrors all the void invest,
Whilst the archspectre issues forth confest.
The Bard beholds him beckon to the tomb
Of yawning night, eternity's dread womb;
In vain attempts to fly, the impassive air
Retards his steps, and yields him to despair;
He feels a gripe that thrills through every vein,
And panting struggles in the fatal chain.
Here paused the fell destroyer to survey
The pride, the boast of man, his destined prey;
Prepared to strike, he poised aloft the dart,
And plunged the steel in Virtue's bleeding heart;
Abhorrent, back the springs of life rebound,
And leave on Nature's face a grisly wound,
A wound enroll'd among Britannia's woes,
That ages yet to follow cannot close.

O Goldsmith! how shall Sorrow now essay
To murmur out her slow incondite lay?
In what sad accents mourn the luckless hour,
That yielded thee to unrelenting power;
Thee, the proud boast of all the tuneful train
That sweep the lyre, or swell the polish'd strain?
Much honour'd Bard! if my untutor'd verse
Could pay a tribute worthy of thy hearse,
With fearless hands I 'd build the fane of praise,
And boldly strew the never fading bays.
But, ah! with thee my guardian genius fled,
And pillow'd in thy tomb his silent head:
Pain'd Memory alone behind remains,
And pensive stalks the solitary plains,
Rich in her sorrows; honours without art
She pays in tears redundant from the heart.
And say, what boots it o'er thy hallow'd dust
To heap the graven pile, or laurel'd bust;
Since by thy hands already raised on high,
We see a fabric tow'ring to the sky;
Where, hand in hand with Time, the sacred lore
Shall travel on, till Nature is no more?

ON THE DEATH OF DR GOLDSMITH.

BY W. WOTTY.

Adieu, sweet Bard! to each fine feeling true,
Thy virtues many, and thy foibles few,—
Those form'd to charm e'en vicious minds, and these
With harmless mirth the social soul to please.
Another's wo thy heart could always melt;
None gave more free, for none more deeply felt.
Sweet Bard, adieu! thy own harmonious lays
Have sculptured out thy monument of praise:
Yes, these survive to time's remotest day;
While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay.
Reader, if number'd in the Muse's train,
Go, tune the lyre, and imitate his strain;
But, if no poet thou, reverse the plan,
Depart in peace, and imitate the man.

POEMS.

THE TRAVELLER;

OR

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

DEDICATION.

TO THE REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.

DEAR SIR,—I am sensible that the friendship between us can acquire no new force from the ceremonies of a dedication; and perhaps it demands an excuse thus to prefix your name to my attempts, which you decline giving with your own. But as a part of this poem was formerly written to you from Switzerland, the whole can now, with propriety, be only inscribed to you. It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands, that it is addressed to a man who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a-year.

I now perceive, my dear brother, the wisdom of your humble choice. You have entered upon a sacred office, where the harvest is great, and the labourers are but few; while you have left the field of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away. But of all kinds of ambition—what from the refinement of the times, from different systems of criticism, and from the divisions of party—that which pursues poetical fame is the wildest.

Poetry makes a principal amusement among unpolished nations; but in a country verging to the extremes of refinement, painting and music come in for a share. As these offer the feeble mind a less laborious entertainment, they at first rival poetry, and at length supplant her; they engross all that favour once shewn to her, and though but younger sisters, seize upon the elder's birthright.

Yet, however this art may be neglected by the powerful, it is still in greater danger from the mistaken efforts of the learned to improve it. What criticisms have we not heard of

late in favour of blank verse and Pindaric odes, choruses, anapests and iambics, alliterative care and happy negligence! Every absurdity has now a champion to defend it; and as he is generally much in the wrong, so he has always much to say; for error is ever talkative.

But there is an enemy to this art still more dangerous,—I mean party. Party entirely distorts the judgment, and destroys the taste. When the mind is once infected with this disease, it can only find pleasure in what contributes to increase the distemper. Like the tiger, that seldom desists from pursuing man after having once preyed upon human flesh, the reader, who has once gratified his appetite with calumny, makes ever after the most agreeable feast upon murdered reputation. Such readers generally admire some half-witted thing, who wants to be thought a bold man, having lost the character of a wise one. Him they dignify with the name of poet: his tawdry lampoons are called satires; his turbulence is said to be force, and his frenzy fire.

What reception a poem may find, which has neither abuse, party, nor blank verse to support it, I cannot tell, nor am I solicitous to know. My aims are right. Without espousing the cause of any party, I have attempted to moderate the rage of all. I have endeavoured to shew, that there may be equal happiness in states that are differently governed from our own; that every state has a particular principle of happiness, and that this principle in each may be carried to a mischievous excess. There are few can judge better than yourself how far these positions are illustrated in this poem.

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most affectionate brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE TRAVELLER.*

[First published in 1765.]

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend!
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire!
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair!
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,†
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent, and care;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;

* This poem is printed from the ninth edition, which was the last that appeared in the lifetime of the author. It underwent several alterations, and received some additional lines in the course of its successive visits to the press; and as it is interesting to trace the minutest efforts by which genius seeks to attain excellence, we have subjoined some of the more important various readings from the earlier editions. — B.

† *Variation.* — Blest be those feasts where mirth and peace abound,
Where, &c.

That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies:
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear:
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?*
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendour crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine,
Creation's heir, the world—the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the sum of human bliss so small:
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.

* *Var.*—Amidst the store 'twere thankless to repine:
'Twere affectation all, and school-taught pride,
To spurn the splendid things by Heaven supplied,
Let, &c.

But where to find that happiest spot below
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;*
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,†
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied‡
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And though the rocky crested summits frown,§
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent,—
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,‖
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.

* *Var.*— Boldly asserts that country for his own, &c.

† *Var.*— And yet, perhaps, if states with states we scan,
Or estimate their bliss on reason's plan,
Though patriots flatter, and though fools contend,
We still shall find uncertainty suspend,
Find that each good, by art or nature given,
To these or those but make the balance even.
Nature, &c.

‡ This and the following line are wanting in the earlier editions.

§ *Var.*— And though rough rocks or gloomy summits frown,
These rocks, &c.

‖ This and the following line are wanting in the earlier editions.

Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies;
Here, for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest:
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind:
For wealth was theirs; not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state:

At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies,
The canvass glow'd beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;*
While nought remain'd, of all that riches gave,†
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet, still the loss of wealth is here supplied,‡
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride:
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguiled
The sports of children satisfy the child;§
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind:
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them! turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,

* *Var.*— Soon commerce turn'd on other shores her sail.
† This and the following line are wanting in the earlier editions.
‡ *Var.*—Yet though to fortune lost, here still abide
Some splendid arts, the wrecks of former pride:
From these, &c.
§ After this line followed,—
At sports like these, while foreign arms advance,
In passive ease they leave the world to chance;
When noble aims have suffered long control,
They sink at last, or feebly man the soul.
While, &c.

Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful, at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten at the blaze,
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,*
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast:

* This and the following line are wanting in the earlier editions.

So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd:
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd:
Yet let them only share the praises due,—
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Hence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that raise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Nor quench'd by want, nor fann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a-year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow,—
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimproved the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals,— such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,—
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;

And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display;
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here:
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or even imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise:
They please, are pleased; they give to get esteem;
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought:
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a-year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.

Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,*
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore;
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,†
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
Even liberty itself is barter'd here:
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys.
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined,
Extremes are only in the master's mind!

* This and the following line are wanting in the earlier editions.
† *Var.*—Industrious habits in each breast obtain.

Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right, above control,—
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man. *

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear!
Too blest indeed were such without alloy;
But, foster'd e'en by Freedom, ills annoy:
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone, †
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Represt ambition struggles round her shore;
Till, overwrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As Nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown:
Till time may come, when, stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame, ‡
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

* These last ten lines were so greatly admired by Dr Johnson, that he never repeated them without tears in his eyes.—B.

† *Var.* — This and the following line are wanting in the earlier editions, and then,

See, though by circling deeps together held,
Minds, &c.

‡ *Var.* — And monarchs toil, and poets pant for fame, &c.

Yet think not, thus when freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:*
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun —
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.†
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home,—
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

* *Var.* — After this the following couplet is inserted in the earlier editions: —

Perish the wish, for, inly satisfied,
Above their pomp I hold my ragged pride.

And the next eighteen lines, to "But when contending chiefs," &c. are wanting.

† *Var.* — After this, in some copies, —

Much on the low, the rest as rank supplies,
Should in columnar diminution rise, &c.

This doctrine was probably esteemed rather too aristocratic.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus, polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste?
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, long frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main,
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways,
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his wo,
* To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
* How small, of all that human hearts endure,
* That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
* Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
* Our own felicity we make or find:
* With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
* Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.

The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's* iron crown, and Damien's† bed of steel,
* To men remote from power but rarely known,
* Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.‡

* In 1514, two brothers, Luke and George Zeck, headed a desperate rebellion in Hungary. When it was quelled, George, not Luke, was punished by having his head encircled with a red-hot iron crown, in mockery of his supposed ambitious views. — B.

† Robert Francis Damien, a mad fanatic, who, in 1757, made an attempt to assassinate Louis XV. of France. He actually wounded the king, though slightly, between the ribs, with a penknife, as he was stepping into his carriage. Damien was put to the most exquisite tortures: his limbs were fastened with iron gyves to the scaffold; his flesh was torn off with pincers, and boiling oil and melted lead poured into the wounds; and he was at last torn to pieces by horses. We forget the criminality of his attempt in the inhuman cruelty of the judges who could subject him to so dreadful a punishment. — B.

‡ The nine lines to which an asterisk is prefixed were written by Dr Samuel Johnson, when the poem was submitted to his friendly revision, previous to publication. — B.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

DEAR SIR, — I can have no expectations, in an address of this kind, either to add to your reputation, or to establish my own. You can gain nothing from my admiration, as I am ignorant of that art in which you are said to excel; and I may lose much by the severity of your judgment, as few have a juster taste in poetry than you. Setting interest, therefore, aside, to which I never paid much attention, I must be indulged at present in following my affections. The only dedication I ever made was to my brother, because I loved him better than most other men. He is since dead. Permit me to inscribe this Poem to you.

How far you may be pleased with the versification and mere mechanical parts of this attempt, I do not pretend to inquire; but I know you will object, (and indeed several of our best and wisest friends concur in the opinion,) that the depopulation it deplores is no where to be seen, and the disorders it laments are only to be found in the poet's own imagination. To this I can scarcely make any other answer, than that I sincerely believe what I have written; that I have taken all possible pains, in my country excursions, for these four or five years past, to be certain of what I allege; and that all my views and inquiries have led me to believe those miseries real, which I here attempt to display. But this is not the place to enter into an inquiry whether the country be depopulating or not: the discussion would take up much room, and I should prove myself, at best, an indifferent politician, to tire the reader with a long preface, when I want his unfatigued attention to a long poem.

In regretting the depopulation of the country, I inveigh against the increase of our luxuries; and here also I expect the shout of modern politicians against me. For twenty or thirty years past, it has been the fashion to consider luxury as one of the greatest national advantages; and all the wisdom of antiquity in that particular as erroneous. Still, however, I must remain a professed ancient on that head, and continue to think those luxuries prejudicial to states by which so many vices are introduced, and so many kingdoms have been undone. Indeed, so much has been poured out of late on the other side of the question, that merely for the sake of novelty and variety, one would sometimes wish to be in the right. I am, dear sir, your sincere friend, and ardent admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.*

[First published in 1769.]

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village plain, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain, mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove:

* The locality of this poem is supposed to be Lissoy, near Ballymahan, where the poet's brother Henry had his living. As usual in such cases, the place afterwards became the fashionable resort of poetical pilgrims, and paid the customary penalty of furnishing relics for the curious. The *hawthorn bush* has been converted into snuff-boxes, and now adorns the cabinets of poetical virtuosi. — B.

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn!
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy grassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries:
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man:
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health,
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,

Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brighten'd all the green,—
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,*
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,†
And keep the flame from wasting, by repose:
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine!
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;

* *Var.*— After this was the following couplet:
Here as with doubtful pensive steps I range,
Trace every scene, and wonder at the change,
Remembrance, &c.

† *Var.*— My anxious day to husband near the close,
And keep life's flame, &c.

No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose:
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind,—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wintry fagot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year:
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.*
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain:
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their wo:
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.†
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;

* *Var.* — More skill'd to raise, &c.
† *Var.* — And fools, who came to scoff, return'd to pray.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd:
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran—that he could gauge:
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For ev'n though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where graybeard mirth, and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place:

The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspin boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken teacups, wisely kept for show,
Ranged o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! Could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart:
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their firstborn sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,—
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,

'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, e'en beyond the miser's wish, abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains: this wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss: the man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies:—
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure, all
In barren splendour feebly waits its fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past—for charms are frail—
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress:
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd;
In Nature's simplest charms at first array'd:
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped, what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' wo.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies his sickly trade;
Here while the proud their long drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy,
Sure these denote one universal joy!
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies:
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distrest;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn:
Now lost to all—her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold and shrinking from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel, and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama* murmurs to their wo.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore:
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;

* The Altama (or Altamaha) is a river in the province of Georgia, United States.

Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!
The good old sire the first prepared to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for other's wo;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave:
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms:
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where every pleasure rose,
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.*

O luxury! thou curst by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!

* *Var.* — In all the decent manliness, &c.

Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own:
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy wo;
Till, sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand:
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there,
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame:
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my wo,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell; and oh! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd;
*That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
*As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
*While self-dependent power can time defy,
*As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

* These four concluding lines, with an asterisk prefixed, were written by Dr Johnson. — B.

THE HERMIT;

A BALLAD.

THE FOLLOWING LETTER, ADDRESSED TO THE PRINTER OF THE ST JAMES'S CHRONICLE, APPEARED IN THAT PAPER IN JUNE, 1767.

Sir,—As there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours, that I recommended Blainville's Travels, because I thought the book was a good one, and I think so still. I said I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published; but in that, it seems, I was misinformed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad I published some time ago, from one* by the ingenious Mr Percy. I do not think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr Percy some years ago; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me with his usual good humour, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakespeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little Cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarcely worth printing; and, were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature.—I am, Sir, yours, &c. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

[Dr Percy, in the Life of Goldsmith which is prefixed to the octavo edition of his Miscellaneous Works published in 1801, denies the statement in this letter, so far as regards his having adopted the plan of his ballad from that of our author. The truth is, the idea which is common to both

* The Friar of Orders Gray. *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. i. book 2, No. 17.

pieces was suggested by an old ballad published in Percy's *Ancient Reliques*, and there entitled "A Dialogue between a Pilgrim and Herdsman;" Percy, however, appears to have been indebted to Goldsmith for the idea of making the lady confess to the lover himself.

Goldsmith's imitation of the old ballad is in some parts so close, that the reader may not be displeased to have an opportunity of comparing the two in this place. The following is a short abstract of the story: —

A young pilgrim inquires of a *gentle* herdsman the way to Walsingham, where was, in popish times, a famous image of the Virgin Mary. The herdsman, by way of discouraging him, urges the difficulty and uncertainty of the path; but the young pilgrim replies that these are a very inadequate penance for his offence. This leads to a confession of the penitent's sex, who turns out to be a young female in male attire; and her crime is no less than having treated a beautiful and amiable youth, her lover, with so much caprice and scorn, as to drive him to a secret retreat, where he died. She soon repents of her cruelty, and is resolved, first, to do penance for her fault, and then to die for her lover's sake. Compare the following stanzas with the thirty-third and three following stanzas of the Hermit, beginning, "For still I tried," &c.

And grew so coy and nice to please,
As women's lookes are often soe;
He might not kises, nor hand forsoothe,
Unlesse I willed him soe to doe.

Thus, being wearyed with delaye,
To see I pityed not his greefe,
He gott him to a secrette place,
And there hee dyed without releefe.

And for his sake these weedes I weare,
And sacriffice my tender age;
And every day I'le begge my bread,
To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and praye,
And ever will doe till I dye;
And gett me to some secrette place,
For soe did hee, and soe will I, &c.

Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. ii. p. 72. — B.]

THE HERMIT.

[First printed in 1765.]

" Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

" For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow,
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem length'ning as I go."

" Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
" To tempt the dangerous gloom ;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

" Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still ;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows ;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

" No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn ;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them :

" But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring ;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego ;
All earth-born cares are wrong :
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lonely mansion lay, *
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care;
The wicket, opening with a latch, †
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest, ‡
The hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

And spread his vegetable store,
And gayly press'd, and smiled;
And, skill'd in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth,
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups on the hearth,
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's wo;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit spied,
With answering care oppress'd:
And "Whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

"From better habitations spurn'd,
Reluctant dost thou rove?

* *Var.* — Far shelter'd in a glade obscu.
The modest mansion lay.
† *Var.* — The door just opening, &c.
‡ *Var.* — To revel or to rest.

Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
Or unregarded love?

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
Are trifling, and decay;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

"And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
But leaves the wretch to weep?

"And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest;
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex," he said;
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.*

Surprised he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.†

The bashful look, the rising breast,‡
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confess'd
A maid in all her charms.

And, "Ah! forgive a stranger rude—
A wretch forlorn," she cried;
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside.

* *Var.* — The bashful guest betray'd.

† *Var.* — He sees unnumber'd beauties rise,
Expanding to the view;
Like clouds that deck the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

‡ *Var.* — Her looks, her lips, her panting breast,
Alternate, &c.

" But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

" My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy lord was he;
And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
He had but only me.

" To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumber'd suitors came,
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt, or feign'd, a flame.

" Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove;*
Amongst the rest young Edwin bow'd,
But never talk'd of love.

" In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me.

" And when, beside me in the dale,
He carol'd lays of love,
His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
And music to the grove.†

" The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the blossom on the tree,
With charms inconstant shine:
Their charms were his, but, wo to me,
Their constancy was mine.‡

* *Var.*—Each morn the gay fantastic crowd,
With richest, &c.

† This stanza was preserved by Richard Archdale, Esq. a member of the Irish Parliament, to whom it was given by Goldsmith, and was first inserted after the author's death.—B.

‡ *Var.*—Th' inconstancy was mine, &c.

"For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain;
And while his passion touch'd my heart,
I triumph'd in his pain:

"Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

"And there forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die;
'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

"Forbid it Heaven!" the Hermit cried,*
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wondering fair one turn'd to chide—
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd!

"Turn, Angelina, ever dear,
My charmer, turn to see
Thy own, thy long lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign:
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that 's mine?†

"No, never from this hour to part,
We 'll live and love so true,
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too."

* *Var.*—Thou shalt not thus, the Hermit cried, &c.
† *Var.*—O thou—my all, &c.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON;*

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO LORD CLARE.

[First published in 1774, after the author's death.]

THANKS, my lord, for your venison, for finer or fatter
Ne'er ranged in a forest, or smoked in a platter.
The haunch was a picture for painters to study,
The fat was so white, and the lean was so ruddy;
Though my stomach was sharp, I could scarce help regretting
To spoil such a delicate picture by eating:
I had thoughts, in my chamber to place it in view,
To be shewn to my friends as a piece of virtû;
As in some Irish houses, where things are so so,
One gammon of bacon hangs up for a show;
But for eating a rasher of what they take pride in,
They 'd as soon think of eating the pan it is fried in.
But hold—let me pause—don't I hear you pronounce,
This tale of the bacon 's a damnable bounce?
Well, suppose it a bounce—sure a poet may try,
By a bounce now and then, to get courage to fly.

But, my lord, it 's no bounce: I protest, in my turn,
It 's a truth, and your lordship may ask Mr Burn. †
To go on with my tale: as I gazed on the haunch,
I thought of a friend that was trusty and stanch,
So I cut it, and sent it to Reynolds undrest,
To paint it, or eat it, just as he liked best.
Of the neck and the breast I had next to dispose—
'Twas a neck and a breast that might rival Monroe's:
But in parting with these I was puzzled again,
With the how, and the who, and the where, and the when.
There 's H—d, and C—y, and H—rth, and H—ff,
I think they love venison—I know they love beef;
There 's my countryman, Higgins—oh, let him alone
For making a blunder, or picking a bone:
But, hang it! to poets who seldom can eat
Your very good mutton 's a very good treat;

* The description of the dinner party in this poem is imitated from Boileau's fourth Satire. Boileau himself took the hint from Horace, Lib. ii. Sat. 8. which has also been imitated by Regnier, Sat. 10.—B.

† Lord Clare's nephew.

Such dainties to them their health it might hurt,
It 's like sending them ruffles, when wanting a shirt.

While thus I debated, in reverie center'd,
An acquaintance—a friend, as he call'd himself—enter'd;
An under-bred, fine spoken fellow was he,
And he smiled as he look'd at the venison and me,—
"What have we got here?—Why, this is good eating!
Your own, I suppose—or is it in waiting?"
"Why, whose should it be?" cried I, with a flounce,
"I get these things often"—but that was a bounce.
"Some lords, my acquaintance, that settle the nation,
Are pleased to be kind—but I hate ostentation."

"If that be the case, then," cried he, very gay,
"I 'm glad I have taken this house in my way:
To-morrow you take a poor dinner with me;
No words—I insist on 't—precisely at three;
We 'll have Johnson, and Burke, all the wits will be there:
My acquaintance is slight, or I 'd ask my lord Clare.
And, now that I think on't, as I am a sinner,
We wanted this venison to make out a dinner.
What say you—a pasty? it shall, and it must,
And my wife, little Kitty, is famous for crust.
Here, porter—this venison with me to Mile-end:
No stirring, I beg—my dear friend—my dear friend!"
Thus, snatching his hat, he brush'd off like the wind,
And the porter and eatables follow'd behind.

Left alone to reflect, having emptied my shelf,
And "nobody with me at sea but myself;"*
Though I could not help thinking my gentleman hasty,
Yet Johnson, and Burke, and a good venison pasty,
Were things that I never disliked in my life,
Though clogg'd with a coxcomb, and Kitty his wife.
So next day, in due splendour, to make my approach,
I drove to his door in my own hackney coach.

When come to the place where we all were to dine,
(A chair lumber'd closet, just twelve feet by nine,)
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;

* See the letters that passed between his Royal Highness Henry Duke of Cumberland, and Lady Grosvenor. 12mo. 1769.

" For I knew it," he cried, " both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t' other with Thrale:*
But no matter, I 'll warrant we 'll make up the party
With two full as clever, and ten times as hearty.
The one is a Scotchman, the other a Jew;
They both of them merry, and authors like you:
The one writes the Snarler, the other the Scourge;
Some thinks he writes Cinna — he owns to Panurge.
While thus he described them, by trade and by name,
They enter'd, and dinner was served as they came.

At the top, a fried liver and bacon were seen;
At the bottom, was tripe in a swinging tureen;
At the sides, there was spinage, and pudding made hot;
In the middle, a place where the pasty — was not.
Now, my lord, as for tripe, it 's my utter aversion,
And your bacon I hate like a Turk or a Persian;
So there I sat stuck like a horse in a pound,
While the bacon and liver went merrily round:
But what vex'd me most was that d——'d Scottish rogue,
With his long-winded speeches, his smiles and his brogue,
And, " Madam," quoth he, " may this bit be my poison,
A prettier dinner I never set eyes on:
Pray, a slice of your liver, though, may I be curst,
But I've eat of your tripe till I'm ready to burst."
" The tripe!" quoth the Jew, with his chocolate cheek,
" I could dine on this tripe seven days in a week:
I like these here dinners, so pretty and small;
But your friend there, the Doctor, eats nothing at all."
" O ho!" quoth my friend, he 'll come on in a trice,
He 's keeping a corner for something that 's nice:
There 's a pasty."—" A pasty!" repeated the Jew,
" I don 't care if I keep a corner for 't too."
" What the deil mon, a pasty!" re-echo'd the Scot,
" Though splitting, I'll still keep a corner for that."
" We 'll all keep a corner," the lady cried out;
" We 'll all keep a corner," was echo'd about.
While thus we resolved, and the pasty delay'd,
With looks that quite petrified, enter'd the maid:
A visage so sad, and so pale with affright,
Waked Priam, in drawing his curtains by night.

* An eminent London brewer, M. P. for the borough of Southwark, at whose table Dr Johnson was a frequent guest. — B.

But we quickly found out—for who could mistake her?—
That she came with some terrible news from the baker:
And so it fell out; for that negligent sloven
Had shut out the pasty on shutting his oven.
Sad Philomel thus—but let similes drop—
And now that I think on't, the story may stop.

To be plain, my good lord, it's but labour misplaced,
To send such good verses to one of your taste:
You've got an odd something—a kind of discerning,
A relish—a taste—sicken'd over by learning;
At least it's your temper, as very well known,
That you think very slightly of all that's your own:
So, perhaps, in your habits of thinking amiss,
You may make a mistake, and think slightly of this.

RETALIATION.

[First printed in 1774, after the author's death.]

Dr Goldsmith and some of his friends occasionally dined at the St James's Coffeehouse. One day, it was proposed to write epitaphs on him. His country, dialect, and person, furnished subjects of witticism. He was called on for RETALIATION, and, at their next meeting, produced the following poem. [At the former of these meetings, as we learn from Cumberland, the party consisted of Dr Barnard, Dean of Derry, Dr Douglas, Johnson, Garrick, Goldsmith, Edmund and Richard Burke, Hickey, and Cumberland, with two or three others. One of the company having suggested the idea of writing extemporary epitaphs upon the parties present, Garrick wrote off-hand some very humorous verses on Goldsmith, who was the first in jest, as he proved to be in reality, that they consigned to the grave. The Dean also gave him an epitaph, and Sir Joshua Reynolds illuminated the Dean's verses with a sketch of his bust, in pen and ink, inimitably caricatured. Neither Johnson nor Burke wrote any thing, and Cumberland's verses were entirely complimentary. Goldsmith, it seems, felt somewhat sore at the jests of which he had been made the subject; and it was for the purpose of restoring his good humour that his companions insisted upon his retaliating.—B]

Of old, when Scarron his companions invited,
Each guest brought his dish, and the feast was united;
If our landlord* supplies us with beef and with fish,
Let each guest bring himself, and he brings the best dish:

* The master of the St James's Coffeehouse, where the Doctor, and the friends he has characterized in this poem, occasionally dined.

Our Dean* shall be venison, just fresh from the plains;
Our Burke† shall be tongue, with a garnish of brains;
Our Will‡ shall be wild-fowl, of excellent flavour,
And Dick§ with his pepper shall heighten the savour;
Our Cumberland's‖ sweetbread its place shall obtain,
And Douglas¶ is pudding, substantial and plain;
Our Garrick's** a salad, for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness, agree:
To make out the dinner, full certain I am,
That Ridge†† is anchovy, and Reynolds‡‡ is lamb;
That Hickey's§§ a capon, and, by the same rule,
Magnanimous Goldsmith a gooseberry fool.
At a dinner so various — at such a repast,
Who 'd not be a glutton, and stick to the last?
Here, waiter, more wine! let me sit while I 'm able,
Till all my companions sink under the table;
Then, with chaos and blunders encircling my head,
Let me ponder, and tell what I think of the dead.

Here lies the good Dean, reunited to earth,
Who mix'd reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth:
If he had any faults, he has left us in doubt,
At least, in six weeks, I could not find 'em out;
Yet some have declared, and it can't be denied 'em,
That sly-boots was cursedly cunning to hide 'em.

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;

* Doctor Barnard, Dean of Derry, in Ireland, [afterwards Bishop of Killaloe. — B.]

† The Right Hon. Edmund Burke.

‡ Mr William Burke, formerly secretary to General Conway, and member for Bedwin.

§ Mr Richard Burke, collector of Granada.

‖ Mr Richard Cumberland, author of *The West Indian*, *The Jew*, and other dramatic works. [He was also a voluminous miscellaneous writer. His autobiography is one of the most amusing books in the language, and contains many interesting anecdotes of his literary contemporaries. — B.]

¶ Dr Douglas, Canon of Windsor, and afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, was himself a native of Scotland, and obtained considerable reputation by his detection of the forgeries of his countrymen, Lauder and Bower. *Vide post*, notes. — B.

** David Garrick, Esq.

†† Counsellor John Ridge, a gentleman belonging to the Irish bar.

‡‡ Sir Joshua Reynolds.

§§ An eminent attorney.

Who, born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind:
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat,
To persuade Tommy Townshend* to lend him a vote;
Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
And thought of convincing, while they thought of dining:†
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot, too cool; for a drudge, disobedient;
And too fond of the *right* to pursue the *expedient*.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies honest William, whose heart was a mint,
While the owner ne'er knew half the good that was in't;
The pupil of impulse, it forced him along,
His conduct still right, with his argument wrong;
Still aiming at honour, yet fearing to roam,
The coachman was tipsy, the chariot drove home:
Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.

Here lies honest Richard, whose fate I must sigh at;
Alas, that such frolic should now be so quiet!
What spirits were his! what wit and what whim!
Now breaking a jest, and now breaking a limb!‡
Now wrangling and grumbling to keep up the ball!
Now teasing and vexing, yet laughing at all!
In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wish'd him full ten times a-day at Old Nick;

* Mr T. Townshend, member for Whitchurch, [afterwards Lord Sydney. Another name stood here in the original copy of *Retaliation*, but Mr Townshend's was introduced, according to Sir James Macintosh, for his persisting in clearing the gallery of the House of Commons, in spite of the earnest remonstrances of Burke and Fox, one evening when Garrick was present.—B.]

† Mr Burke's speeches in Parliament, though distinguished by all the characteristic force of reasoning and eloquence of their highly gifted author, were not always listened to with patience by his brother members, who not unfrequently took the opportunity of retiring to dinner when he rose to speak. To this circumstance, which procured for the orator the *sobriquet* of the *Dinner Bell*, the poet here alludes.—B.

‡ Mr Richard Burke having slightly fractured an arm and a leg at different times, the Doctor has rallied him on these accidents, as a kind of retributive justice, for breaking his jests upon other people.

But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wish'd to have Dick back again.

Here Cumberland lies, having acted his parts,
The Terence of England, the mender of hearts;
A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.
His gallants are all faultless, his women divine,
And Comedy wonders at being so fine;
Like a tragedy queen he has dizen'd her out,
Or rather like Tragedy giving a rout.
His fools have their follies so lost in a crowd
Of virtues and feelings, that folly grows proud;
And coxcombs, alike in their failings alone,
Adopting his portraits, are pleased with their own.
Say, where has our poet this malady caught,
Or wherefore his characters thus without fault?
Say, was it, that vainly directing his view
To find out men's virtues, and finding them few,
Quite sick of pursuing each troublesome elf,
He grew lazy at last, and drew from himself?

Here Douglas retires from his toils to relax,
The scourge of impostors, the terror of quacks:
Come all ye quack bards, and ye quacking divines,
Come, and dance on the spot where your tyrant reclines:
When satire and censure encircled his throne,
I fear'd for your safety, I fear'd for my own;
But now he is gone, and we want a detector,
Our Dodds* shall be pious, our Kenricks† shall lecture;
Macpherson‡ write bombast, and call it a style;
Our Townshend make speeches, and I shall compile:

* The Rev. Dr Dodd, who was executed for forgery.

† Dr Kenrick, who read lectures at the Devil Tavern, under the title of "The School of Shakespeare." [Kenrick was a well known writer upon town, of prodigious versatility, and some talent. Dr Johnson once observed of him, "He is one of the many who have made themselves *public*, without making themselves known." He was a man of no principle, and frequently wrote the severest libels against those with whom he was living on terms of apparent friendship. Amongst those who experienced the bitterness of his abuse was our author himself, which led to the altercation with Evans the bookseller.— See *Life of Goldsmith* prefixed. He was the original editor of the Morning Chronicle, but was afterwards dismissed for negligence.— B.]

‡ James Macpherson, Esq. who lately, from the mere force of his style, wrote down the first poet of all antiquity. [Macpherson's claim to

New Lauders * and Bowers† the Tweed shall cross over,
No countryman living their tricks to discover;
Detection her taper shall quench to a spark,
And Scotchman meet Scotchman, and cheat in the dark.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man;
As an actor, confess'd without rival to shine,
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplaster'd with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a-day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame;
Till his relish, grown callous almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.

original genius, rests chiefly upon what has not yet been ascertained with sufficient accuracy, viz. his own share in the publication which he gave to the world as a translation of Ossian's Poems. He was, however, unquestionably a man of considerable talents, and not deficient in classical learning. The popularity of his Ossian induced him to publish a version of Homer in the same style of measured prose; but this work, which is the one alluded to in the first part of this note, certainly added nothing to his reputation.—B.]

*. William Lauder, a Scottish schoolmaster, who, by interpolating certain passages from the Adamus Exul of Grotius, from Masenius, and others, with translations from Paradise Lost, endeavoured to fix on Milton a charge of extensive plagiarism from the modern Latin poets. Dr Douglas, in a pamphlet entitled, *Milton no Plagiary*, detected and exposed this impudent imposture, and extorted from the author a confession and apology, dictated by Dr Johnson, who had been so far imposed upon by the forgery as to furnish a preface and postscript to Lauder's pamphlet.—B.

† Archibald Bower, a Scottish Jesuit, and author of a History of the Popes from St Peter to Lambertini. He also published, about the year 1755, his Motives of Conversion from Popery to Protestantism. Dr Douglas published a critical examination of this pamphlet, in which he convicted Bower of gross imposture, and totally destroyed the credit of his history.—B.

But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys,* and Woodfalls† so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave!
How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-praised!
But peace to his spirit wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies:
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will;
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Hickey reclines, a most blunt pleasant creature,
And slander itself must allow him good nature;
He cherish'd his friend, and he relish'd a bumper;
Yet one fault he had, and that one was a thumper.
Perhaps you may ask if the man was a miser?
I answer, No, no, for he always was wiser.
Too courteous, perhaps, or obligingly flat?
His very worst foe can't accuse him of that.
Perhaps he confided in men as they go,
And so was too foolishly honest? Ah, no!
Then what was his failing? come tell it, and burn ye:
He was, could he help it? a special attorney.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind;
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand,
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland:
Still born to improve us in every part,
His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,
When they judged without skill, he was still hard of hearing:
When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet,‡ and only took snuff.

* Mr Hugh Kelly, originally a staymaker, afterwards a newspaper editor and dramatist, and latterly a barrister, was a native of Ireland. His comedies of *False Delicacy* and the *School for Wives*, had considerable success. He also wrote *Clementina, A Word to the Wise*, &c. — B.

† Mr William Woodfall, printer of the *Morning Chronicle*.

‡ Sir Joshua Reynolds was so deaf, as to be under the necessity of using an ear trumpet in company.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the fourth edition of this Poem was printed, the publisher received the following epitaph on Mr Whitefoord, * from a friend of the late Doctor Goldsmith. [Mr Whitefoord was not, as Colman erroneously observes in his *Random Records*, a member of THE LITERARY CLUB, but he was of the party at the St James's Coffeehouse which provoked *Retaliation*. In the *Foundling Hospital for Wit* are some apologetical verses by him for having read in that club a ludicrous epitaph on the supposed death of Goldsmith. — B.

HERE Whitefoord reclines, and, deny it who can,
Though he merrily lived, he is now a grave man: †
Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun!
Who relish'd a joke, and rejoiced in a pun;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
A stranger to flattery, a stranger to fear;
Who scatter'd around wit and humour at will;
Whose daily *bon mots* half a column might fill:
A Scotchman, from pride and from prejudice free;
A scholar, yet surely no pedant was he.

What pity, alas! that so liberal a mind
Should so long be to newspaper essays confined!
Who perhaps to the summit of science could soar,
Yet content "if the table he set in a roar:"
Whose talents to fill any station were fit,
Yet happy if Woodfall‡ confess'd him a wit.

Ye newspaper witlings! ye pert scribbling folks!
Who copied his squibs, and re-echo'd his jokes;
Ye tame imitators, ye servile herd, come,
Still follow your master, and visit his tomb:
To deck it, bring with you festoons of the vine,
And copious libations bestow on his shrine;
Then strew all around it (you can do no less)
Cross Readings, *Ship News*, and *Mistakes of the Press*.§

Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit.
This debt to thy memory I cannot refuse,
"Thou best humour'd man with the worst humour'd Muse."

* Mr Caleb Whitefoord, author of many humorous essays.

† Mr Whitefoord was so notorious a punster, that Dr Goldsmith used to say it was impossible to keep him company, without being infected with the itch of punning.

‡ Mr H. S. Woodfall, printer of the *Public Advertiser*.

§ Mr Whitefoord had frequently indulged the town with humorous pieces under those titles in the *Public Advertiser*.

The following poems, by Mr Garrick, may in some measure account for the severity exercised by Dr Goldsmith in respect to that gentleman. [The latter copy of verses, at least, can have no share in accounting for the alleged severity, as this clever *jeu d'esprit* was necessarily written after *Retaliation*. The Fable, also, which is printed in Dodsley's *Annual Register* for 1776, is there said to have been written some time *after* the appearance of Goldsmith's poem; but Davies, in his *Life of Garrick*, mentions it as one of the humorous effusions at the St James's Coffeehouse on the occasion referred to in the notice prefixed to *Retaliation*, and Cumberland seems to confirm this account. It must be admitted, that in these verses the Doctor's character is very happily and very truly described, yet surely with sufficient severity to justify the honest bluntness with which Goldsmith alludes to the great failing of the gifted actor. Garrick's epigram, by shewing how easily his vanity was hurt, only confirms the justness of the poet's censure. — B.]

JUPITER AND MERCURY;

A FABLE.

HERE, Hermes, says Jove, who with nectar was mellow,
Go fetch me some clay — I will make an odd fellow!
Right and wrong shall be jumbled,—much gold and some dross;
Without cause be he pleased, without cause be he cross;
Be sure, as I work, to throw in contradictions,
A great love of truth, yet a mind turn'd to fictions:
Now mix these ingredients, which, warm'd in the baking,
Turn to learning and gaming, religion and raking.
With the love of a wench, let his writings be chaste;
Tip his tongue with strange matter, his pen with fine taste;
That the rake and the poet o'er all may prevail,
Set fire to the head, and set fire to the tail.
For the joy of each sex, on the world I 'll bestow it,
This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet;
Though a mixture so odd, he shall merit great fame,
And among brother mortals — be GOLDSMITH his name:
When on earth this strange meteor no more shall appear,
You, Hermes, shall fetch him to make us sport here.*

ON DR GOLDSMITH'S CHARACTERISTICAL COOKERY.

A JEU D'ESPRIT.

ARE these the choice dishes the Doctor has sent us?
Is this the great poet whose works so content us?
This Goldsmith's fine feast, who has written fine books? —
"Heaven sends us good meat, but the Devil sends cooks."

* "Candour," says Mr Davies, in his *Life of Garrick*, "must own, that Mr Garrick, in his verses on Goldsmith, was gentle in describing the subject, as well as delicate in the choice of his expressions; but that Garrick's features in the *Retaliation* are somewhat exaggerated." Davies' *candour* seems to be a little too much *on one side*. The likenesses are both admirable, and it is difficult to say which is the more just. Garrick, let it be remembered, gave the provocation; and it is not easy to discover the superior "gentleness," and "delicacy" of his witty exposure of the poet's foibles. — B.

POETICAL EPISTLE TO DR GOLDSMITH,

OR, SUPPLEMENT TO HIS RETALIATION.

The following clever lines were written by Cumberland, and handed about among his friends in manuscript. They were first printed, I believe, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1778, but without the author's name. — B.

Doctor, according to our wishes,
You 've character'd us all in dishes;
Served up a sentimental treat
Of various emblematic meat:
And now it 's time, I trust you 'll think,
Your company should have some drink;
Else, take my word for it, at least
Your Irish friends won't like your feast.
Ring, then, and see that there is placed
To each according to his taste.

To Douglas, fraught with learned stock
Of critic lore, give ancient hock;
Let it be genuine, bright, and fine,
Pure unadulterated wine;
For if there 's fault in taste or odour,
He 'll search it, as he search'd out Lauder.

To Johnson, philosophic sage,
The moral Mentor of the age,
Religion's friend, with soul sincere,
With melting heart, but look austere,
Give liquor of an honest sort,
And crown his cup with priestly port.

Now fill the glass with gay Champagne,
And frisk it in a livelier strain;
Quick, quick, the sparkling nectar quaff,
Drink it, dear Garrick, drink and laugh!

Pour forth to Reynolds, without stint,
Rich Burgundy of ruby tint;
If e'er his colours chance to fade,
This brilliant hue shall come in aid,

With ruddy light refresh the faces
And warm the bosom of the Graces.

To Burke a pure libation bring,
Fresh drawn from the Castalian spring;
With civic oak the goblet bind,
Fit emblem of his patriot mind;
Let Clio at his table sip,
And Hermes hand it to his lip.

Fill out my friend the Dean of Derry,
A bumper of conventual sherry.

Give Ridge, and Hickey, generous souls!
Of whisky punch convivial bowls;
But let the kindred Burkes regale
With potent draughts of Wicklow ale!

To C* * * * * k† next in order turn ye,
And grace him with the vines of Ferney!

Now, Doctor, you 're an honest sticker,
So take your glass, and choose your liquor.
Wilt have it steep'd in Alpine snows,
Or damask'd at Silenus' nose?
With Wakefield's vicar sip your tea,
Or to Thalia drink with me?
And, Doctor, I would have you know it,
An honest I, though humble poet;
I scorn the sneaker like a toad,
Who drives his cart the Dover road,
There, traitor to his country's trade,
Smuggles vile scraps of French brocade:
Hence with all such! for you and I
By English wares will live and die.
Come, draw your chair, and stir the fire:
And, boy! — a pot of Thrale's entire!

† Joseph Cradock, Esq. author of *Zobeide*, a tragedy, to which Goldsmith wrote the Prologue. This gentleman, in his *Memoirs*, (republished in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Jan. 1828,) says, in reference to these verses, "My name is in Italics, as supposing *I* am a wine-bibber; but the author's allusion to the wines of Ferney was meant for me, I rather think, from having taken a plan of a tragedy from Voltaire." When first printed, the name was not in Italics, but marked with asterisks, for which the reason above seems inadequate. Cumberland probably meant to hint, that Mr Cradock had taken more than the "plan of a tragedy" from the poet of Ferney. — B.

LINES

FROM DR BARNARD, DEAN OF DERRY, TO DR GOLDSMITH AND MR CUMBERLAND.

[These lines are given from Dodsley's *Annual Register* for 1777.]

Dear Noll and dear Dick, since you 've made us so merry,
Accept the best thanks of the poor Dean of Derry!
Though I here must confess that your meat and your wine
Are not to my taste, though they 're both very fine:
For sherry 's a liquor monastic, you own;
Now there 's nothing I hate so, as drinking alone;
It may do for your monks, or your curates and vicars,
But, for my part, I 'm fond of more sociable liquors.
Your ven'son's delicious, though too sweet your sauce is—
Sed non ego maculis offendar paucis.
So soon as you please you may serve me your dish up,
But instead of your sherry, pray make me a—*Bishop.*

THE DOUBLE TRANSFORMATION;

A TALE.

[First printed in the author's volume of Essays, 1765.]

Secluded from domestic strife,
Jack Book-worm led a college life;
A fellowship at twenty-five
Made him the happiest man alive;
He drank his glass, and crack'd his joke,
And freshmen wonder'd as he spoke.*

Such pleasures unalloy'd with care,
Could any accident impair?
Could Cupid's shaft at lenth transfix
Our swain, arrived at thirty-six?

* The following couplet occurs in the earlier editions:—
Without politeness, aim'd at breeding,
And laugh'd at pedantry and reading.
Such, &c.

Oh, had the archer ne'er come down
To ravage in a country town!
Or Flavia been content to stop
At triumphs in a Fleet Street shop!
Oh, had her eyes forgot to blaze!
Or Jack had wanted eyes to gaze!
Oh!—but let exclamation cease,
Her presence banish'd all his peace;*
So with decorum all things carried,
Miss frown'd, and blush'd, and then was—married.

Need we expose to vulgar sight
The raptures of the bridal night?
Need we intrude on hallow'd ground,
Or draw the curtains closed around?
Let it suffice that each had charms:
He clasp'd a goddess in his arms;
And though she felt his usage rough,†
Yet in a man 'twas well enough.

The honey-moon like lightning flew,
The second brought its transports too;
A third, a fourth, were not amiss,
The fifth was friendship mix'd with bliss:
But, when a twelvemonth pass'd away,
Jack found his goddess made of clay;
Found half the charms that deck'd her face
Arose from powder, shreds, or lace;
But still the worst remain'd behind,—
That very face had robb'd her mind.

Skill'd in no other arts was she,
But dressing, patching, repartee;

* After this, the following lines were in the earlier editions:—
Our alter'd parson now began
To be a perfect ladies' man;
Made sonnets, lisp'd his sermons o'er,
And told the tales he told before,
Of bailiffs pump'd, and proctors bit;
At college how he shew'd his wit;
And, as the fair one still approved,
He fell in love—or thought he loved.
So, &c.

† *Var.*—And though she felt his visage rough.

And, just as humour rose or fell,
By turns a slattern or a belle.
'Tis true she dress'd with modern grace,
Half naked, at a ball or race;
But when at home, at board or bed,
Five greasy nightcaps wrapp'd her head.
Could so much beauty condescend
To be a dull, domestic friend?
Could any curtain lectures bring
To decency so fine a thing?
In short, by night, 'twas fits or fretting;
By day, 'twas gadding or coquetting.
Fond to be seen, she kept a bevy*
Of powder'd coxcombs at her levee;
The 'squire and captain took their stations,
And twenty other near relations:
Jack suck'd his pipe, and often broke
A sigh in suffocating smoke;†
While all their hours were pass'd between
Insulting repartee and spleen.

Thus, as her faults each day were known,
He thinks her features coarser grown;
He fancies every vice she shews,
Or thins her lip, or points her nose:
Whenever rage or envy rise,
How wide her mouth, how wild her eyes!
He knows not how, but so it is,
Her face is grown a knowing phiz;
And, though her fops are wondrous civil,
He thinks her ugly as the devil.

Now, to perplex the ravell'd noose,
As each a different way pursues,
While sullen or loquacious strife
Promised to hold them on for life,
That dire disease, whose ruthless power
Withers the beauty's transient flower,—

* *Var.*—Now tawdry madam kept a bevy.
† After this line, followed,—
She, in her turn, became perplexing,
And found substantial bliss in vexing.
Thus every hour was pass'd, &c.

Lo! the small-pox, with horrid glare,
Levell'd its terrors at the fair;
And, rifling every youthful grace,
Left but the remnant of a face.

The glass, grown hateful to her sight,
Reflected now a perfect fright:
Each former art she vainly tries
To bring back lustre to her eyes;
In vain she tries her paste and creams
To smooth her skin, or hide its seams;
Her country beaux and city cousins,
Lovers no more, flew off by dozens;
The squire himself was seen to yield,
And ev'n the captain quit the field.

Poor madam, now condemn'd to hack
The rest of life with anxious Jack,
Perceiving others fairly flown,
Attempted pleasing him alone.
Jack soon was dazzled to behold
Her present face surpass the old:
With modesty her cheeks are dyed,
Humility displaces pride;
For tawdry finery is seen
A person ever neatly clean;
No more presuming on her sway,
She learns good nature every day:
Serenely gay, and strict in duty,
Jack finds his wife a perfect beauty.

THE GIFT.*

TO IRIS, IN BOW STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

Say, cruel Iris, pretty rake,
Dear mercenary beauty,
What annual offering shall I make
Expressive of my duty?

* Imitated from Grecourt, a witty but indecent French poet.— B.

My heart, a victim to thine eyes,
Should I at once deliver,
Say, would the angry fair one prize
The gift, who slights the giver?

A bill, a jewel, watch, or toy,
My rivals give—and let 'em;
If gems, or gold, impart a joy,
I'll give them, when I get 'em.

I'll give—but not the full-blown rose,
Or rosebud more in fashion:
Such short-lived offerings but disclose
A transitory passion—

I'll give thee something yet unpaid,
Not less sincere than civil,—
I'll give thee—ah! too charming maid!—
I'll give thee—to the Devil!

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG.

[From the Vicar of Wakefield.]

Good people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes:
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain his private ends,
Went mad, and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That shew'd the rogues they lied:
The man recover'd of the bite—
The dog it was that died.

THE LOGICIANS REFUTED.*

IN IMITATION OF DEAN SWIFT.

Logicians have but ill defined
As rational the human mind:
Reason, they say, belongs to man,
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smiglesius,
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove, with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione preditum;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em;
And must in spite of them maintain,
That man and all his ways are vain;

* This singularly happy imitation was adopted by Mr Faulkner, his Dublin publisher, as a genuine poem of Swift, and as such it has been reprinted in almost every successive edition of the Dean's works. Even Sir Walter Scott has fallen into the same mistake, and has inserted this piece without any remark in his excellent edition of Swift's Works published in 1814. —B.

And that this boasted lord of nature
Is both a weak and erring creature.
That instinct is a surer guide
Than reason, boasting mortals' pride;
And that brute beasts are far before 'em —
Deus est anima brutorum.
Who ever knew an honest brute
At law his neighbour prosecute,
Bring action for assault and battery?
Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
O'er plains they ramble unconfined,
No politics disturb their mind;
They eat their meals, and take their sport,
Nor know who 's in or out at court;
They never to the levee go
To treat as dearest friend a foe;
They never importune his grace,
Nor ever cringe to men in place;
Nor undertake a dirty job,
Nor draw the quill to write for Bob.*
Fraught with invective they ne'er go
To folks at Paternoster Row:
No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters,
No pickpockets or poetasters,
Are known to honest quadrupeds;
No single brute his fellows leads.
Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
Nor cut each others' throats for pay.
Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
Comes nearest us in human shape:
Like man, he imitates each fashion,
And malice is his ruling passion:
But both in malice and grimaces,
A courtier any ape surpasses.
Behold him humbly cringing wait
Upon the minister of state;
View him soon after to inferiors
Aping the conduct of superiors:
He promises with equal air,
And to perform takes equal care.
He in his turn finds imitators;
At court, the porters, lacqueys, waiters,

* Sir Robert Walpole. — B.

Their master's manners still contract,
And footmen lords and dukes can act.
Thus at the court, both great and small
Behave alike, for all ape all.

A NEW SIMILE

IN THE MANNER OF SWIFT.

[First printed in the Author's volume of Essays, 1765.]

Long had I sought in vain to find*
A likeness for the scribbling kind—
The modern scribbling kind, who write
In wit, and sense, and nature's spite—
Till reading—I forget what day on—
A chapter out of Tooke's Pantheon,
I think I met with something there
To suit my purpose to a hair.
But let us not proceed too furious,—
First please to turn to god Mercurius:
You 'll find him pictured at full length,
In book the second, page the tenth:
The stress of all my proofs on him I lay,
And now proceed we to our simile.

Imprimis, pray observe his hat,
Wings upon either side—mark that.
Well! what is it from thence we gather?
Why, these denote a brain of feather.
A brain of feather! very right,
With wit that 's flighty, learning light;
Such as to modern bard 's decreed:
A just comparison—proceed.

In the next place, his feet peruse,
Wings grow again from both his shoes;
Design'd, no doubt, their part to bear,
And waft his godship through the air:
And here my simile unites;
For in a modern poet's flights,

* *Var.*—I long had rack'd my brains to find, &c.

I 'm sure it may be justly said,
His feet are useful as his head.

Lastly, vouchsafe t' observe his hand,
Fill'd with a snake-encircled wand,
By classic authors term'd caduceus,
And highly famed for several uses:
To wit,—most wond'rously endued,
No poppy water half so good;
For let folks only get a touch,
Its soporific virtue 's such,
Though ne'er so much awake before,
That quickly they begin to snore;
Add, too, what certain writers tell,
With this he drives men's souls to hell.

Now to apply, begin we then:—
His wand 's a modern author's pen;
The serpents round about it twined
Denote him of the reptile kind,
Denote the rage with which he writes,
His frothy slaver, venom'd bites;
An equal semblance still to keep,
Alike, too, both conduce to sleep;
This difference only, as the God
Drove souls to Tart'rus with his rod,
With his goose-quill the scribbling elf,
Instead of others, damns himself.

And here my simile almost tript,
Yet grant a word by way of postscript.
Moreover Merc'ry had a failing;
Well! what of that? out with it—stealing;
In which all modern bards agree,*
Being each as great a thief as he.
But even this deity's existence
Shall lend my simile assistance:
Our modern bards! why, what a pox
Are they but senseless stones and blocks?

* *Var.*—In which our scribbling bards agree.

DESCRIPTION

OF AN

AUTHOR'S BED-CHAMBER.

[Goldsmith intended this for the commencement of a heroi-comic poem. After this description, the hero of the piece, Scroggen, indulges in a soliloquy, which is interrupted by the entrance of the landlord, to dun him for his reckoning:

> Not with that face, so servile and so gay,
> That welcomes every stranger that can pay;
> With sulky eye he smoked the patient man,
> Then pull'd his breeches tight, and thus began, &c.

Our author does not appear to have proceeded farther with his plan, which is to be regretted, as he would in all probability have made it a very humorous account of the shifts and adventures of a needy author. See a Letter to his brother Henry; also the *Citizen of the World*, Letter 29. — B.]

WHERE the Red Lion, staring o'er the way,
Invites each passing stranger that can pay;
Where Calvert's butt, and Parson's black champagne,
Regale the drabs and bloods of Drury-lane:
There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
The Muse found Scroggen stretch'd beneath a rug;
A window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
That dimly shew'd the state in which he lay;
The sanded floor that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
The royal game of goose was there in view,
And the twelve rules the Royal Martyr drew;
The Seasons, framed with listing, found a place,
And brave Prince William shew'd his lamp-black face.*
The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
The rusty grate unconscious of a fire:
With beer and milk arrears the frieze was scored,†
And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney-board;
A nightcap deck'd his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night — a stocking all the day!‡

* *Var.* — And Prussia's monarch shew'd, &c.

† *Var.* — An unpaid reckoning on the frieze, &c.

‡ The author has given a similar, or rather, with a very slight alteration, the same description of the alehouse, in the Deserted Village. — B.

A PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THE POET LABERIUS, A ROMAN KNIGHT, WHOM CÆSAR FORCED UPON THE STAGE.

PRESERVED BY MACROBIUS.

[First printed in the "Inquiry into the State of Learning," &c. 1759.]

WHAT! no way left to shun th' inglorious stage,
And save from infamy my sinking age!
Scarce half alive, oppress'd with many a year,
What in the name of dotage drives me here?
A time there was, when glory was my guide,
Nor force nor fraud could turn my steps aside;
Unawed by power, and unappall'd by fear,
With honest thrift I held my honour dear:
But this vile hour disperses all my store,
And all my hoard of honour is no more;
For, ah! too partial to my life's decline,
Cæsar persuades, submission must be mine;
Him I obey, whom Heaven itself obeys,
Hopeless of pleasing, yet inclined to please.
Here then at once I welcome every shame,
And cancel, at threescore, a life of fame:
No more my titles shall my children tell,
The old buffoon will fit my name as well:
This day beyond its term my fate extends,
For life is ended when our honour ends.

AN ELEGY ON THE GLORY OF HER SEX,

MRS MARY BLAIZE.

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom pass'd her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please
With manners wond'rous winning;
And never follow'd wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumber'd in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has follow'd her—
When she has walk'd before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament in sorrow sore,
For Kent Street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH,

STRUCK BLIND BY LIGHTNING.

Sure 'twas by Providence design'd,
Rather in pity than in hate,
That he should be, like Cupid, blind,
To save him from Narcissus' fate.

THE CLOWN'S REPLY.

[Written at Edinburgh, 1753.]

John Trott was desired by two witty peers
To tell them the reason why asses had ears;
"An 't please you," quoth John, "I 'm not given to letters,
Nor dare I pretend to know more than my betters:
Howe'er, from this time, I shall ne'er see your graces—
As I hope to be saved!—without thinking on asses."

EPITAPH ON DR PARNELL.

This tomb, inscribed to gentle Parnell's name,
May speak our gratitude, but not his fame.
What heart but feels his sweetly moral lay,
That leads to truth through pleasure's flowery way?
Celestial themes confess'd his tuneful aid;
And Heaven, that lent him genius, was repaid.
Needless to him the tribute we bestow,
The transitory breath of fame below:
More lasting rapture from his works shall rise,
While converts thank their poet in the skies.

EPITAPH ON EDWARD PURDON.*

Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack:
He led such a damnable life in this world,
I don't think he 'll wish to come back.

STANZAS ON THE TAKING OF QUEBEC.

Amidst the clamour of exulting joys,
Which triumph forces from the patriot heart,
Grief dares to mingle her soul-piercing voice,
And quells the raptures which from pleasure start.

O Wolfe!† to thee a streaming flood of wo,
Sighing we pay, and think e'en conquest dear;
Quebec in vain shall teach our breast to glow,
Whilst thy sad fate extorts the heart-wrung tear.

Alive, the foe thy dreadful vigour fled,
And saw thee fall with joy-pronouncing eyes:
Yet they shall know thou conquerest, though dead!
Since from thy tomb a thousand heroes rise.

* This gentleman was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; but having wasted his patrimony, he inlisted as a foot soldier. Growing tired of that employment, he obtained his discharge, and became a scribbler in the newspapers. He translated Voltaire's *Henriade*.

† Goldsmith claimed relationship with this gallant soldier, whose character he greatly admired, and whose death he thus laments in his *History of England*: "Perhaps the loss of the English that day was greater, than the conquest of Canada was advantageous. But it is the lot of mankind only to know true merit on that dreadful occasion, when they are going to lose it."—B.

STANZAS ON WOMAN.

[From the *Vicar of Wakefield.*]

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his bosom, is—to die.

A SONNET.*

Weeping, murmuring, complaining,
Lost to every gay delight,
Myra, too sincere for feigning,
Fears th' approaching bridal night.

Yet why impair thy bright perfection,
Or dim thy beauty with a tear?
Had Myra follow'd my direction,
She long had wanted cause of fear.

SONG.

[From the Oratorio of the *Captivity.*]

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray:

* This sonnet is closely imitated from a French madrigal of St Pavier.—B.

SONG.

[From the Oratorio of the *Captivity.*]

O MEMORY! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain,
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain.

Thou, like the world, the oppress'd oppressing,
Thy smiles increase the wretch's wo;
And he who wants each other blessing,
In thee must ever find a foe.

SONG.*

Intended to have been sung in the comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer* [but omitted, because Mrs Bulkley, who acted the part of Miss Hardcastle, could not sing.—B.]

AH me! when shall I marry me?
Lovers are plenty, but fail to relieve me.
He, fond youth, that could carry me,
Offers to love, but means to deceive me.

But I will rally, and combat the ruiner:
Not a look, nor a smile shall my passion discover.
She that gives all to the false one pursuing her,
Makes but a penitent, and loses a lover.

PROLOGUE TO ZOBEIDE, A TRAGEDY;

WRITTEN BY JOSEPH CRADOCK, ESQ. ACTED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN, MDCCLXXII.

SPOKEN BY MR QUICK.

IN these bold times, when Learning's sons explore
The distant climates and the savage shore;
When wise astronomers to India steer,
And quit for Venus many a brighter here;

* This song was communicated, after Goldsmith's death, to the publishers of his Poems, by Boswell, the biographer of Dr Johnson. Goldsmith himself used to sing it to a pretty Irish air, called "The Humours of Balamagairy," to which he confessed that he found it very difficult to adapt words.—B.

While botanists, all cold to smiles and dimpling,
Forsake the fair, and patiently — go simpling:
Our bard into the general spirit enters,
And fits his little frigate for adventures.
With Scythian stores, and trinkets deeply laden,
He this way steers his course, in hopes of trading;
Yet ere he lands he 's order'd me before,
To make an observation on the shore.
Where are we driven? our reckoning sure is lost!
This seems a rocky and a dangerous coast.
Lord, what a sultry climate am I under!
Yon ill foreboding cloud seems big with thunder:
[*Upper Gallery.*
There mangroves spread, and larger than I 've seen 'em —
[*Pit.*
Here trees of stately size — and billing turtles in 'em.
[*Balconies.*
Here ill-condition'd oranges abound — [*Stage.*
And apples, bitter apples, strew the ground: [*Tasting them.*
The inhabitants are cannibals, I fear:
I heard a hissing — there are serpents here!
Oh, there the people are — best keep my distance:
Our Captain, gentle natives, craves assistance;
Our ship 's well stored — in yonder creek we 've laid her,
His Honour is no mercenary trader.
This is his first adventure: lend him aid,
And we may chance to drive a thriving trade.
His goods, he hopes, are prime, and brought from far,
Equally fit for gallantry and war.
What? no reply to promises so ample!
I 'd best step back — and order up a sample.

EPILOGUE TO THE COMEDY OF THE SISTERS.*

What? five long acts — and all to make us wiser!
Our authoress sure has wanted an adviser.
Had she consulted me, she should have made
Her moral play a speaking masquerade;

* By Mrs Charlotte Lennox, author of the '*Female Quixote*, *Shakespeare Illustrated*, &c. It was performed one night only at Covent Garden, in 1769. This lady, who was praised by Dr Johnson, as the cleverest female writer of her age, (vide Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, vol. iv. p. 267,) died in distressed circumstances, Jan. 4, 1804.—B.

Warm'd up each bustling scene, and, in her rage,
Have emptied all the green-room on the stage.
My life on't, this had kept her play from sinking,
Have pleased our eyes, and saved the pain of thinking.
Well, since she thus has shewn her want of skill,
What if I give a masquerade?—I will.
But how? ay, there's the rub! [*pausing*] I've got my cue:
The world's a masquerade! the masquers, you, you, you
[*To Boxes, Pit, and Gallery*
Lud! what a group the motley scene discloses!
False wits, false wives, false virgins, and false spouses!
Statesmen with bridles on; and, close beside 'em,
Patriots in party-colour'd suits that ride 'em:
There Hebes, turn'd of fifty, try once more
To raise a flame in Cupids of threescore;
These in their turn, with appetites as keen,
Deserting fifty, fasten on fifteen:
Miss, not yet full fifteen, with fire uncommon,
Flings down her sampler, and takes up the woman;
The little urchin smiles, and spreads her lure,
And trys to kill, ere she 's got power to cure.
Thus 'tis with all: their chief and constant care
Is to seem every thing—but what they are.
Yon broad, bold, angry spark, I fix my eye on,
Who seems t' have robb'd his vizor from the lion;
Who frowns, and talks, and swears, with round parade,
Looking, as who should say, Damme! whose afraid?
[*Mimicking*
Strip but this vizor off, and, sure I am,
You 'll find his lionship a very lamb:
Yon politician, famous in debate,
Perhaps, to vulgar eyes, bestrides the state;
Yet, when he deigns his real shape t' assume,
He turns old woman, and bestrides a broom.
Yon patriot, too, who presses on your sight,
And seems, to every gazer, all in white,
If with a bribe his candour you attack,
He bows, turns round, and whip—the man 's in black!
Yon critic, too—but whither do I run?
If I proceed, our bard will be undone!
Well, then, a truce, since she requests it too:
Do you spare her, and I'll for once spare you.

EPILOGUE

SPOKEN BY

MRS BULKLEY AND MISS CATLEY.

Enter Mrs Bulkley, who curtsies very low, as beginning to speak. Then enter Miss Catley, who stands full before her, and curtsies to the audience.

Mrs Bulkley. Hold, Ma'am, your pardon. What's your business here?
Miss Catley. The Epilogue.
Mrs B. The Epilogue?
Miss C. Yes, the Epilogue, my dear.
Miss B. Sure you mistake, Ma'am. The Epilogue! *I* bring it.
Miss C. Excuse me, Ma'am. The author bid *me* sing it.

Recitative.

Ye beaux and belles, that form this splendid ring,
Suspend your conversation while I sing.

Mrs B. Why, sure the girl's beside herself! an Epilogue of singing?
A hopeful end, indeed, to such a blest beginning.
Besides, a singer in a comic set—
Excuse me, Ma'am, I know the etiquette.
Miss C. What if we leave it to the house?
Mrs B. The house!—Agreed.
Miss C. Agreed.
Mrs B. And she whose party's largest shall proceed.
And first, I hope you'll readily agree
I've all the critics and the wits for me.
They, I am sure, will answer my commands:
Ye candid judging few, hold up your hands.
What! no return? I find too late, I fear,
That modern judges seldom enter here.
Miss C. I'm for a different set:—Old men, whose trade is
Still to gallant and dangle with the ladies.

Recitative.

Who mump their passion, and who, grimly smiling,
Still thus address the fair with voice beguiling:

AIR.—*Cotillon.*

Turn, my fairest, turn, if ever
Strephon caught thy ravish'd eye,
Pity take on your swain so clever,
Who without your aid must die.
Yes, I shall die, hu, hu, hu, hu!
Yes, I must die, ho, ho, ho, ho!
Da Capo.

Mrs B. Let all the old pay homage to your merit;
Give me the young, the gay, the men of spirit.
Ye travell'd tribe, ye macaroni train,
Of French friseurs and nosegays justly vain,
Who take a trip to Paris once a-year
To dress, and look like awkward Frenchmen here,—
Lend me your hands: O fatal news to tell,
Their hands are only lent to the Heinelle.
Miss C. Ay, take your travellers—travellers indeed!
Give me my bonny Scot, that travels from the Tweed.
Where are the chiels? Ah, ah! I well discern
The smiling looks of each bewitching bairn.

AIR.—*A bonny young Lad is my Jockey.*

I'll sing to amuse you by night and by day,
And be unco merry when you are but gay;
When you with your bagpipes are ready to play,
My voice shall be ready to carol away
With Sandy, and Sawney, and Jockey,
With Sawney, and Jarvie, and Jockey.

Mrs B. Ye gamesters, who, so eager in pursuit,
Make but of all your fortune one *va toute:*
Ye jockey tribe, whose stock of words are few,
"I hold the odds.—Done, done, with you, with you!"
Ye barristers, so fluent with grimace,
"My Lord, your Lordship misconceives the case:"
Doctors, who answer every misfortuner,
"I wish I'd been call'd in a little sooner"

Assist my cause with hands and voices hearty,
Come, end the contest here, and aid my party.

AIR.—*Ballinamony.*

Miss C. Ye brave Irish lads, hark away to the crack,
Assist me, I pray, in this woful attack;
For—sure I don't wrong you—you seldom are slack,
When the ladies are calling, to blush and hang back.
For you are always polite and attentive,
Still to amuse us inventive,
And death is your only preventive:
Your hands and your voices for me.

Mrs B. Well, Madam, what if, after all this sparring,
We both agree, like friends, to end our jarring?
Miss C. And that our friendship may remain unbroken,
What if we leave the Epilogue unspoken?
Mrs B. Agreed.
Miss C. Agreed.
Mrs B. And now with late repentance,
Un-epilogued the Poet waits his sentence.
Condemn the stubborn fool who can't submit
To thrive by flattery, though he starves by wit.

[*Exeunt.*

AN EPILOGUE,

INTENDED FOR MRS BULKLEY.

THERE is a place—so Ariosto sings—
A treasury for lost and missing things;
Lost human wits have places there assign'd them,
And they who lose their senses, there may find them.
But where 's this place, this storehouse of the age?
The Moon, says he; but I affirm, the Stage—
At least, in many things, I think I see
His lunar and our mimic world agree:
Both shine at night, for, but at Foote's alone,
We scarce exhibit till the sun goes down;
Both prone to change, no settled limits fix,
And sure the folks of both are lunatics.
But in this parallel my best pretence is,
That mortals visit both to find their senses:
To this strange spot, Rakes, Macaronies, Cits,
Come thronging to collect their scatter'd wits.

The gay coquette, who ogles all the day,
Comes here at night, and goes a prude away.
Hither the affected city dame advancing,
Who sighs for Operas, and doats on dancing,
Taught by our art, her ridicule to pause on,
Quits the *Ballet*, and calls for *Nancy Dawson*.
The Gamester, too, whose wit 's all high or low,
Oft risks his fortune on one desperate throw,
Comes here to saunter, having made his bets,
Finds his lost senses out, and pays his debts.
The Mohawk, too, with angry phrases stored —
As, " Damme, Sir!" and, " Sir, I wear a sword!"—
Here lesson'd for a while, and hence retreating,
Goes out, affronts his man, and takes a beating.
Here come the sons of scandal and of news,
But find no sense—for they had none to lose.
Of all the tribe here wanting an adviser,
Our Author 's the least likely to grow wiser;
Has he not seen how you your favour place
On sentimental queens* and lords in lace?
Without a star, a coronet, or garter,
How can the piece expect or hope for quarter?
No high-life scenes, no sentiment: the creature
Still stoops among the low to copy Nature.
Yes, he 's far gone: and yet some pity fix,
The English laws forbid to punish lunatics.†

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR LEE LEWES, IN THE CHARACTER OF HARLEQUIN, AT HIS BENEFIT.

Hold! Prompter, hold! a word before your nonsense:
I'd speak a word or two, to ease my conscience.
My pride forbids it ever should be said
My heels eclipsed the honours of my head;

* In this allusion to *sentimental queens*, it is probable that Goldsmith glanced in particular at Mr Murphy's tragedy of *Zenobia*, though his splenetic attack is directed generally against the comedy which was brought into fashion about this time by the great popularity of Kelly's *False Delicacy*, and effectually exploded some years after by Foote's clever satire of *Piety in Pattens*. — B.

† This Epilogue was given in MS. by Dr Goldsmith to Dr Percy, (afterwards Bishop of Dromore;) for what comedy it was intended is not remembered.

That I found humour in a pieball vest,
Or ever thought that jumping was a jest. [*Takes off his mask.*
Whence, and what art thou, visionary birth?
Nature disowns, and reason scorns, thy mirth:
In thy black aspect every passion sleeps,
The joy that dimples, and the wo that weeps.
How hast thou fill'd the scene with all thy brood
Of fools pursuing, and of fools pursued!
Whose inns and outs no ray of sense discloses,
Whose only plot it is to break our noses;
Whilst from below the trap-door *demons* rise,
And from above the dangling deities:
And shall I mix in this unhallow'd crew?
May rosin'd lightning blast me if I do!
No—I will act—I'll vindicate the stage:
Shakespeare himself shall feel my tragic rage.
Off! off! vile trappings! a new passion reigns!
The madd'ning monarch revels in my veins.
Oh! for a Richard's voice to catch the theme,—
"Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!—soft—
'twas but a dream."
Ay, 'twas but a dream, for now there is no retreating,
If I cease Harlequin, I cease from eating.
'Twas thus that Æsop's stag, a creature blameless,
Yet something vain, like one that shall be nameless,
Once on the margin of a fountain stood,
And cavill'd at his image in the flood:
"The deuce confound," he cries, "these drumstick shanks,
They never have my gratitude nor thanks;
They 're perfectly disgraceful! strike me dead!
But for a head, yes, yes, I have a head:
How piercing is that eye! how sleek that brow!
My horns!—I 'm told horns are the fashion now."

Whilst thus he spoke, astonish'd, to his view,
Near, and more near, the hounds and huntsmen drew;
"Hoicks! hark forward!" came thund'ring from behind:
He bounds aloft, outstrips the fleeting wind;
He quits the woods, and tries the beaten ways;
He starts, he pants, he takes the circling maze:
At length, his silly head, so prized before,
Is taught his former folly to deplore;
Whilst his strong limbs conspire to set him free,
And at one bound he saves himself—like me.
[*Taking a jump through the stage door.*

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS.*

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF HER LATE ROYAL HIGHNESS THE

PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

SPOKEN AND SUNG IN THE GREAT ROOM IN SOHO-SQUARE,

Thursday, the 20th of February, 1772.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following may more properly be termed a compilation than a poem. It was prepared for the composer in little more than two days: and may therefore rather be considered as an industrious effort of gratitude than of genius.

In justice to the composer, it may likewise be right to inform the public, that the music was adapted in a period of time equally short.

SPEAKERS—*Mr Lee and Mrs Bellamy.*

SINGERS—*Mr Champnes, Mr Dine, and Miss Jameson.*

THE MUSIC PREPARED AND ADAPTED BY SIGNOR VENTO.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS.

OVERTURE—A SOLEMN DIRGE.

AIR—TRIO.

ARISE, ye sons of worth, arise,
And waken every note of wo!
When truth and virtue reach the skies,
'Tis ours to weep the want below.

* This poem was first printed in Chalmers's edition of the *English Poets*, from a copy given by Goldsmith to his friend, Joseph Cradock, Esq. author of *Zobeide*, a tragedy.—B.

CHORUS.

When truth and virtue, &c.

MAN SPEAKER.

The praise attending pomp and power,
The incense given to kings,
Are but the trappings of an hour,
Mere transitory things.
The base bestow them; but the good agree
To spurn the venal gifts as flattery.
But when to pomp and power are join'd
An equal dignity of mind;
When titles are the smallest claim;
When wealth, and rank, and noble blood,
But aid the power of doing good:
Then all their trophies last—and flattery turns to fame.

Blest spirit thou, whose fame, just born to bloom,
Shall spread and flourish from the tomb,
How hast thou left mankind for Heaven!
Even now reproach and faction mourn,
And, wondering how their rage was born,
Request to be forgiven!
Alas! they never had thy hate;
Unmoved, in conscious rectitude,
Thy towering mind self-centred stood,
Nor wanted man's opinion to be great.
In vain, to charm the ravish'd sight,
A thousand gifts would fortune send;
In vain, to drive thee from the right,
A thousand sorrows urged thy end:
Like some well-fashion'd arch thy patience stood,
And purchased strength from its increasing load.
Pain met thee like a friend to set thee free,
Affliction still is virtue's opportunity!
Virtue, on herself relying,
Every passion hush'd to rest,
Loses every pain of dying
In the hopes of being blest.
Every added pang she suffers
Some increasing good bestows,
And every shock that malice offers
Only rocks her to repose.

SONG. BY A MAN—AFFETUOSO.

Virtue, on herself relying, &c.
to
Only rocks her to repose.

WOMAN SPEAKER.

Yet ah! what terrors frown'd upon her fate,
Death, with its formidable band,
Fever, and pain, and pale consumptive care,
Determined took their stand.
Nor did the cruel ravagers design
To finish all their efforts at a blow:
But, mischieviously slow,
They robb'd the relic and defaced the shrine.
With unavailing grief,
Despairing of relief,
Her weeping children round
Beheld each hour
Death's growing pow'r,
And trembled as he frown'd.
As helpless friends who view from shore
The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar,
While winds and waves their wishes cross,—
They stood, while hope and comfort fail,
Not to assist, but to bewail
The inevitable loss.
Relentless tyrant, at thy call
How do the good, the virtuous fall!
Truth, beauty, worth, and all that most engage,
But wake thy vengeance and provoke thy rage.

SONG. BY A MAN—BASSO, STOCCATO, SPIRITUOSO.

When vice my dart and scythe supply,
How great a King of Terrors I!
If folly, fraud, your hearts engage,
Tremble, ye mortals, at my rage!

Fall, round me fall, ye little things,
Ye statesmen, warriors, poets, kings,
If virtue fail her counsel sage,
Tremble, ye mortals, at my rage!

MAN SPEAKER.

Yet let that wisdom, urged by her example,
Teach us to estimate what all must suffer:

Let us prize death as the best gift of nature,
As a safe inn where weary travellers,
When they have journey'd through a world of cares,
May put off life, and be at rest for ever.
Groans, weeping friends, indeed, and gloomy sables,
May oft distract us with their sad solemnity:
The preparation is the executioner.
Death, when unmask'd, shews me a friendly face,
And is a terror only at a distance:
For as the line of life conducts me on
To Death's great court, the prospect seems more fair,
'Tis Nature's kind retreat, that's always open
To take us in when we have drain'd the cup
Of life, or worn our days to wretchedness.
In that secure, serene retreat,
Where all the humble, all the great,
Promiscuously recline;
Where, wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie:
May every bliss be thine!
And, ah! blest spirit, wheresoe'er thy flight,
Through rolling worlds, or fields of liquid light,
May cherubs welcome their expected guest!
May saints with songs receive thee to their rest!
May peace, that claim'd, while here, thy warmest love,
May blissful, endless peace be thine above!

SONG. BY A WOMAN — AMOROSO.

Lovely, lasting Peace, below,
Comforter of every wo,
Heavenly born, and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky!
Lovely, lasting Peace, appear!
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

WOMAN SPEAKER.

Our vows are heard! Long, long to mortal eyes,
Her soul was fitting to its kindred skies:
Celestial-like her bounty fell,
Where modest Want and patient Sorrow dwell,
Want pass'd for Merit at her door,
Unseen the modest were supplied,

Her constant pity fed the poor,—
Then only poor, indeed, the day she died.
And, oh! for this, while sculpture decks thy shrine,
And art exhausts profusion round,
The tribute of a tear be mine,
A simple song, a sigh profound.
There Faith shall come—a pilgrim gray,
To bless the tomb that wraps thy clay!
And calm Religion shall repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.
Truth, Fortitude, and Friendship, shall agree
To blend their virtues while they think of thee.

AIR—CHORUS POMPOSO.

Let us—let all the world agree,
To profit by resembling thee.

PART II.

OVERTURE—PASTORALE.

MAN SPEAKER.

FAST by that shore where Thames' translucent stream
Reflects new glories on his breast,
Where, splendid as the youthful poet's dream,
He forms a scene beyond Elysium blest;
Where sculptured elegance and native grace
Unite to stamp the beauties of the place;
While, sweetly blending, still are seen
The wavy lawn, the sloping green;
While novelty, with cautious cunning,
Through every maze of fancy running,
From China borrows aid to deck the scene:
There, sorrowing by the river's glassy bed,
Forlorn, a rural band complain'd,
All whom AUGUSTA's bounty fed,
All whom her clemency sustain'd;
The good old sire, unconscious of decay,
The modest matron, clad in home-spun gray,
The military boy, the orphan'd maid,
The shatter'd veteran now first dismay'd,—
These sadly join beside the murmuring deep,

And, as they view the towers of Kew,
Call on their mistress — now no more — and weep.

CHORUS. — AFFETUOSO, LARGO.

Ye shady walks, ye waving greens,
Ye nodding towers, ye fairy scenes,
Let all your echoes now deplore,
That she who form'd your beauties is no more.

MAN SPEAKER.

First of the train the patient rustic came,
Whose callous hand had form'd the scene,
Bending at once with sorrow and with age,
With many a tear, and many a sigh between:
"And where," he cried, "shall now my babes have bread,
Or how shall age support its feeble fire?
No lord will take me now, my vigour fled,
Nor can my strength perform what they require:
Each grudging master keeps the labourer bare,
A sleek and idle race is all their care.
My noble mistress thought not so:
Her bounty, like the morning dew,
Unseen, though constant, used to flow,
And as my strength decay'd, her bounty grew."

WOMAN SPEAKER.

In decent dress, and coarsely clean,
The pious matron next was seen,
Clasp'd in her hand a godly book was borne,
By use and daily meditation worn;
That decent dress, this holy guide,
Augusta's care had well supplied.
"And, ah!" she cries, all wobegone,
"What now remains for me?
Oh! where shall weeping want repair
To ask for charity?
Too late in life for me to ask,
And shame prevents the deed,
And tardy, tardy are the times
To succour, should I need.
But all my wants, before I spoke,
Were to my mistress known;
She still relieved, nor sought my praise,
Contented with her own.

But every day her name I'll bless,
My morning prayer, my evening song,
I 'll praise her while my life shall last,
A life that cannot last me long."

SONG. — BY A WOMAN.

Each day, each hour, her name I 'll bless,
My morning and my evening song,
And when in death my vows shall cease,
My children shall the note prolong.

MAN SPEAKER.

The hardy veteran after struck the sight,
Scarr'd, mangled, maim'd in every part,
Lopp'd of his limbs in many a gallant fight,
In nought entire — except his heart:
Mute for a while, and sullenly distress'd,
At last the impetuous sorrow fired his breast.
" Wild is the whirlwind rolling
O'er Afric's sandy plain,
And wild the tempest howling
Along the billow'd main:
But every danger felt before,
The raging deep, the whirlwind's roar,
Less dreadful struck me with dismay
Than what I feel this fatal day.
Oh, let me fly a land that spurns the brave,
Oswego's dreary shores shall be my grave;
I 'll seek that less inhospitable coast,
And lay my body where my limbs were lost."

SONG. — BY A MAN. — BASSO SPIRITUOSO.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurell'd field,
To do thy memory right:
For thine and Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish the avenging fight.

WOMAN SPEAKER.

In innocence and youth complaining,
Next appear'd a lovely maid;
Affliction, o'er each feature reigning,
Kindly came in beauty's aid:

Every grace that grief dispenses,
  Every glance that warms the soul,
In sweet succession charms the senses,
  While pity harmonized the whole.
" The garland of beauty," 'tis thus she would say,
  " No more shall my crook or my temples adorn;
I 'll not wear a garland — Augusta 's away —
  I 'll not wear a garland until she return.
But, alas! that return I never shall see:
  The echoes of Thames shall my sorrows proclaim,
There promised a lover to come — but, ah me!
  'Twas death — 'twas the death of my mistress that came.
But ever, for ever, her image shall last,
  I 'll strip all the Spring of its earliest bloom;
On her grave shall the cowslip and primrose be cast,
  And the new-blossom'd thorn shall whiten her tomb."

SONG. — BY A WOMAN — PASTORALE.

With garlands of beauty the Queen of the May
  No more will her crook or her temples adorn;
For who 'd wear a garland when she is away,
  When she is removed, and shall never return?

On the grave of Augusta these garlands be placed,
  We 'll rifle the Spring of its earliest bloom,
And there shall the cowslip and primrose be cast,
  And the new blossom'd thorn shall whiten her tomb.

CHORUS. — ALTRO MODO.

On the grave of Augusta this garland be placed,
  We'll rifle the Spring of its earliest bloom,
And there shall the cowslip and primrose be cast,
  And the tears of her country shall water her tomb.

THE CAPTIVITY: AN ORATORIO.*

THE PERSONS.

First Jewish Prophet. — *First Chaldean Priest.*
Second Jewish Prophet. — *Second Chaldean Priest.*
Israelitish Woman. — *Chaldean Woman.*

Chorus of Youths and Virgins.

SCENE — *The Banks of the River Euphrates near Babylon.*

ACT THE FIRST.

FIRST PROPHET.

YE captive tribes, that hourly work and weep
Where flows Euphrates murmuring to the deep,
Suspend your woes awhile, the task suspend,
And turn to God, your father and your friend:
Insulted, chain'd, and all the world our foe,
Our God alone is all we boast below.

Air

FIRST PROPHET.

Our God is all we boast below,
To him we turn our eyes;
And every added weight of wo
Shall make our homage rise.

SECOND PROPHET.

And though no temple richly dress'd,
Nor sacrifice is here,
We'll make his temple in our breast,
And offer up a tear.

[*The first stanza repeated by the* CHORUS.

* This was first printed from the original in Dr Goldsmith's own handwriting, in the 8vo. edition of his *Miscellaneous Works*, published by the London booksellers in 1820.—B.

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

That strain once more! it bids remembrance rise,
And brings my long lost country to mine eyes:
Ye fields of Sharon, dress'd in flowery pride,
Ye plains where Kedron rolls its glassy tide,
Ye hills of Lebanon, with cedars crown'd,
Ye Gilead groves, that fling perfumes around,—
How sweet those groves! that plain how wond'rous fair!
How doubly sweet when Heaven was with us there!

Air.

O Memory! thou fond deceiver,
Still importunate and vain;
To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain:

Hence, intruder most distressing!
Seek the happy and the free:
The wretch who wants each other blessing,
Ever wants a friend in thee.

SECOND PROPHET.

Yet why complain? What though by bonds confined,
Should bonds repress the vigour of the mind?
Have we not cause for triumph, when we see
Ourselves alone from idol worship free?
Are not, this very morn, those feasts begun
Where prostrate error hails the rising sun?
Do not our tyrant lords this day ordain
For superstitious rites and mirth profane?
And should we mourn? Should coward virtue fly,
When vaunting folly lifts her head on high?
No! rather let us triumph still the more,
And as our fortune sinks, our spirits soar.

Air.

The triumphs that on vice attend
Shall ever in confusion end;
The good man suffers but to gain,
And every virtue springs from pain:
As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crush'd, or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

FIRST PROPHET.

But hush, my sons, our tyrant lords are near,
The sounds of barbarous pleasure strike mine ear;
Triumphant music floats along the vale,
Near, nearer still, it gathers on the gale:
The growing sound their swift approach declares—
Desist, my sons, nor mix the strain with theirs.

Enter CHALDEAN PRIESTS *attended.*

Air.

FIRST PRIEST.

Come on, my companions, the triumph display,
Let rapture the minutes employ;
The sun calls us out on this festival day,
And our monarch partakes in the joy.

SECOND PRIEST.

Like the sun, our great monarch all rapture supplies,
Both similar blessings bestow:
The sun with his splendour illumines the skies,
And our monarch enlivens below.

Air.

CHALDEAN WOMAN.

Haste, ye sprightly sons of pleasure,
Love presents the fairest treasure,
Leave all other joys for me.

A CHALDEAN ATTENDANT.

Or rather, love's delights despising,
Haste to raptures ever rising,
Wine shall bless the brave and free.

FIRST PRIEST.

Wine and beauty thus inviting,
Each to different joys exciting,
Whither shall my choice incline?

SECOND PRIEST.

I 'll waste no longer thought in choosing,
But, neither this nor that refusing,
I'll make them both together mine.

FIRST PRIEST.

But whence, when joy should brighten o'er the land,
This sullen gloom in Judah's captive band?
Ye sons of Judah, why the lute unstrung?
Or why those harps on yonder willows hung?
Come, take the lyre, and pour the strain along,
The day demands it: sing us Sion's song,
Dismiss your griefs, and join our warbling choir,
For who like you can wake the sleeping lyre?

Air.

Every moment as it flows
Some peculiar pleasure owes:
Come, then, providently wise,
Seize the debtor ere it flies.

SECOND PRIEST.

Think not to-morrow can repay
The debt of pleasure lost to-day:
Alas! to-morrow's richest store
Can but pay its proper score.

SECOND PROPHET.

Chain'd as we are, the scorn of all mankind,
To want, to toil, and every ill consign'd,
Is this a time to bid us raise the strain,
Or mix in rites that Heaven regards with pain?
No, never! May this hand forget each art
That wakes to finest joys the human heart,
Ere I forget the land that gave me birth,
Or join to sounds profane its sacred mirth!

SECOND PRIEST.

Rebellious slaves! if soft persuasion fail,
More formidable terrors shall prevail.

FIRST PROPHET.

Why, let them come, one good remains to cheer,—
We fear the Lord, and scorn all other fear.

[*Exeunt* CHALDEANS.

CHORUS OF ISRAELITES.

Can chains or tortures bend the mind
On God's supporting breast reclined?
Stand fast, and let our tyrants see
That fortitude is victory. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

ISRAELITES *and* CHALDEANS, *as before.*

Air.

FIRST PROPHET.

O peace of mind, angelic guest,
Thou soft companion of the breast,
Dispense thy balmy store!
Wing all our thoughts to reach the skies,
Till earth, receding from our eyes,
Shall vanish as we soar!

FIRST PRIEST.

No more. Too long has justice been delay'd,
The king's commands must fully be obey'd;
Compliance with his will your peace secures,
Praise but our gods, and every good is yours:
But if, rebellious to his high command,
You spurn the favours offer'd from his hand,
Think, timely think, what terrors are behind,
Reflect, nor tempt to rage the royal mind.

Air.

Fierce is the tempest howling
Along the furrow'd main,
And fierce the whirlwind rolling
O'er Afric's sandy plain:

But storms that fly
To rend the sky,
Every ill presaging,
Less dreadful show
To worlds below
Than angry monarch's raging.

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

Ah me! what angry terrors round us grow!
How shrinks my soul to meet the threaten'd blow!
Ye prophets, skill'd in Heaven's eternal truth,
Forgive my sex's fears, forgive my youth!
Ah! let us one, one little hour obey;
To-morrow's tears may wash the stain away

Air.

Fatigued with life, yet loth to part,
On hope the wretch relies;
And every blow that sinks the heart
Bids the deluder rise.

Hope, like the taper's gleamy light,
Adorns the wretch's way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

SECOND PRIEST.

Why this delay? At length for joy prepare:
I read your looks, and see compliance there.
Come on, and bid the warbling rapture rise,
Our monarch's fame the noblest theme supplies.
Begin, ye captive bands, and strike the lyre,
The time, the theme, the place, and all conspire.

Air.

CHALDEAN WOMAN.

See the ruddy morning smiling,
Hear the grove to bliss beguiling;
Zephyrs through the woodland playing,
Streams along the valley straying.

FIRST PRIEST.

While these a constant revel keep,
Shall reason only teach to weep?
Hence, intruder! we'll pursue
Nature, a better guide than you.

SECOND PRIEST.

But hold! see, foremost of the captive choir,
The master prophet grasps his full-toned lyre.
Mark where he sits, with executing art,
Feels for each tone, and speeds it to the heart;
See, how prophetic rapture fills his form,
Awful as clouds that nurse the growing storm!
And now his voice, accordant to the string,
Prepares our monarch's victories to sing.

Air.

FIRST PROPHET.

From north, from south, from east, from west,
Conspiring nations come:
Tremble, thou vice-polluted breast;
Blasphemers, all be dumb.

The tempest gathers all around,
On Babylon it lies;
Down with her! down, down to the ground
She sinks, she groans, she dies.

SECOND PROPHET.

Down with her, Lord, to lick the dust,
Before yon setting sun;
Serve her as she hath served the just!
'Tis fix'd—it shall be done.

FIRST PRIEST.

No more! when slaves thus insolent presume,
The king himself shall judge, and fix their doom.
Unthinking wretches! have not you and all
Beheld our power in Zedekiah's fall?
To yonder gloomy dungeon turn your eyes:
See where dethroned your captive monarch lies,
Deprived of sight, and rankling in his chain;
See where he mourns his friends and children slain.
Yet know, ye slaves, that still remain behind
More ponderous chains, and dungeons more confined.

CHORUS OF ALL.

Arise, all potent ruler, rise,
And vindicate thy people's cause,
Till every tongue in every land
Shall offer up unfeign'd applause.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

FIRST PRIEST.

Yes, my companions, Heaven's decrees are pass'd,
And our fix'd empire shall for ever last:
In vain the madd'ning prophet threatens wo,
In vain rebellion aims her secret blow;
Still shall our name and growing power be spread,
And still our justice crush the traitor's head.

Air.

Coeval with man
Our empire began,
And never shall fall
Till ruin shakes all.
When ruin shakes all,
Then shall Babylon fall.

SECOND PROPHET.

'Tis thus the proud triumphant rear the head,
A little while, and all their power is fled.
But, ha! what means yon sadly plaintive train,
That onward slowly bends along the plain?
And now, behold, to yonder bank they bear
A pallid corse, and rest the body there.
Alas! too well mine eyes indignant trace
The last remains of Judah's royal race:
Fall'n is our king, and all our fears are o'er,
Unhappy Zedekiah is no more.

Air.

Ye wretches who by fortune's hate
In want and sorrow groan,
Come, ponder his severer fate,
And learn to bless your own.

FIRST PROPHET.

Ye vain, whom youth and pleasure guide,
Awhile the bliss suspend;
Like yours, his life began in pride,
Like his, your lives shall end.

FIRST PROPHET.

Behold his wretched corse with sorrow worn,
His squalid limbs by ponderous fetters torn;
Those eyeless orbs that shook with ghastly glare,
Those unbecoming rags, that matted hair!
And shall not Heaven for this avenge the foe,
Grasp the red bolt, and lay the guilty low?
How long, how long, Almighty God of all,
Shall wrath vindictive threaten ere it fall!

Air.

ISRAELITISH WOMAN.

As panting flies the hunted hind,
Where brooks refreshing stray;
And rivers through the valley wind,
That stop the hunter's way:

Thus we, O Lord, alike distress'd,
For streams of mercy long;
Streams which cheer the sore oppress'd,
And overwhelm the strong.

FIRST PROPHET.

But whence that shout? Good heavens! Amazement all!
See yonder tower just nodding to the fall:
Behold, an army covers all the ground,
'Tis Cyrus here that pours destruction round:
And now, behold, the battlements recline—
O God of hosts, the victory is thine!

CHORUS OF CAPTIVES.

Down with them, Lord, to lick the dust;
Thy vengeance be begun;
Serve them as they have served the just,
And let thy will be done.

FIRST PRIEST.

All, all is lost! The Syrian army fails,
Cyrus, the conqueror of the world, prevails.
The ruin smokes, the torrent pours along—
How low the proud, how feeble are the strong!
Save us, O Lord! to Thee, though late, we pray;
And give repentance but an hour's delay.

Air.

FIRST AND SECOND PRIEST.

O happy, who in happy hour
To God their praise bestow,
And own his all-consuming power
Before they feel the blow!

SECOND PROPHET.

Now, now 's our time! ye wretches bold and blind,
Brave but to God, and cowards to mankind,
Ye seek in vain the Lord unsought before,
Your wealth, your lives, your kingdom, are no more!

Air.

O Lucifer, thou son of morn,
Of Heaven alike and man the foe,—
Heaven, men, and all,
Now press thy fall,
And sink thee lowest of the low.

FIRST PROPHET.

O Babylon, how art thou fallen!
Thy fall more dreadful from delay!
Thy streets forlorn
To wilds shall turn,
Where toads shall pant, and vultures prey.

SECOND PROPHET.

Such be her fate. But hark! how from afar
The clarion's note proclaims the finish'd war!
Our great restorer, Cyrus, is at hand,
And this way leads his formidable band.
Give, give your songs of Sion to the wind,
And hail the benefactor of mankind:
He comes, pursuant to divine decree,
To chain the strong, and set the captive free.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

Rise to transports past expressing,
Sweeter by remember'd woes;
Cyrus comes, our wrongs redressing,
Comes to give the world repose.

CHORUS OF VIRGINS.

Cyrus comes, the world redressing,
Love and pleasure in his train;
Comes to heighten every blessing,
Comes to soften every pain.

SEMI-CHORUS.

Hail to him with mercy reigning,
Skill'd in every peaceful art;
Who, from bonds our limbs unchaining,
Only binds the willing heart.

THE LAST CHORUS.

But chief to thee, our God, defender, friend,
Let praise be given to all eternity;
O Thou, without beginning, without end,
Let us and all begin and end in Thee!

LINES ATTRIBUTED TO DR GOLDSMITH,

INSERTED IN THE MORNING CHRONICLE OF APRIL 3, 1800.

E'EN have you seen, bathed in the morning dew,
The budding rose its infant bloom display;
When first its virgin tints unfold to view,
It shrinks, and scarcely trusts the blaze of day:

So soft, so delicate, so sweet she came,
Youth's damask glow just dawning on her cheek;
I gazed, I sigh'd, I caught the tender flame,
Felt the fond pang, and droop'd with passion weak.

PLAYS.

THE

GOOD-NATURED MAN,

A COMEDY.

This admirable comedy was represented, for the first time, at Covent Garden, January 29, 1768. It kept possession of the stage for nine nights, but was considered by the author's friends not to have met with all the success it deserved. Dr Johnson spoke of it as the best comedy which had appeared since "*The Provoked Husband*," and Burke estimated its merits still higher. The scene where the bailiffs are introduced was struck out after the first representation, at the desire of the manager, Mr Colman, but was afterwards restored when the comedy was printed. —B.

PREFACE.

When I undertook to write a comedy, I confess I was strongly prepossessed in favour of the poets of the last age, and strove to imitate them. The term genteel comedy was then unknown amongst us, and little more was desired by an audience than nature and humour, in whatever walks of life they were most conspicuous. The author of the following scenes never imagined that more would be expected of him, and therefore to delineate character has been his principal aim. Those who know any thing of composition, are sensible, that in pursuing humour, it will sometimes lead us into the recesses of the mean: I was even tempted to look for it in the master of a spunging-house; but, in deference to the public taste—grown of late, perhaps, too delicate—the scene of the bailiffs was retrenched in the representation. In deference also to the judgment of a few friends, who think in a particular way, the scene is here restored. The author submits it to the reader in his closet; and hopes that too much refinement will not banish humour and character from ours, as it has already

done from the French theatre. Indeed, the French comedy is now become so very elevated and sentimental, that it has not only banished humour and Moliere from the stage, but it has banished all spectators too.

Upon the whole, the author returns his thanks to the public, for the favourable reception which the *Good-Natured Man* has met with; and to Mr Colman in particular, for his kindness to it. It may not also be improper to assure any who shall hereafter write for the theatre, that merit, or supposed merit, will ever be a sufficient passport to his protection.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE CAST OF THE PLAY, AS IT WAS FIRST ACTED AT COVENT GARDEN.

MEN.

Mr Honeywood,	Mr Powell.
Croaker,	Mr Shuter.
Lofty,	Mr Woodward.
Sir William Honeywood,	Mr Clarke.
Leontine,	Mr Bensley.
Jarvis,	Mr Dunstall.
Butler,	Mr Cushing.
Bailiff,	Mr R. Smith.
Dubardieu,	Mr Holtam.
Postboy,	Mr Quick.

WOMEN.

Miss Richland,	Mrs Bulkley.
Olivia,	Mrs Mattocks.
Mrs Croaker,	Mrs Pitt.
Garnet,	Mrs Green.
Landlady,	Mrs White.

Scene— London.

THE

GOOD-NATURED MAN.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY DR. JOHNSON, SPOKEN BY MR BENSLEY.

Press'd by the load of life, the weary mind
Surveys the general toil of human kind,
With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,
And social sorrow loses half its pain:
Our anxious bard, without complaint, may share
This bustling season's epidemic care,
Like Cæsar's pilot, dignified by fate,
Toss'd in one common storm with all the great;
Distress'd alike, the statesmen and the wit,
When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
The busy candidates for power and fame
Have hopes, and fears, and wishes, just the same:
Disabled both to combat or to fly,
Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply;
Uncheck'd, on both loud rabbles vent their rage,
As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.
Th' offended burgess hoards his angry tale,
For that blest year when all that vote may rail;
Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,
Till that glad night, when all that hate may hiss.
"This day, the powder'd curls and golden coat,"
Says swelling Crispin, "begg'd a cobbler's vote."
"This night, our wit," the pert apprentice cries,
"Lies at my feet—I hiss him, and he dies."

The great, 'tis true, can charm the electing tribe:
The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet, judged by those whose voices ne'er were sold,
He feels no want of ill-persuading gold;
But confident of praise, if praise be due,
Trusts without fear to merit and to you.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE — AN APARTMENT IN YOUNG HONEYWOOD'S HOUSE.

Enter Sir William Honeywood and Jarvis.

Sir William. Good Jarvis, make no apologies for this honest bluntness. Fidelity, like yours, is the best excuse for every freedom.

Jarvis. I can't help being blunt, and being very angry too, when I hear you talk of disinheriting so good, so worthy a young gentleman as your nephew, my master. All the world loves him.

Sir William. Say rather, that he loves all the world; that is his fault.

Jarvis. I am sure there is no part of it more dear to him than you are, though he has not seen you since he was a child.

Sir William. What signifies his affection to me? or how can I be proud of a place in a heart, where every sharper and coxcomb find an easy entrance?

Jarvis. I grant you that he is rather too good-natured; that he 's too much every man's man; that he laughs this minute with one, and cries the next with another: but whose instructions may he thank for all this?

Sir William. Not mine, sure. My letters to him during my employment in Italy, taught him only that philosophy which might prevent, not defend his errors.

Jarvis. Faith, begging your honour's pardon, I 'm sorry they taught him any philosophy at all: it has only served to spoil him. This same philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey. For my own part, whenever I hear him mention the name on 't, I 'm always sure he 's going to play the fool.

Sir William. Don't let us ascribe his faults to his philosophy, I entreat you. No, Jarvis, his good-nature arises rather from his fears of offending the importunate, than his desire of making the deserving happy.

Jarvis. What it arises from, I don't know; but, to be sure, every body has it that asks it.

Sir William. Ay, or that does not ask it. I have been now for some time a concealed spectator of his follies, and find them as boundless as his dissipation.

Jarvis. And yet, faith, he has some fine name or other for them all. He calls his extravagance, generosity; and his trusting every body, universal benevolence. It was but last week he went security for a fellow whose face he scarce knew, and that he called an act of exalted mu—mu—munificence; ay, that was the name he gave it.

Sir William. And upon that I proceed, as my last effort, though with very little hopes, to reclaim him. That very fellow has just absconded, and I have taken up the security. Now, my intention is to involve him in fictitious distress, before he has plunged himself into real calamity: to arrest him for that very debt, to clap an officer upon him, and then let him see which of his friends will come to his relief.

Jarvis. Well, if I could but any way see him thoroughly vexed, every groan of his would be music to me; yet, faith, I believe it impossible. I have tried to fret him myself every morning these three years; but instead of being angry, he sits as calmly to hear me scold, as he does to his hair-dresser.

Sir William. We must try him once more, however, and I 'll go this instant to put my scheme into execution: and I don't despair of succeeding, as, by your means, I can have frequent opportunities of being about him without being known. What a pity it is, Jarvis, that any man's good-will to others should produce so much neglect of himself, as to require correction! Yet we must touch his weaknesses with a delicate hand. There are some faults so nearly allied to excellence, that we can scarce weed out the vice without eradicating the virtue.

[*Exit.*

Jarvis. Well, go thy ways, Sir William Honeywood. It is not without reason, that the world allows thee to be the best of men. But here comes his hopeful nephew—the strange, good-natured, foolish, open-hearted—And yet, all his faults are such, that one loves him still the better for them.

Enter Honeywood.

Honeywood. Well, Jarvis, what messages from my friends this morning?

Jarvis. You have no friends.

Honeywood. Well, from my acquaintance then?

Jarvis. (*Pulling out bills.*) A few of our usual cards of compliment, that 's all. This bill from your tailor; this from your mercer; and this from the little broker in Crooked-lane. He says he has been at a great deal of trouble to get back the money you borrowed.

Honeywood. That I don 't know; but I am sure we were at a great deal of trouble in getting him to lend it.

Jarvis. He has lost all patience.

Honeywood. Then he has lost a very good thing.

Jarvis. There 's that ten guineas you were sending to the poor gentleman and his children in the Fleet. I believe that would stop his mouth for a while at least.

Honeywood. Ay, Jarvis, but what will fill their mouths in the mean time? Must I be cruel, because he happens to be importunate; and, to relieve his avarice, leave them to insupportable distress?

Jarvis. 'Sdeath! Sir, the question now is how to relieve yourself—yourself. Haven't I reason to be out of my senses, when I see things going at sixes and sevens?

Honeywood. Whatever reason you may have for being out of your senses, I hope you 'll allow that I 'm not quite unreasonable for continuing in mine.

Jarvis. You are the only man alive in your present situation that could do so. Every thing upon the waste. There 's Miss Richland and her fine fortune gone already, and upon the point of being given to your rival.

Honeywood. I 'm no man's rival.

Jarvis. Your uncle in Italy preparing to disinherit you; your own fortune almost spent; and nothing but pressing creditors, false friends, and a pack of drunken servants that your kindness has made unfit for any other family.

Honeywood. Then they have the more occasion for being in mine.

Jarvis. Soh! What will you have done with him that I caught stealing your plate in the pantry? In the fact—I caught him in the fact.

Honeywood. In the fact? If so, I really think that we should pay him his wages, and turn him off.

Jarvis. He shall be turned off at Tyburn, the dog: we'll hang him, if it be only to frighten the rest of the family.

Honeywood. No, Jarvis: it's enough that we have lost what he has stolen; let us not add to it the loss of a fellow-creature!

Jarvis. Very fine! well, here was the footman just now, to complain of the butler: he says he does most work, and ought to have most wages.

Honeywood. That's but just; though perhaps here comes the butler to complain of the footman.

Jarvis. Ay, it's the way with them all, from the scullion to the privy-counsellor. If they have a bad master, they keep quarreling with him; if they have a good master, they keep quarreling with one another.

Enter Butler, drunk.

Butler. Sir, I'll not stay in the family with Jonathan; you must part with him, or part with me, that's the ex—ex—exposition of the matter, sir.

Honeywood. Full and explicit enough. But what's his fault, good Philip?

Butler. Sir, he's given to drinking, sir, and I shall have my morals corrupted by keeping such company.

Honeywood. Ha! ha! he has such a diverting way—

Jarvis. Oh, quite amusing.

Butler. I find my wine's a-going, sir; and liquors don't go without mouths, sir—I hate a drunkard, sir.

Honeywood. Well, well, Philip, I'll hear you upon that another time; so go to bed now.

Jarvis. To bed! let him go to the devil.

Butler. Begging your honour's pardon, and begging your pardon, master Jarvis, I'll not go to bed nor to the devil neither. I have enough to do to mind my cellar. I forgot, your honour, Mr Croaker is below. I came on purpose to tell you.

Honeywood. Why didn't you shew him up, blockhead?

Butler. Shew him up, sir? With all my heart, sir. Up or down, all's one to me. [*Exit.*

Jarvis. Ay, we have one or other of that family in this house from morning till night. He comes on the old affair, I suppose. The match between his son that's just returned from Paris, and Miss Richland, the young lady he's guardian to.

Honeywood. Perhaps so. Mr Croaker, knowing my friendship for the young lady, has got it into his head that I can persuade her to what I please.

Jarvis. Ah! if you loved yourself but half as well as she loves you, we should soon see a marriage that would set all things to rights again.

Honeywood. Love me! Sure, Jarvis, you dream. No, no; her intimacy with me never amounted to more than friendship—mere friendship. That she is the most lovely woman that ever warmed the human heart with desire, I own: but never let me harbour a thought of making her unhappy, by a connection with one so unworthy her merits as I am. No, Jarvis, it shall be my study to serve her, even in spite of my wishes; and to secure her happiness, though it destroys my own.

Jarvis. Was ever the like? I want patience.

Honeywood. Besides, Jarvis, though I could obtain Miss Richland's consent, do you think I could succeed with her guardian, or Mrs Croaker, his wife; who, though both very fine in their way, are yet a little opposite in their dispositions, you know.

Jarvis. Opposite enough, Heaven knows! the very reverse of each other: she all laugh, and no joke; he always complaining, and never sorrowful—a fretful poor soul, that has a new distress for every hour in the four-and-twenty—

Honeywood. Hush, hush! he 's coming up, he 'll hear you.

Jarvis. One whose voice is a passing-bell—

Honeywood. Well, well; go, do.

Jarvis. A raven that bodes nothing but mischief—a coffin and cross bones—a bundle of rue—a sprig of deadly nightshade—a—(*Honeywood, stopping his mouth, at last pushes him off.*)

[*Exit Jarvis.*

Honeywood. I must own my old monitor is not entirely wrong. There is something in my friend Croaker's conversation that quite depresses me. His very mirth is an antidote to all gaiety, and his appearance has a stronger effect on my spirits than an undertaker's shop—Mr Croaker, this is such a satisfaction—

Enter Croaker.

Croaker. A pleasant morning to Mr Honeywood, and many of them. How is this! you look most shockingly to-day, my dear friend. I hope this weather does not affect your spirits. To be sure, if this weather continues—I say nothing; but God send we be all better this day three months!

Honeywood. I heartily concur in the wish, though, I own, not in your apprehensions.

Croaker. May be not. Indeed, what signifies what weather we have in a country going to ruin like ours? taxes rising and trade falling: money flying out of the kingdom, and Jesuits swarming into it. I know, at this time, no less than a hundred and twenty-seven Jesuits between Charing Cross and Temple Bar.

Honeywood. The Jesuits will scarce pervert you or me, I should hope.

Croaker. May be not. Indeed, what signifies whom they pervert, in a country that has scarce any religion to lose? I'm only afraid for our wives and daughters.

Honeywood. I have no apprehensions for the ladies, I assure you.

Croaker. May be not. Indeed, what signifies whether they be perverted or no? The women in my time were good for something. I have seen a lady drest from top to toe in her own manufactures formerly: but now-a-days, the devil a thing of their own manufacture's about them, except their faces.

Honeywood. But, however these faults may be practised abroad, you don't find them at home, either with Mrs Croaker, Olivia, or Miss Richland?

Croaker. The best of them will never be canonized for a saint when she's dead.—By the by, my dear friend, I don't find this match between Miss Richland and my son much relished, either by one side or t' other.

Honeywood. I thought otherwise.

Croaker. Ah! Mr Honeywood, a little of your fine serious advice to the young lady might go far: I know she has a very exalted opinion of your understanding.

Honeywood. But would not that be usurping an authority, that more properly belongs to yourself?

Croaker. My dear friend, you know but little of my authority at home. People think, indeed, because they see me come out in the morning thus, with a pleasant face, and to make my friends merry, that all's well within. But I have cares that would break a heart of stone. My wife has so encroached upon every one of my privileges, that I'm now no more than a mere lodger in my own house.

Honeywood. But a little spirit exerted on your side might perhaps restore your authority.

Croaker. No, though I had the spirit of a lion! I do rouse sometimes; but what then? always haggling and haggling. A man is tired of getting the better, before his wife is tired of losing the victory.

Honeywood. It's a melancholy consideration, indeed, that our chief comforts often produce our greatest anxieties, and that an increase of our possessions is but an inlet to new disquietudes.

Croaker. Ah! my dear friend, these were the very words of poor Dick Doleful to me, not a week before he made away with himself. Indeed, Mr Honeywood, I never see you but you put me in mind of poor Dick. Ah! there was merit neglected for you; and so true a friend! we loved each other for thirty years, and yet he never asked me to lend him a single farthing.

Honeywood. Pray what could induce him to commit so rash an action at last?

Croaker. I don't know: some people were malicious enough to say it was keeping company with me; because we used to meet now and then, and open our hearts to each other. To be sure, I loved to hear him talk, and he loved to hear me talk; poor dear Dick! He used to say that Croaker rhymed to joker; and so we used to laugh—Poor Dick! [*Going to cry.*

Honeywood. His fate affects me.

Croaker. Ah! he grew sick of this miserable life, where we do nothing but eat and grow hungry, dress and undress, get up and lie down; while reason, that should watch like a nurse by our side, falls as fast asleep as we do.

Honeywood. To say a truth, if we compare that part of life which is to come, by that which we have past, the prospect is hideous.

Croaker. Life, at the greatest and best, is but a froward child, that must be humoured and coaxed a little till it falls asleep, and then all the care is over.

Honeywood. Very true, sir, nothing can exceed the vanity of our existence, but the folly of our pursuits. We wept when we came into the world, and every day tells us why.

Croaker. Ah! my dear friend, it is a perfect satisfaction to be miserable with you. My son Leontine shan't lose the benefit of such fine conversation. I'll just step home for him. I am willing to shew him so much seriousness in one scarce older than himself. And what if I bring my last letter to the Gazetteer, on the increase and progress of earthquakes? It

will amuse us, I promise you. I there prove how the late earthquake is coming round to pay us another visit—from London to Lisbon—from Lisbon to the Canary Islands—from the Canary Islands to Palmyra—from Palmyra to Constantinople, and so from Constantinople back to London again. [*Exit.*

Honeywood. Poor Croaker! his situation deserves the utmost pity. I shall scarce recover my spirits these three days. Sure to live upon such terms, is worse than death itself. And yet, when I consider my own situation—a broken fortune, a hopeless passion, friends in distress, the wish, but not the power, to serve them—— [*Pausing and sighing.*

Enter Butler.

Butler. More company below, sir; Mrs Croaker and Miss Richland; shall I shew them up?—but they 're shewing up themselves. [*Exit.*

Enter Mrs Croaker and Miss Richland.

Miss Richland. You're always in such spirits.

Mrs Croaker. We have just come, my dear Honeywood, from the auction. There was the old deaf dowager, as usual, bidding like a fury against herself. And then so curious in antiquities! herself, the most genuine piece of antiquity in the whole collection.

Honeywood. Excuse me, ladies, if some uneasiness from friendship makes me unfit to share in this good humour: I know you 'll pardon me.

Mrs Croaker. I vow he seems as melancholy as if he had taken a dose of my husband this morning. Well, if Richland here can pardon you, I must.

Miss Richland. You would seem to insinuate, madam, that I have particular reasons for being disposed to refuse it.

Mrs Croaker. Whatever I insinuate, my dear, don't be so ready to wish an explanation.

Miss Richland. I own I should be sorry Mr Honeywood's long friendship and mine should be misunderstood.

Honeywood. There 's no answering for others, madam. But I hope you 'll never find me presuming to offer more than the most delicate friendship may readily allow.

Miss Richland. And I shall be prouder of such a tribute from you, than the most passionate professions from others.

Honeywood. My own sentiments, madam: friendship is a disinterested commerce between equals; love, an abject intercourse between tyrants and slaves.

Miss Richland. And without a compliment, I know none more disinterested, or more capable of friendship, than Mr Honeywood.

Mrs Croaker. And, indeed, I know nobody that has more friends, at least among the ladies. Miss Fruzz, Miss Oddbody, and Miss Winterbottom, praise him in all companies. As for Miss Biddy Bundle, she 's his professed admirer.

Miss Richland. Indeed! an admirer!—I did not know, sir, you were such a favourite there. But is she seriously so handsome? Is she the mighty thing talked of?

Honeywood. The town, madam, seldom begins to praise a lady's beauty, till she 's beginning to lose it. [*Smiling.*

Mrs Croaker. But she 's resolved never to lose it, it seems. For as her natural face decays, her skill improves in making the artificial one. Well, nothing diverts me more than one of those fine, old, dressy things, who thinks to conceal her age by everywhere exposing her person; sticking herself up in the front of a side-box; trailing through a minuet at Almack's; and then, in the public gardens—looking, for all the world, like one of the painted ruins of the place.

Honeywood. Every age has its admirers, ladies. While you, perhaps, are trading among the warmer climates of youth, there ought to be some to carry on a useful commerce in the frozen latitudes beyond fifty.

Miss Richland. But, then, the mortifications they must suffer, before they can be fitted out for traffic. I have seen one of them fret a whole morning at her hairdresser, when all the fault was her face.

Honeywood. And yet, I 'll engage, has carried that face at last to a very good market. This good-natured town, madam, has husbands, like spectacles, to fit every age, from fifteen to fourscore.

Mrs Croaker. Well, you 're a dear good-natured creature. But you know you 're engaged with us this morning upon a strolling party. I want to shew Olivia the town, and the things: I believe I shall have business for you the whole day.

Honeywood. I am sorry, madam, I have an appointment with Mr Croaker, which it is impossible to put off.

Mrs Croaker. What! with my husband? then I 'm resolved to take no refusal. Nay, I protest you must. You know I never laugh so much as with you.

Honeywood. Why, if I must, I must. I'll swear you have put me into such spirits. Well, do you find jest, and I 'll find laugh, I promise you. We 'll wait for the chariot in the next room.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Leontine and Olivia.

Leontine. There they go, thoughtless and happy. My dearest Olivia, what would I give to see you capable of sharing in their amusements, and as cheerful as they are!

Olivia. How, my Leontine, how can I be cheerful, when I have so many terrors to oppress me? The fear of being detected by this family, and the apprehensions of a censuring world, when I must be detected——

Leontine. The world, my love! what can it say? At worst it can only say, that, being compelled by a mercenary guardian to embrace a life you disliked, you formed a resolution of flying with the man of your choice; that you confided in his honour, and took refuge in my father's house,—the only one where yours could remain without censure.

Olivia. But consider, Leontine, your disobedience and my indiscretion; your being sent to France to bring home a sister, and, instead of a sister, bringing home——

Leontine. One dearer than a thousand sisters. One that I am convinced will be equally dear to the rest of the family, when she comes to be known.

Olivia. And that, I fear, will shortly be.

Leontine. Impossible, till we ourselves think proper to make the discovery. My sister, you know, has been with her aunt, at Lyons, since she was a child, and you find every creature in the family takes you for her.

Olivia. But mayn't she write, mayn't her aunt write?

Leontine. Her aunt scarce ever writes, and all my sister's letters are directed to me.

Olivia. But won't your refusing Miss Richland, for whom you know the old gentleman intends you, create a suspicion?

Leontine. There, there's my master-stroke. I have resolved not to refuse her; nay, an hour hence I have consented to go with my father to make her an offer of my heart and fortune.

Olivia. Your heart and fortune!

Leontine. Don't be alarmed, my dearest. Can Olivia think so meanly of my honour, or my love, as to suppose I could ever hope for happiness from any but her? No, my Olivia,

neither the force, nor, permit me to add, the delicacy of my passion, leave any room to suspect me. I only offer Miss Richland a heart I am convinced she will refuse; as I am confident, that, without knowing it, her affections are fixed upon Mr Honeywood.

Olivia. Mr Honeywood! You'll excuse my apprehensions; but when your merits come to be put in the balance——

Leontine. You view them with too much partiality. However, by making this offer, I shew a seeming compliance with my father's command; and perhaps, upon her refusal, I may have his consent to choose for myself.

Olivia. Well, I submit. And yet, my Leontine, I own, I shall envy her even your pretended addresses. I consider every look, every expression of your esteem, as due only to me. This is folly perhaps; I allow it: but it is natural to suppose, that merit which has made an impression on one's own heart may be powerful over that of another.

Leontine. Don't, my life's treasure, don't let us make imaginary evils, when you know we have so many real ones to encounter. At worst, you know, if Miss Richland should consent, or my father refuse his pardon, it can but end in a trip to Scotland; and——

Enter Croaker.

Croaker. Where have you been, boy? I have been seeking you. My friend Honeywood here has been saying such comfortable things! Ah! he's an example indeed. Where is he? I left him here.

Leontine. Sir, I believe you may see him, and hear him too, in the next room: he's preparing to go out with the ladies.

Croaker. Good gracious! can I believe my eyes or my ears? I'm struck dumb with his vivacity, and stunned with the loudness of his laugh. Was there ever such a transformation! (*a laugh behind the scenes, Croaker mimics it.*) Ha! ha! ha! there it goes: a plague take their balderdash! yet I could expect nothing less, when my precious wife was of the party. On my conscience, I believe she could spread a horse-laugh through the pews of a tabernacle.

Leontine. Since you find so many objections to a wife, sir, how can you be so earnest in recommending one to me?

Croaker. I have told you, and tell you again, boy, that Miss Richland's fortune must not go out of the family; one may find comfort in the money, whatever one does in the wife.

Leontine. But, sir, though in obedience to your desire, I am ready to marry her, it may be possible she has no inclination to me.

Croaker. I 'll tell you once for all how it stands. A good part of Miss Richland's large fortune consists in a claim upon government, which my good friend, Mr Lofty, assures me the treasury will allow. One half of this she is to forfeit, by her father's will, in case she refuses to marry you. So, if she rejects you, we seize half her fortune; if she accepts you, we seize the whole, and a fine girl into the bargain.

Leontine. But, sir, if you will listen to reason——

Croaker. Come, then, produce your reasons. I tell you, I 'm fixed, determined—so now produce your reasons. When I am determined, I always listen to reason, because it can then do no harm.

Leontine. You have alleged that a mutual choice was the first requisite in matrimonial happiness.

Croaker. Well, and you have both of you a mutual choice. She has her choice,—to marry you or lose half her fortune; and you have your choice,—to marry her, or pack out of doors without any fortune at all.

Leontine. An only son, sir, might expect more indulgence.

Croaker. An only father, sir, might expect more obedience: besides, has not your sister here, that never disobliged me in her life, as good a right as you? He 's a sad dog, Livy, my dear, and would take all from you. But he shan 't, I tell you he shan 't; for you shall have your share.

Olivia. Dear sir, I wish you 'd be convinced, that I can never be happy in any addition to my fortune, which is taken from his.

Croaker. Well, well, it 's a good child, so say no more; but come with me, and we shall see something that will give us a great deal of pleasure, I promise you,—old Ruggins, the currycomb maker, lying in state: I am told he makes a very handsome corpse, and becomes his coffin prodigiously. He was an intimate friend of mine, and these are friendly things we ought to do for each other. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

SCENE — CROAKER'S HOUSE.

Miss Richland, Garnet.

Miss Richland. Olivia not his sister? Olivia not Leontine's sister? You amaze me!

Garnet. No more his sister than I am; I had it all from his own servant: I can get any thing from that quarter.

Miss Richland. But how? Tell me again, Garnet.

Garnet. Why, madam, as I told you before, instead of going to Lyons to bring home his sister, who has been there with her aunt these ten years, he never went farther than Paris: there he saw and fell in love with this young lady—by the by, of a prodigious family.

Miss Richland. And brought her home to my guardian as his daughter?

Garnet. Yes, and his daughter she will be. If he don 't consent to their marriage, they talk of trying what a Scotch parson can do.

Miss Richland. Well, I own they have deceived me. And so demurely as Olivia carried it too!—Would you believe it, Garnet, I told her all my secrets; and yet the sly cheat concealed all this from me?

Garnet. And, upon my word, madam, I don 't much blame her: she was loth to trust one with her secrets, that was so very bad at keeping her own.

Miss Richland. But, to add to their deceit, the young gentleman, it seems, pretends to make me serious proposals. My guardian and he are to be here presently, to open the affair in form. You know I am to lose half my fortune if I refuse him.

Garnet. Yet, what can you do? For being, as you are, in love with Mr Honeywood, madam——

Miss Richland. How! idiot, what do you mean. In love with Mr Honeywood! Is this to provoke me?

Garnet. That is, madam, in friendship with him: I meant nothing more than friendship, as I hope to be married—nothing more.

Miss Richland. Well, no more of this. As to my guardian and his son, they shall find me prepared to receive them: I 'm resolved to accept their proposal with seeming pleasure, to

mortify them by compliance, and so throw the refusal at last upon them.

Garnet. Delicious! and that will secure your whole fortune to yourself. Well, who could have thought so innocent a face could cover so much 'cuteness!

Miss Richland. Why, girl, I only oppose my prudence to their cunning, and practise a lesson they have taught me against themselves.

Garnet. Then you 're likely not long to want employment, for here they come, and in close conference.

Enter Croaker and Leontine.

Leontine. Excuse me, sir, if I seem to hesitate upon the point of putting to the lady so important a question.

Croaker. Lord! good sir, moderate your fears; you 're so plaguy shy, that one would think you had changed sexes. I tell you we must have the half or the whole. Come, let me see with what spirit you begin: Well, why don 't you? Eh! What? Well then, I must, it seems — Miss Richland, my dear, I believe you guess at our business; an affair which my son here comes to open, that nearly concerns your happiness.

Miss Richland. Sir, I should be ungrateful not to be pleased with any thing that comes recommended by you.

Croaker. How, boy, could you desire a finer opening? Why don 't you begin, I say? [*To Leontine.*

Leontine. 'Tis true, madam — my father, madam — has some intentions — hem — of explaining an affair, — which — himself can best explain, madam.

Croaker. Yes, my dear; it comes entirely from my son; it 's all a request of his own, madam. And I will permit him to make the best of it.

Leontine. The whole affair is only this, madam: my father has a proposal to make, which he insists none but himself shall deliver.

Croaker. My mind misgives me, the fellow will never be brought on. (*Aside.*) In short, madam, you see before you one that loves you — one whose whole happiness is all in you.

Miss Richland. I never had any doubts of your regard, sir; and I hope you can have none of my duty.

Croaker. That 's not the thing, my little sweeting — My love! no, no, another guess lover than I: there he stands, madam; his very looks declare the force of his passion — Call up a look,

you dog! (*Aside*) But then, had you seen him, as I have, weeping, speaking soliloquies and blank verse, sometimes melancholy, and sometimes absent——

Miss Richland. I fear, sir, he's absent now; or such a declaration would have come most properly from himself.

Croaker. Himself! Madam, he would die before he could make such a confession; and if he had not a channel for his passion through me, it would ere now have drowned his understanding.

Miss Richland. I must grant, sir, there are attractions in modest diffidence above the force of words. A silent address is the genuine eloquence of sincerity.

Croaker. Madam, he has forgot to speak any other language; silence is become his mother tongue.

Miss Richland. And it must be confessed, sir, it speaks very powerfully in his favour. And yet I shall be thought too forward in making such a confession; shan't I, Mr Leontine?

Leontine. Confusion! my reserve will undo me. But, if modesty attracts her, impudence may disgust her. I'll try. (*Aside.*) Don't imagine from my silence, madam, that I want a due sense of the honour and happiness intended me. My father, madam, tells me your humble servant is not totally indifferent to you—he admires you: I adore you; and when we come together, upon my soul, I believe we shall be the happiest couple in all St James's.

Miss Richland. If I could flatter myself you thought as you speak, sir——

Leontine. Doubt my sincerity, madam? By your dear self I swear. Ask the brave if they desire glory? ask cowards if they covet safety——

Croaker. Well, well, no more questions about it.

Leontine. Ask the sick if they long for health? ask misers if they love money? ask——

Croaker. Ask a fool if he can talk nonsense? What's come over the boy? What signifies asking, when there's not a soul to give you an answer? If you would ask to the purpose, ask this lady's consent to make you happy.

Miss Richland. Why, indeed, sir, his uncommon ardour almost compels me—forces me to comply.—And yet I'm afraid he'll despise a conquest gained with too much ease; won't you, Mr Leontine?

Leontine. Confusion! (*Aside.*) Oh, by no means, madam, by no means. And yet, madam, you talked of force. There is nothing I would avoid so much as compulsion in a thing of

this kind. No, madam, I will still be generous, and leave you at liberty to refuse.

Croaker. But I tell you, sir, the lady is not at liberty. It 's a match. You see she says nothing. Silence gives consent.

Leontine. But, sir, she talked of force. Consider, sir, the cruelty of constraining her inclinations.

Croaker. But I say there 's no cruelty. Don't you know, blockhead, that girls have always a round-about way of saying yes before company? So get you both gone together into the next room, and hang him that interrupts the tender explanations. Get you gone, I say; I 'll not hear a word.

Leontine. But, sir, I must beg leave to insist—

Croaker. Get off, you puppy, or I 'll beg leave to insist upon knocking you down. Stupid whelp! But I don't wonder: the boy takes entirely after his mother.

[*Exeunt Miss Richland and Leontine.*

Enter Mrs Croaker.

Mrs Croaker. Mr Croaker, I bring you something, my dear, that I believe will make you smile.

Croaker. I 'll hold you a guinea of that, my dear.

Mrs Croaker. A letter; and as I knew the hand, I ventured to open it.

Croaker. And how can you expect your breaking open my letters should give me pleasure?

Mrs Croaker. Pooh! it 's from your sister at Lyons, and contains good news: read it.

Croaker. What a Frenchified cover is here! That sister of mine has some good qualities, but I could never teach her to fold a letter.

Mrs Croaker. Fold a fiddlestick! Read what it contains.

Croaker, (reading.)

"Dear Nick,—An English gentleman, of large fortune, has for some time made private, though honourable, proposals to your daughter Olivia. They love each other tenderly, and I find she has consented, without letting any of the family know, to crown his addresses. As such good offers don't come every day, your own good sense, his large fortune, and family considerations, will induce you to forgive her. Yours ever,

"Rachael Croaker."

My daughter Olivia privately contracted to a man of large fortune! This is good news, indeed. My heart never foretold me of this. And yet, how slily the little baggage has carried it since she came home; not a word on 't to the old ones for the world. Yet I thought I saw something she wanted to conceal.

Mrs Croaker. Well, if they have concealed their amour, they shan't conceal their wedding; that shall be public, I'm resolved.

Croaker. I tell thee, woman, the wedding is the most foolish part of the ceremony. I can never get this woman to think of the most serious part of the nuptial engagement.

Mrs Croaker. What! would you have me think of their funeral? But come, tell me, my dear, don't you owe more to me than you care to confess?—Would you have ever been known to Mr Lofty, who has undertaken Miss Richland's claim at the Treasury, but for me? Who was it first made him an acquaintance at Lady Shabbaroon's rout? Who got him to promise us his interest? Is not he a back-stair favourite—one that can do what he pleases with those that do what they please? Is not he an acquaintance that all your groaning and lamentations could never have got us?

Croaker. He is a man of importance, I grant you. And yet what amazes me is, that, while he is giving away places to all the world, he can't get one for himself.

Mrs Croaker. That, perhaps, may be owing to his nicety. Great men are not easily satisfied.

Enter French Servant.

Servant. An expresse from Monsieur Lofty. He vil be vait upon your honours instammant. He be only giving four five instruction, read two tree memorial, call upon von ambassadeur. He vil be vid you in one tree minutes.

Mrs Croaker. You see now, my dear. What an extensive department! Well, friend, let your master know that we are extremely honoured by this honour. Was there any thing ever in a higher style of breeding? All messages among the great are now done by express. [*Exit French servant.*

Croaker. To be sure, no man does little things with more solemnity, or claims more respect, than he. But he 's in the right on 't. In our bad world, respect is given where respect is claimed.

Mrs Croaker. Never mind the world, my dear; you were never in a pleasanter place in your life. Let us now think of receiving

him with proper respect, (*a loud rapping at the door,*) and there he is, by the thundering rap.

Croaker. Ay, verily, there he is! as close upon the heels of his own express, as an endorsement upon the back of a bill. Well, I'll leave you to receive him, whilst I go to chide my little Olivia for intending to steal a marriage without mine or her aunt's consent. I must seem to be angry, or she too may begin to despise my authority. [*Exit.*

Enter Lofty, speaking to his Servant.

Lofty. And if the Venetian ambassador, or that teasing creature the Marquis, should call, I'm not at home. Damme, I'll be pack-horse to none of them.—My dear madam, I have just snatched a moment—And if the expresses to his Grace be ready, let them be sent off; they 're of importance.—Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.

Mrs Croaker. Sir, this honour——

Lofty. And, Dubardieu! if the person calls about the commission, let him know that it is made out. As for Lord Cumbercourt's stale request, it can keep cold: you understand me.—Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.

Mrs Croaker. Sir, this honour——

Lofty. And, Dubardieu! if the man comes from the Cornish borough, you must do him; you must do him, I say.—Madam, I ask ten thousand pardons.—And if the Russian ambassador calls; but he will scarce call to-day, I believe.—And now, madam, I have just got time to express my happiness in having the honour of being permitted to profess myself your most obedient humble servant.

Mrs Croaker. Sir, the happiness and honour are all mine; and yet, I'm only robbing the public while I detain you.

Lofty. Sink the public, madam, when the fair are to be attended. Ah, could all my hours be so charmingly devoted! Sincerely, don't you pity us poor creatures in affairs? Thus it is eternally; solicited for places here, teased for pensions there, and courted everywhere. I know you pity me. Yes, I see you do.

Mrs Croaker. Excuse me, sir, "Toils of empires pleasures are," as Waller says.

Lofty. Waller—Waller; is he of the house?

Mrs Croaker. The modern poet of that name, sir.

Lofty. Oh, a modern! We men of business despise the moderns; and as for the ancients, we have no time to read them. Poetry

is a pretty thing enough for our wives and daughters; but not for us. Why now, here I stand that know nothing of books. I say, madam, I know nothing of books; and yet, I believe, upon a land-carriage fishery, a stamp act, or a jaghire, I can talk my two hours without feeling the want of them.

Mrs Croaker. The world is no stranger to Mr Lofty's eminence in every capacity.

Lofty. I vow to gad, madam, you make me blush. I 'm nothing, nothing, nothing in the world; a mere obscure gentleman. To be sure, indeed, one or two of the present ministers are pleased to represent me as a formidable man. I know they are pleased to bespatter me at all their little dirty levees. Yet, upon my soul, I wonder what they see in me to treat me so! Measures, not men, have always been my mark; and I vow, by all that 's honourable, my resentment has never done the men, as mere men, any manner of harm — that is, as mere men.

Mrs Croaker. What importance, and yet what modesty!

Lofty. Oh, if you talk of modesty, madam, there, I own, I 'm accessible to praise: modesty is my foible: it was so the Duke of Brentford used to say of me. "I love Jack Lofty," he used to say, "no man has a finer knowledge of things; quite a man of information; and when he speaks upon his legs, by the Lord, he 's prodigious — he scouts them; and yet all men have their faults: too much modesty is his," says his Grace.

Mrs Croaker. And yet, I dare say, you don't want assurance when you come to solicit for your friends.

Lofty. Oh, there, indeed, I 'm in bronze. Apropos! I have just been mentioning Miss Richland's case to a certain personage; we must name no names. When I ask, I 'm not to be put off, madam. No, no, I take my friend by the button. A fine girl, sir; great justice in her case. A friend of mine. Borough interest. Business must be done, Mr Secretary. I say, Mr Secretary, her business must be done, sir. That 's my way, madam.

Mrs Croaker. Bless me! you said all this to the Secretary of State, did you?

Lofty. I did not say the Secretary, did I? Well, curse it, since you have found me out, I will not deny it, — it was to the Secretary.

Mrs Croaker. This was going to the fountain-head at once, not applying to the understrappers, as Mr Honeywood would have had us.

Lofty. Honeywood! he! he! He was, indeed, a fine solicitor. I suppose you have heard what has just happened to him?

Mrs Croaker. Poor dear man! no accident, I hope?

Lofty. Undone, madam, that 's all. His creditors have taken him into custody—a prisoner in his own house.

Mrs Croaker. A prisoner in his own house! How? At this very time? I 'm quite unhappy for him.

Lofty. Why, so am I. The man, to be sure, was immensely good-natured. But then, I could never find that he had any thing in him.

Mrs Croaker. His manner, to be sure, was excessive harmless; some, indeed, thought it a little dull. For my part, I always concealed my opinion.

Lofty. It can't be concealed, madam; the man was dull—dull as the last new comedy! a poor impracticable creature! I tried once or twice to know if he was fit for business; but he had scarce talents to be groom-porter to an orange-barrow.

Mrs Croaker. How differently does Miss Richland think of him! For, I believe, with all his faults, she loves him.

Lofty. Loves him! does she? You should cure her of that by all means. Let me see; what if she were sent to him this instant, in his present doleful situation? My life for it, that works her cure. Distress is a perfect antidote to love. Suppose we join her in the next room? Miss Richland is a fine girl, has a fine fortune, and must not be thrown away. Upon my honour, madam, I have a regard for Miss Richland; and, rather than she should be thrown away, I should think it no indignity to marry her myself. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Olivia and Leontine.

Leontine. And yet, trust me, Olivia, I had every reason to expect Miss Richland's refusal, as I did every thing in my power to deserve it. Her indelicacy surprises me.

Olivia. Sure, Leontine, there 's nothing so indelicate in being sensible of your merit. If so, I fear I shall be the most guilty thing alive.

Leontine. But you mistake, my dear. The same attention I used to advance my merit with you, I practised to lessen it with her. What more could I do?

Olivia. Let us now rather consider what is to be done. We have both dissembled too long. I have always been ashamed —I am now quite weary of it. Sure I could never have undergone so much for any other but you.

Leontine. And you shall find my gratitude equal to your kindest compliance. Though our friends should totally forsake

us, Olivia, we can draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

Olivia. Then why should we defer our scheme of humble happiness, when it is now in our power? I may be the favourite of your father, it is true; but can it ever be thought, that his present kindness to a supposed child will continue to a known deceiver?

Leontine. I have many reasons to believe it will. As his attachments are but few, they are lasting. His own marriage was a private one, as ours may be. Besides, I have sounded him already at a distance, and find all his answers exactly to our wish. Nay, by an expression or two that dropped from him, I am induced to think he knows of this affair.

Olivia. Indeed! But that would be a happiness too great to be expected.

Leontine. However it be, I 'm certain you have power over him; and am persuaded, if you informed him of our situation, that he would be disposed to pardon it.

Olivia. You had equal expectations, Leontine, from your last scheme with Miss Richland, which you find has succeeded most wretchedly.

Leontine. And that 's the best reason for trying another.

Olivia. If it must be so, I submit.

Leontine. As we could wish, he comes this way. Now, my dearest Olivia, be resolute. I 'll just retire within hearing, to come in at a proper time, either to share your danger, or confirm your victory. [*Exit.*

Enter Croaker.

Croaker. Yes, I must forgive her; and yet not too easily, neither. It will be proper to keep up the decorums of resentment a little, if it be only to impress her with an idea of my authority.

Olivia. How I tremble to approach him! — Might I presume, sir — If I interrupt you ——

Croaker. No, child, where I have an affection, it is not a little thing can interrupt me. Affection gets over little things.

Olivia. Sir, you 're too kind. I 'm sensible how ill I deserve this partiality; yet, Heaven knows, there is nothing I would not do to gain it.

Croaker. And you have but too well succeeded, you little hussy, you. With those endearing ways of yours, on my

conscience, I could be brought to forgive any thing, unless it were a very great offence indeed.

Olivia. But mine is such an offence—When you know my guilt—Yes, you shall know it, though I feel the greatest pain in the confession.

Croaker. Why, then, if it be so very great a pain, you may spare yourself the trouble; for I know every syllable of the matter before you begin.

Olivia. Indeed! then I'm undone.

Croaker. Ay, miss, you wanted to steal a match, without letting me know it, did you? But I'm not worth being consulted, I suppose, when there's to be a marriage in my own family. No, I'm to have no hand in the disposal of my own children. No, I'm nobody. I'm to be a mere article of family lumber; a piece of cracked china, to be stuck up in a corner.

Olivia. Dear sir, nothing but the dread of your authority could induce us to conceal it from you.

Croaker. No, no, my consequence is no more; I'm as little minded as a dead Russian in winter, just stuck up with a pipe in its mouth till there comes a thaw—It goes to my heart to vex her. [*Aside.*

Olivia. I was prepared, sir, for your anger, and despaired of pardon, even while I presumed to ask it. But your severity shall never abate my affection, as my punishment is but justice

Croaker. And yet you should not despair neither, Livy. We ought to hope all for the best.

Olivia. And do you permit me to hope, sir? Can I ever expect to be forgiven? But hope has too long deceived me.

Croaker. Why then, child, it shan't deceive you now, for I forgive you this very moment; I forgive you all! and now you are indeed my daughter.

Olivia. Oh, transport! this kindness overpowers me.

Croaker. I was always against severity to our children. We have been young and giddy ourselves, and we can't expect boys and girls to be old before their time.

Olivia. What generosity! But can you forget the many falsehoods, the dissimulation——

Croaker. You did indeed dissemble, you urchin you; but where's the girl that won't dissemble for a husband? My wife and I had never been married, if we had not dissembled a little beforehand.

Olivia. It shall be my future care never to put such generosity to a second trial. And as for the partner of my offence and

folly, from his native honour, and the just sense he has of his duty, I can answer for him that——

Enter Leontine.

Leontine. Permit him thus to answer for himself. (*Kneeling.*) Thus, sir, let me speak my gratitude for this unmerited forgiveness. Yes, sir, this even exceeds all your former tenderness: I now can boast the most indulgent of fathers. The life he gave, compared to this, was but a trifling blessing.

Croaker. And, good sir, who sent for you, with that fine tragedy face, and flourishing manner? I don't know what we have to do with your gratitude upon this occasion.

Leontine. How, sir! Is it possible to be silent, when so much obliged? Would you refuse me the pleasure of being grateful? of adding my thanks to my Olivia's? of sharing in the transports that you have thus occasioned?

Croaker. Lord, sir, we can be happy enough without your coming in to make up the party. I don't know what's the matter with the boy all this day; he has got into such a rhodomontade manner all this morning!

Leontine. But, sir, I that have so large a part in the benefit, is it not my duty to shew my joy? Is the being admitted to your favour so slight an obligation? Is the happiness of marrying my Olivia so small a blessing?

Croaker. Marrying Olivia! marrying Olivia! marrying his own sister! Sure the boy is out of his senses. His own sister!

Leontine. My sister!

Olivia. Sister! how have I been mistaken! [*Aside.*

Leontine. Some cursed mistake in all this, I find. [*Aside.*

Croaker. What does the booby mean? or has he any meaning? Eh, what do you mean, you blockhead, you?

Leontine. Mean, sir?—why, sir—only when my sister is to be married, that I have the pleasure of marrying her, sir,—that is, of giving her away, sir—I have made a point of it.

Croaker. Oh, is that all? Give her away. You have made a point of it? Then you had as good make a point of first giving away yourself, as I'm going to prepare the writings between you and Miss Richland this very minute. What a fuss is here about nothing! Why, what's the matter now? I thought I had made you at least as happy as you could wish.

Olivia. Oh, yes, sir; very happy.

Croaker. Do you foresee any thing, child? You look as if

you did. I think if any thing was to be foreseen, I have as sharp a look-out as another; and yet I foresee nothing. [*Exit.*

Leontine and Olivia.

Olivia. What can it mean?

Leontine. He knows something, and yet, for my life, I can't tell what.

Olivia. It can't be the connection between us, I'm pretty certain.

Leontine. Whatever it be, my dearest, I 'm resolved to put it out of fortune's power to repeat our mortification. I 'll haste and prepare for our journey to Scotland this very evening. My friend Honeywood has promised me his advice and assistance. I 'll go to him and repose our distresses on his friendly bosom; and I know so much of his honest heart, that if he can't relieve our uneasinesses, he will at least share them.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

SCENE — YOUNG HONEYWOOD'S HOUSE.

Bailiff, Honeywood, Follower.

Bailiff. Lookye, sir, I have arrested as good men as you in my time — no disparagement of you neither — men that would go forty guineas on a game of cribbage. I challenge the town to shew a man in more genteeler practice than myself.

Honeywood. Without all question, Mr —— I forget your name, sir?

Bailiff. How can you forget what you never knew? he! he! he!

Honeywood. May I beg leave to ask your name?

Bailiff. Yes, you may.

Honeywood. Then, pray sir, what is your name?

Bailiff. That I didn't promise to tell you. — He! he! he! — A joke breaks no bones, as we say among us that practise the law.

Honeywood. You may have reason for keeping it a secret, perhaps?

Bailiff. The law does nothing without reason. I 'm ashamed to tell my name to no man, sir. If you can shew cause, as

why, upon a special capus, that I should prove my name—But, come, Timothy Twitch is my name. And, now you know my name, what have you to say to that?

Honeywood. Nothing in the world, good Mr Twitch, but that I have a favour to ask, that's all.

Bailiff. Ay, favours are more easily asked than granted, as we say among us that practise the law. I have taken an oath against granting favours. Would you have me perjure myself?

Honeywood. But my request will come recommended in so strong a manner, as, I believe, you'll have no scruple (*pulling out his purse.*) The thing is only this: I believe I shall be able to discharge this trifle in two or three days at farthest; but as I would not have the affair known for the world, I have thoughts of keeping you, and your good friend here, about me, till the debt is discharged; for which I shall be properly grateful.

Bailiff. Oh! that's another maxum, and altogether within my oath. For certain, if an honest man is to get any thing by a thing, there's no reason why all things should not be done in civility.

Honeywood. Doubtless, all trades must live, Mr Twitch; and yours is a necessary one. [*Gives him money.*

Bailiff. Oh! your honour; I hope your honour takes nothing amiss as I does, as I does nothing but my duty in so doing. I'm sure no man can say I ever give a gentleman, that was a gentleman, ill usage. If I saw that a gentleman was a gentleman, I have taken money not to see him for ten weeks together.

Honeywood. Tenderness is a virtue, Mr Twitch.

Bailiff. Ay, sir, it's a perfect treasure. I love to see a gentleman with a tender heart. I don't know, but I think I have a tender heart myself. If all that I have lost by my heart was put together, it would make a—but no matter for that.

Honeywood. Don't account it lost, Mr Twitch. The ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having acted with humanity ourselves.

Bailiff. Humanity, sir, is a jewel. It's better than gold. I love humanity. People may say, that we in our way have no humanity; but I'll shew you my humanity this moment. There's my follower here, little Flanigan, with a wife and four children—a guinea or two would be more to him, than twice as much to another. Now, as I can't shew him any humanity myself, I must beg leave you'll do it for me.

Honeywood. I assure you, Mr Twitch, yours is a most powerful recommendation. [*Giving money to the follower.*

Bailiff. Sir, you're a gentleman. I see you know what to do with your money. But, to business: we are to be with you here as your friends, I suppose. But set in case company comes. Little Flanigan here, to be sure, has a good face—a very good face; but then, he is a little seedy, as we say among us that practise the law,—not well in clothes. Smoke the pocket-holes.

Honeywood. Well, that shall be remedied without delay.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, Miss Richland is below.

Honeywood. How unlucky! Detain her a moment. We must improve my good friend little Mr Flanigan's appearance first. Here, let Mr Flanigan have a suit of my clothes—quick—the brown and silver—Do you hear?

Servant. That your honour gave away to the begging gentleman that makes verses, because it was as good as new.

Honeywood. The white and gold then.

Servant. That, your honour, I made bold to sell, because it was good for nothing.

Honeywood. Well, the first that comes to hand then—the blue and gold. I believe Mr Flanigan will look best in blue. [*Exit Flanigan.*

Bailiff. Rabbit me, but little Flanigan will look well in any thing. Ah, if your honour knew that bit of flesh as well as I do, you'd be perfectly in love with him. There's not a prettier scout in the four counties after a shycock than he: scents like a hound—sticks like a weasel. He was master of the ceremonies to the black Queen of Morocco, when I took him to follow me. (*Re-enter Flanigan.*) Heh! ecod, I think he looks so well, that I don't care if I have a suit from the same place for myself.

Honeywood. Well, well, I hear the lady coming. Dear Mr Twitch, I beg you'll give your friend directions not to speak. As for yourself, I know you will say nothing without being directed.

Bailiff. Never you fear me; I'll shew the lady that I have something to say for myself as well as another. One man has one way of talking, and another man has another, that's all the difference between them.

Enter Miss Richland and Garnet.

Miss Richland. You 'll be surprised, sir, with this visit. But you know I 'm yet to thank you for choosing my little library.

Honeywood. Thanks, madam, are unnecessary; as it was I that was obliged by your commands. Chairs here. Two of my very good friends, Mr Twitch and Mr Flanigan. Pray, gentlemen, sit without ceremony.

Miss Richland. Who can these odd-looking men be? I fear it is as I was informed. It must be so. [*Aside.*

Bailiff. (*After a pause.*) Pretty weather; very pretty weather for the time of the year, madam.

Follower. Very good circuit weather in the country.

Honeywood. You officers are generally favourites among the ladies. My friends, madam, have been upon very disagreeable duty, I assure you. The fair should, in some measure, recompense the toils of the brave.

Miss Richland. Our officers do indeed deserve every favour. The gentlemen are in the marine service, I presume, sir?

Honeywood. Why, madam, they do—occasionally serve in the Fleet, madam. A dangerous service!

Miss Richland. I 'm told so. And I own it has often surprised me, that while we have had so many instances of bravery there, we have had so few of wit at home to praise it.

Honeywood. I grant, madam, that our poets have not written as our sailors have fought; but they have done all they could, and Hawke or Amherst could do no more.

Miss Richland. I 'm quite displeased when I see a fine subject spoiled by a dull writer.

Honeywood. We should not be so severe against dull writers, madam. It is ten to one but the dullest writer exceeds the most rigid French critic who presumes to despise him.

Follower. Damn the French, the parle vous, and all that belongs to them!

Miss Richland. Sir!

Honeywood. Ha, ha, ha! honest Mr Flanigan. A true English officer, madam; he 's not contented with beating the French, but he will scold them too.

Miss Richland. Yet, Mr Honeywood, this does not convince me but that severity in criticism is necessary. It was our first adopting the severity of French taste, that has brought them in turn to taste us.

Bailiff. Taste us! By the Lord, madam, they devour us.

Give Mounseers but a taste, and I 'll be damn'd but they come in for a bellyful.

Miss Richland. Very extraordinary this!

Follower. But very true. What makes the bread rising? the parle vous that devour us. What makes the mutton fivepence a pound? the parle vous that eat it up. What makes the beer threepence-halfpenny a pot?——

Honeywood. Ah! the vulgar rogues; all will be out. (*Aside.*) Right, gentlemen, very right, upon my word, and quite to the purpose. They draw a parallel, madam, between the mental taste and that of our senses. We are injured as much by the French severity in the one, as by French rapacity in the other. That 's their meaning.

Miss Richland. Though I don't see the force of the parallel, yet I 'll own, that we should sometimes pardon books, as we do our friends, that have now and then agreeable absurdities to recommend them.

Bailiff. That 's all my eye. The King only can pardon, as the law says: for, set in case ——

Honeywood. I 'm quite of your opinion, sir. I see the whole drift of your argument. Yes, certainly, our presuming to pardon any work, is arrogating a power that belongs to another. If all have power to condemn, what writer can be free?

Bailiff. By his habus corpus. His habus corpus can set him free at any time: for, set in case——

Honeywood. I 'm obliged to you, sir, for the hint. If, madam, as my friend observes, our laws are so careful of a gentleman's person, sure we ought to be equally careful of his dearer part, his fame.

Follower. Ay, but if so be a man 's nabb'd, you know ——

Honeywood. Mr Flanigan, if you spoke for ever, you could not improve the last observation. For my own part, I think it conclusive.

Bailiff. As for the matter of that, mayhap——

Honeywood. Nay, sir, give me leave, in this instance, to be positive. For where is the necessity of censuring works without genius, which must shortly sink of themselves? what is it, but aiming an unnecessary blow against a victim already under the hands of justice?

Bailiff. Justice! Oh, by the elevens! if you talk about justice, I think I am at home there: for, in a course of law——

Honeywood. My dear Mr Twitch, I discern what you 'd be at perfectly; and I believe the lady must be sensible of the art

with which it is introduced. I suppose you perceive the meaning, madam, of his course of law.

Miss Richland. I protest, sir, I do not. I perceive only that you answer one gentleman before he has finished, and the other before he has well begun.

Bailiff. Madam, you are a gentlewoman, and I will make the matter out. This here question is about severity, and justice, and pardon, and the like of they. Now, to explain the thing——

Honeywood. Oh! curse your explanations! [*Aside.*

Enter Servant.

Servant. Mr Leontine, sir, below, desires to speak with you upon earnest business.

Honeywood. That 's lucky. (*Aside.*) Dear madam, you 'll excuse me and my good friends here, for a few minutes. There are books, madam, to amuse you, Come, gentlemen, you know I make no ceremony with such friends. After you, sir. Excuse me. Well, if I must. But I know your natural politeness.

Bailiff. Before and behind, you know.

Follower. Ay, ay, before and behind, before and behind.

[*Exeunt Honeywood, Bailiff, and Follower.*

Miss Richland. What can all this mean, Garnet?

Garnet. Mean, madam! why, what should it mean, but what Mr Lofty sent you here to see? These people he calls officers, are officers sure enough: sheriff's officers—bailiffs, madam.

Miss Richland. Ay, it is certainly so. Well, though his perplexities are far from giving me pleasure, yet I own there 's something very ridiculous in them, and a just punishment for his dissimulation.

Garnet. And so they are: but I wonder, madam, that the lawyer you just employed to pay his debts, and set him free, has not done it by this time. He ought at least to have been here before now. But lawyers are always more ready to get a man into troubles than out of them.

Enter Sir William.

Sir William. For Miss Richland to undertake setting him free, I own, was quite unexpected. It has totally unhinged my schemes to reclaim him. Yet it gives me pleasure to find, that among a number of worthless friendships, he has made

one acquisition of real value; for there must be some softer passion on her side, that prompts this generosity. Ha! here before me? I'll endeavour to sound her affections.—Madam, as I am the person that have had some demands upon the gentleman of this house, I hope you'll excuse me, if, before I enlarged him, I wanted to see yourself.

Miss Richland. The precaution was very unnecessary, sir. I suppose your wants were only such as my agent had power to satisfy.

Sir William. Partly, madam. But I was also willing you should be fully apprised of the character of the gentleman you intended to serve.

Miss Richland. It must come, sir, with a very ill grace from you. To censure it, after what you have done, would look like malice; and to speak favourably of a character you have oppressed, would be impeaching your own. And sure, his tenderness, his humanity, his universal friendship, may atone for many faults.

Sir William. That friendship, madam, which is exerted in too wide a sphere, becomes totally useless. Our bounty, like a drop of water, disappears when diffused too widely. They who pretend most to this universal benevolence, are either deceivers or dupes,—men who desire to cover their private ill-nature, by a pretended regard for all, or men who, reasoning themselves into false feelings, are more earnest in pursuit of splendid, than of useful virtues.

Miss Richland. I am surprised, sir, to hear one, who has probably been a gainer by the folly of others, so severe in his censure of it.

Sir William. Whatever I may have gained by folly, madam, you see I am willing to prevent your losing by it.

Miss Richland. Your cares for me, sir, are unnecessary. I always suspect those services which are denied where they are wanted, and offered, perhaps, in hopes of a refusal. No, sir, my directions have been given, and I insist upon their being complied with.

Sir William. Thou amiable woman! I can no longer contain the expressions of my gratitude—my pleasure. You see before you one who has been equally careful of his interest; one, who has for some time been a concealed spectator of his follies, and only punished in hopes to reclaim them,—his uncle!

Miss Richland. Sir William Honeywood! You amaze me. How shall I conceal my confusion? I fear, sir, you'll think I have been too forward in my services. I confess I——

Sir William. Don't make any apologies, madam. I only find myself unable to repay the obligation. And yet, I have been trying my interest of late to serve you. Having learned, madam, that you had some demands upon Government, I have, though unasked, been your solicitor there.

Miss Richland. Sir, I'm infinitely obliged to your intentions. But my guardian has employed another gentleman, who assures him of success.

Sir William. Who, the important little man that visits here? Trust me, madam, he's quite contemptible among men in power, and utterly unable to serve you. Mr Lofty's promises are much better known to people of fashion than his person, I assure you.

Miss Richland. How have we been deceived! As sure as can be, here he comes.

Sir William. Does he? Remember I'm to continue unknown. My return to England has not as yet been made public. With what impudence he enters!

Enter Lofty.

Lofty. Let the chariot—let my chariot drive off: I'll visit to his Grace's in a chair. Miss Richland here before me? Punctual, as usual, to the calls of humanity. I'm very sorry, madam, things of this kind should happen, especially to a man I have shewn every where, and carried amongst us as a particular acquaintance.

Miss Richland. I find, sir, you have the art of making the misfortunes of others your own.

Lofty. My dear madam, what can a private man like me do? One man can't do every thing; and then, I do so much in this way every day. Let me see—something considerable might be done for him by subscription; it could not fail if I carried the list. I'll undertake to set down a brace of dukes, two dozen lords, and half the lower house, at my own peril.

Sir William. And, after all, it's more than probable, sir, he might reject the offer of such powerful patronage.

Lofty. Then, madam, what can we do? You know I never make promises. In truth, I once or twice tried to do something with him in the way of business; but, as I often told his uncle, Sir William Honeywood, the man was utterly impracticable.

Sir William. His uncle! then that gentleman, I suppose, is a particular friend of yours.

Lofty. Meaning me, sir?—Yes, madam, as I often said, My dear Sir William, you are sensible I would do any thing, as far as my poor interest goes, to serve your family: but what can be done? there 's no procuring first-rate places for ninth-rate abilities.

Miss Richland. I have heard of Sir William Honeywood; he 's abroad in employment: he confided in your judgment, I suppose?

Lofty. Why, yes, madam, I believe Sir William had some reason to confide in my judgment—one little reason, perhaps.

Miss Richland. Pray, sir, what was it?

Lofty. Why, madam—but let it go no farther,—it was I procured him his place.

Sir William. Did you, sir?

Lofty. Either you or I, sir.

Miss Richland. This, Mr Lofty, was very kind indeed.

Lofty. I did love him, to be sure; he had some amusing qualities; no man was fitter to be a toast-master to a club, or had a better head.

Miss Richland. A better head?

Lofty. Ay, at a bottle. To be sure he was as dull as a choice spirit; but hang it, he was grateful, very grateful; and gratitude hides a multitude of faults.

Sir William. He might have reason, perhaps. His place is pretty considerable, I 'm told.

Lofty. A trifle, a mere trifle among us men of business. The truth is, he wanted dignity to fill up a greater.

Sir William. Dignity of person do you mean, sir? I 'm told he 's much about my size and figure, sir.

Lofty. Ay, tall enough for a marching regiment; but then he wanted a something—a consequence of form—a kind of a—I believe the lady perceives my meaning.

Miss Richland. Oh, perfectly! you courtiers can do any thing, I see.

Lofty. My dear madam, all this is but a mere exchange; we do greater things for one another every day. Why, as thus, now: Let me suppose you the first lord of the Treasury; you have an employment in you that I want—I have a place in me that you want; do me here, do you there: interest of both sides, few words, flat, done and done, and it 's over.

Sir William. A thought strikes me. (*Aside.*) Now you mention Sir William Honeywood, madam, and as he seems, sir, an acquaintance of yours, you 'll be glad to hear he is

arrived from Italy: I had it from a friend who knows him as well as he does me, and you may depend on my information.

Lofty. (*Aside.*) The devil he is! If I had known that, we should not have been quite so well acquainted.

Sir William. He is certainly returned; and as this gentleman is a friend of yours, he can be of signal service to us, by introducing me to him: there are some papers relative to your affairs that require despatch, and his inspection.

Miss Richland. This gentleman, Mr Lofty, is a person employed in my affairs—I know you 'll serve us.

Lofty. My dear madam, I live but to serve you. Sir William shall even wait upon him, if you think proper to command it.

Sir William. That would be quite unnecessary.

Lofty. Well, we must introduce you then. Call upon me—let me see—ay, in two days.

Sir William. Now, or the opportunity will be lost for ever.

Lofty, Well, if it must be now, now let it be; but, damn it, that 's unfortunate: my Lord Grig's cursed Pensacola business comes on this very hour, and I 'm engaged to attend—another time——

Sir William. A short letter to Sir William will do.

Lofty. You shall have it; yet, in my opinion, a letter is a very bad way of going to work; face to face, that 's my way.

Sir William. The letter, sir, will do quite as well.

Lofty. Zounds! sir, do you pretend to direct me? direct me in the business of office? Do you know me, sir? who am I?

Miss Richland. Dear Mr Lofty, this request is not so much his as mine; if my commands—but you despise my power.

Lofty. Delicate creature! your commands could even control a debate at midnight: to a power so constitutional, I am all obedience and tranquillity. He shall have a letter: where is my secretary? Dubardieu! And yet, I protest, I don 't like this way of doing business. I think if I spoke first to Sir William—but you will have it so.

[*Exit with Miss Richland.*

Sir William. (*Alone.*) Ha! ha! ha! This too is one of my nephew 's hopeful associates. O vanity! thou constant deceiver, how do all thy efforts to exalt serve but to sink us! Thy false colourings, like those employed to heighten beauty, only seem to mend that bloom which they contribute to destroy. I 'm not displeased at this interview: exposing this fellow 's impudence to the contempt it deserves, may be

of use to my design; at least, if he can reflect, it will be of use to himself.

Enter Jarvis.

How now, Jarvis, where 's your master, my nephew?

Jarvis. At his wit 's end, I believe: he 's scarce gotten out of one scrape, but he 's running his head into another.

Sir William. How so?

Jarvis. The house has but just been cleared of the bailiffs, and now he 's again engaging, tooth and nail, in assisting old Croaker's son to patch up a clandestine match with the young lady that passes in the house for his sister.

Sir William. Ever busy to serve others.

Jarvis. Ay, any body but himself. The young couple, it seems, are just setting out for Scotland; and he supplies them with money for the journey.

Sir William. Money! how is he able to supply others, who has scarce any for himself?

Jarvis. Why, there it is: he has no money, that 's true; but then, as he never said *No* to any request in his life, he has given them a bill, drawn by a friend of his upon a merchant in the city, which I am to get changed; for you must know that I am to go with them to Scotland myself.

Sir William. How?

Jarvis. It seems the young gentleman is obliged to take a different road from his mistress, as he is to call upon an uncle of his that lives out of the way, in order to prepare a place for their reception when they return; so they have borrowed me from my master, as the properest person to attend the young lady down.

Sir William. To the land of matrimony! A pleasant journey, Jarvis.

Jarvis. Ay, but I 'm only to have all the fatigues on 't.

Sir William. Well, it may be shorter, and less fatiguing, than you imagine. I know but too much of the young lady 's family and connections, whom I have seen abroad. I have also discovered that Miss Richland is not indifferent to my thoughtless nephew; and will endeavour, though I fear in vain, to establish that connection. But, come, the letter I wait for must be almost finished; I 'll let you farther into my intentions in the next room. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE—CROAKER'S HOUSE.

Enter Lofty.

Lofty. Well, sure the devil's in me of late, for running my head into such defiles, as nothing but a genius like my own could draw me from. I was formerly contented to husband out my places and pensions with some degree of frugality; but curse it, of late I have given away the whole Court Register in less time than they could print the title page: yet, hang it, why scruple a lie or two to come at a fine girl, when I every day tell a thousand for nothing. Ha! Honeywood here before me. Could Miss Richland have set him at liberty?

Enter Honeywood.

Mr Honeywood, I'm glad to see you abroad again. I find my concurrence was not necessary in your unfortunate affairs. I had put things in a train to do your business; but it is not for me to say what I intended doing.

Honeywood. It was unfortunate, indeed, sir. But what adds to my uneasiness is, that while you seem to be acquainted with my misfortune, I myself continue still a stranger to my benefactor.

Lofty. How! not know the friend that served you?

Honeywood. Can't guess at the person.

Lofty. Inquire.

Honeywood. I have; but all I can learn is, that he chooses to remain concealed, and that all inquiry must be fruitless.

Lofty. Must be fruitless?

Honeywood. Absolutely fruitless.

Lofty. Sure of that?

Honeywood. Very sure.

Lofty. Then I'll be damn'd if you shall ever know it from me.

Honeywood. How, sir?

Lofty. I suppose now, Mr Honeywood, you think my rent-roll very considerable, and that I have vast sums of money to throw away; I know you do. The world, to be sure, says such things of me.

Honeywood. The world, by what I learn, is no stranger to your generosity. But where does this tend?

Lofty. To nothing—nothing in the world. The town, to be sure, when it makes such a thing as me the subject of conversation, has asserted, that I never yet patronized a man of merit.

Honeywood. I have heard instances to the contrary even from yourself.

Lofty. Yes, Honeywood; and there are instances to the contrary, that you shall never hear from myself.

Honeywood. Ha! dear sir, permit me to ask you but one question.

Lofty. Sir, ask me no questions; I say, sir, ask me no questions; I'll be damn'd if I answer them.

Honeywood. I will ask no farther. My friend! my benefactor! it is, it must be here, that I am indebted for freedom—for honour. Yes, thou worthiest of men, from the beginning I suspected it, but was afraid to return thanks; which, if undeserved, might seem reproaches.

Lofty. I protest I do not understand all this, Mr Honeywood: you treat me very cavalierly. I do assure you, sir—Blood, sir, can't a man be permitted to enjoy the luxury of his own feelings, without all this parade?

Honeywood. Nay, do not attempt to conceal an action that adds to your honour. Your looks, your air, your manner, all confess it.

Lofty. Confess it, sir! torture itself, sir, shall never bring me to confess it. Mr Honeywood, I have admitted you upon terms of friendship. Don't let us fall out; make me happy, and let this be buried in oblivion. You know I hate ostentation; you know I do. Come, come, Honeywood, you know I always loved to be a friend, and not a patron. I beg this may make no kind of distance between us. Come, come, you and I must be more familiar—indeed we must.

Honeywood. Heavens! Can I ever repay such friendship? Is there any way? Thou best of men, can I ever return the obligation?

Lofty. A bagatelle, a mere bagatelle! But I see your heart is labouring to be grateful. You shall be grateful. It would be cruel to disappoint you.

Honeywood. How? teach me the manner. Is there any way?

Lofty. From this moment you're mine. Yes, my friend, you shall know it—I'm in love.

Honeywood. And can I assist you?

Lofty. Nobody so well.

Honeywood. In what manner? I'm all impatience.

Lofty. You shall make love for me.

Honeywood. And to whom shall I speak in your favour?

Lofty. To a lady with whom you have great interest, I assure you: Miss Richland.

Honeywood. Miss Richland!

Lofty. Yes, Miss Richland, She has struck the blow up to the hilt in my bosom, by Jupiter!

Honeywood. Heavens! was ever any thing more unfortunate? It is too much to be endured.

Lofty. Unfortunate, indeed! And yet I can endure it, till you have opened the affair to her for me. Between ourselves, I think she likes me. I'm not apt to boast, but I think she does.

Honeywood. Indeed! But, do you know the person you apply to?

Lofty. Yes, I know you are her friend and mine: that's enough. To you, therefore, I commit the success of my passion. I'll say no more, let friendship do the rest. I have only to add, that if at any time my little interest can be of service—but, hang it, I'll make no promises: you know my interest is yours at any time. No apologies, my friend, I'll not be answered; it shall be so. [*Exit.*

Honeywood. Open, generous, unsuspecting man! He little thinks that I love her too; and with such an ardent passion! But then it was ever but a vain and hopeless one; my torment, my persecution! What shall I do? Love, friendship; a hopeless passion, a deserving friend! Love that has been my tormentor; a friend, that has perhaps distressed himself to serve me. It shall be so. Yes, I will discard the fondling hope from my bosom, and exert all my influence in his favour. And yet to see her in the possession of another!—Insupportable! But then to betray a generous, trusting friend!—Worse, worse! Yes, I'm resolved. Let me but be the instrument of their happiness, and then quit a country, where I must for ever despair of finding my own. [*Exit.*

Enter Olivia and Garnet, who carries a milliner's box.

Olivia. Dear me, I wish this journey were over. No news of Jarvis yet? I believe the old peevish creature delays purely to vex me.

Garnet. Why, to be sure, madam, I did hear him say, a little snubbing before marriage would teach you to bear it the better afterwards.

Olivia. To be gone a full hour, though he had only to get a bill changed in the city! How provoking!

Garnet. I'll lay my life, Mr Leontine, that had twice as much to do, is setting off by this time from his inn: and here you are left behind.

Olivia. Well, let us be prepared for his coming, however. Are you sure you have omitted nothing, Garnet?

Garnet. Not a stick, madam; all's here. Yet I wish you could take the white and silver to be married in. It's the worst luck in the world in any thing but white. I knew one Bett Stubbs, of our town, that was married in red; and, as sure as eggs is eggs, the bridegroom and she had a miff before morning.

Olivia. No matter, I'm all impatience till we are out of the house.

Garnet. Bless me, madam, I had almost forgot the wedding ring! The sweet little thing. I don't think it would go on my little finger. And what if I put in a gentleman's night-cap, in case of necessity, madam?—But here's Jarvis.

Enter Jarvis.

Olivia. O Jarvis, are you come at last! We have been ready this half hour. Now let's be going. Let us fly!

Jarvis. Ay, to Jericho; for we shall have no going to Scotland this bout, I fancy.

Olivia. How! what's the matter?

Jarvis. Money, money is the matter, madam. We have got no money. What the plague do you send me of your fool's errand for? My master's bill upon the city is not worth a rush. Here it is; Mrs Garnet may pin up her hair with it.

Olivia. Undone! How could Honeywood serve us so? What shall we do? Can't we go without it?

Jarvis. Go to Scotland without money! To Scotland without money! Lord, how some people understand geography! We might as well set sail for Patagonia upon a cork-jacket.

Olivia. Such a disappointment! What a base insincere man was your master, to serve us in this manner! Is this his good-nature?

Jarvis. Nay, don't talk ill of my master, madam; I won't bear to hear any body talk ill of him but myself.

Garnet. Bless us! now I think on't, madam, you need not be under any uneasiness: I saw Mr Leontine receive forty guineas from his father just before he set out, and he can't yet have left the inn. A short letter will reach him there.

Olivia. Well remembered, Garnet; I'll write immediately. How's this! Bless me, my hand trembles so, I can't write a word. Do you write, Garnet; and, upon second thought, it will be better from you.

Garnet. Truly, madam, I write and indite but poorly. I never was cute at my learning. But I'll do what I can to please you. Let me see. All out of my own head, I suppose?

Olivia. Whatever you please.

Garnet. (*Writing.*) "Muster Croaker"—Twenty guineas, madam?

Olivia. Ay, twenty will do.

Garnet. "At the bar of the Talbot till called for.—Expedition—Will be blown up—All of a flame—Quick despatch—Cupid, the little god of love."—I conclude it, madam, with Cupid: I love to see a love-letter end like poetry.

Olivia. Well, well, what you please, any thing. But how shall we send it? I can trust none of the servants of this family.

Garnet. Odso, madam, Mr Honeywood's butler is in the next room: he's a dear, sweet man; he'll do any thing for me.

Jarvis. He! the dog, he'll certainly commit some blunder. He's drunk and sober ten times a-day.

Olivia. No matter. Fly, Garnet: any body we can trust will do. [*Exit Garnet.*] Well, Jarvis, now we can have nothing more to interrupt us; you may take up the things, and carry them on to the inn. Have you no hands, Jarvis?

Jarvis. Soft and fair, young lady. You that are going to be married think things can never be done too fast; but we, that are old, and know what we are about, must elope methodically, madam.

Olivia. Well, sure, if my indiscretions were to be done over again——

Jarvis. My life for it, you would do them ten times over.

Olivia. Why will you talk so? If you knew how unhappy they make me——

Jarvis. Very unhappy, no doubt: I was once just as unhappy when I was going to be married myself. I'll tell you a story about that——

Olivia. A story! when I am all impatience to be away. Was there ever such a dilatory creature!

Jarvis. Well, madam, if we must march, why we will march, that 's all. Though, odds-bobs, we have still forgot one thing we should never travel without,—a case of good razors, and a box of shaving powder. But no matter, I believe we shall be pretty well shaved by the way. [*Going.*

Enter Garnet.

Garnet. Undone, undone, madam. Ah, Mr Jarvis, you said right enough. As sure as death, Mr Honeywood's rogue of a drunken butler dropped the letter before he went ten yards from the door. There 's old Croaker has just picked it up, and is this moment reading it to himself in the hall.

Olivia. Unfortunate! we shall be discovered.

Garnet. No, madam; don't be uneasy, he can make neither head nor tail of it. To be sure he looks as if he was broke loose from Bedlam, about it, but he can't find what it means for all that. O lud, he is coming this way all in the horrors!

Olivia. Then let us leave the house this instant, for fear he should ask farther questions. In the meantime, Garnet, do you write and send off just such another. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Croaker.

Croaker. Death and destruction! Are all the horrors of air, fire, and water, to be levelled only at me? Am I only to be singled out for gunpowder plots, combustibles, and conflagration? Here it is—An incendiary letter dropped at my door. "To Muster Croaker, these with speed." Ay, ay, plain enough the direction: all in the genuine incendiary spelling, and as cramp as the devil. "With speed." Oh, confound your speed! But let me read it once more. (*Reads.*) "Muster Croaker, as sone as yowe see this, leve twenty gunnes at the bar of the Talboot tell caled for, or yowe and yower experetion will be al blown up." Ah, but too plain! Blood and gunpowder in every line of it. Blown up! murderous dog! All blown up! Heavens! what have I and my poor family done, to be all blown up? (*Reads.*) "Our pockets are low, and money we must have." Ay, there 's the reason; they 'll blow us up, because they have got low pockets. (*Reads.*) "It is but a short time you have to consider; for if this takes wind, the house will quickly be all of a flame." Inhuman monsters! blow us up, and then burn us! The earthquake at Lisbon was but a bonfire to it. (*Reads.*)

" Make quick despatch, and so no more at present. But may Cupid, the little god of love, go with you wherever you go." The little god of love! Cupid, the little god of love, go with me!—Go you to the devil, you and your little Cupid together. I'm so frightened, I scarce know whether I sit, stand, or go. Perhaps this moment I 'm treading on lighted matches, blazing brimstone, and barrels of gunpowder. They are preparing to blow me up into the clouds. Murder! We shall be all burnt in our beds; we shall be all burnt in our beds!

Enter Miss Richland.

Miss Richland. Lord, sir, what 's the matter?

Croaker. Murder 's the matter. We shall be all blown up in our beds before morning.

Miss Richland. I hope not, sir.

Croaker. What signifies what you hope, madam, when I have a certificate of it here in my hand? Will nothing alarm my family? Sleeping and eating—sleeping and eating is the only work from morning till night in my house. My insensible crew could sleep though rocked by an earthquake, and fry beef-steaks at a volcano.

Miss Richland. But, sir, you have alarmed them so often already; we have nothing but earthquakes, famines, plagues, and mad dogs, from year's end to year's end. You remember, sir, it is not above a month ago, you assured us of a conspiracy among the bakers to poison us in our bread; and so kept the whole family a week upon potatoes.

Croaker. And potatoes were too good for them. But why do I stand talking here with a girl, when I should be facing the enemy without? Here, John, Nicodemus, search the house. Look into the cellars, to see if there be any combustibles below; and above, in the apartments, that no matches be thrown in at the windows. Let all the fires be put out, and let the engine be drawn out in the yard, to play upon the house in case of necessity. [*Exit.*

Miss Richland. (*Alone.*) What can he mean by all this? Yet why should I inquire, when he alarms us in this manner almost every day. But Honeywood has desired an interview with me in private. What can he mean? or rather, what means this palpitation at his approach? It is the first time he ever shewed any thing in his conduct that seemed particular. Sure he cannot mean to—but he 's here.

Enter Honeywood.

Honeywood. I presumed to solicit this interview, madam, before I left town, to be permitted——

Miss Richland. Indeed! leaving town, sir?

Honeywood. Yes, madam; perhaps the kingdom. I have presumed, I say, to desire the favour of this interview, in order to disclose something which our long friendship prompts. And yet my fears——

Miss Richland. His fears! what are his fears to mine! (*Aside.*) We have, indeed, been long acquainted, sir; very long. If I remember, our first meeting was at the French ambassador's. Do you recollect how you were pleased to rally me upon my complexion there?

Honeywood. Perfectly, madam: I presumed to reprove you for painting; but your warmer blushes soon convinced the company that the colouring was all from nature.

Miss Richland. And yet you only meant it in your good-natured way, to make me pay a compliment to myself. In the same manner, you danced that night with the most awkward woman in company, because you saw nobody else would take her out.

Honeywood. Yes; and was rewarded the next night, by dancing with the finest woman in company, whom every body wished to take out.

Miss Richland. Well, sir, if you thought so then, I fear your judgment has since corrected the errors of a first impression. We generally shew to most advantage at first. Our sex are like poor tradesmen, that put all their best goods to be seen at the windows.

Honeywood. The first impression, madam, did indeed deceive me. I expected to find a woman with all the faults of conscious flattered beauty: I expected to find her vain and insolent. But every day has since taught me, that it is possible to possess sense without pride, and beauty without affectation.

Miss Richland. This, sir, is a style very unusual with Mr Honeywood; and I should be glad to know why he thus attempts to increase that vanity, which his own lessons have taught me to despise.

Honeywood. I ask pardon, madam. Yet, from our long friendship, I presumed I might have some right to offer, without offence, what you may refuse without offending.

Miss Richland. Sir! I beg you 'd reflect: though I fear, I shall scarce have any power to refuse a request of yours, yet you may be precipitate: consider, sir.

Honeywood. I own my rashness; but as I plead the cause of friendship, of one who loves—don 't be alarmed, madam—who loves you with the most ardent passion, whose whole happiness is placed in you——

Miss Richland. I fear, sir, I shall never find whom you mean, by this description of him.

Honeywood. Ah, madam, it but too plainly points him out; though he should be too humble himself to urge his pretensions, or you too modest to understand them.

Miss Richland. Well, it would be affectation any longer to pretend ignorance; and I will own, sir, I have long been prejudiced in his favour. It was but natural to wish to make his heart mine, as he seemed himself ignorant of its value.

Honeywood. I see she always loved him. (*Aside.*) I find, madam, you 're already sensible of his worth, his passion. How happy is my friend to be the favourite of one with such sense to distinguish merit, and such beauty to reward it!

Miss Richland. Your friend, sir! what friend?

Honeywood. My best friend—my friend Mr Lofty, madam.

Miss Richland. He, sir?

Honeywood. Yes, he, madam. He is, indeed, what your warmest wishes might have formed him; and to his other qualities he adds that of the most passionate regard for you.

Miss Richland. Amazement!—No more of this, I beg you, sir.

Honeywood. I see your confusion, madam, and know how to interpret it. And, since I so plainly read the language of your heart, shall I make my friend happy, by communicating your sentiments?

Miss Richland. By no means.

Honeywood. Excuse me, I must; I know you desire it.

Miss Richland. Mr Honeywood, let me tell you, that you wrong my sentiments and yourself. When I first applied to your friendship, I expected advice and assistance; but now sir, I see that it is in vain to expect happiness from him, who has been so bad an economist of his own; and that I must disclaim his friendship who ceases to be a friend to himself.

[*Exit.*

Honeywood. How is this! she has confessed she loved him, and yet she seemed to part in displeasure. Can I have done any thing to reproach myself with? No; I believe not: yet,

after all, these things should not be done by a third person: I should have spared her confusion. My friendship carried me a little too far.

Enter Croaker, with the letter in his hand, and Mrs Croaker.

Mrs Croaker. Ha! ha! ha! And so, my dear, it 's your supreme wish that I should be quite wretched upon this occasion? Ha! ha!

Croaker. (*Mimicking.*) Ha! ha! ha! And so, my dear, it 's your supreme pleasure to give me no better consolation?

Mrs Croaker. Positively, my dear; what is this incendiary stuff and trumpery to me? Our house may travel through the air like the house of Loretto, for aught I care, if I am to be miserable in it.

Croaker. Would to Heaven it were converted into a house of correction for your benefit. Have we not every thing to alarm us? Perhaps this very moment the tragedy is beginning.

Mrs Croaker. Then let us reserve our distress till the rising of the curtain, or give them the money they want, and have done with them.

Croaker. Give them my money!—And pray, what right have they to my money?

Mrs Croaker. And pray, what right, then, have you to my good-humour?

Croaker. And so your good-humour advises me to part with my money? Why, then, to tell your good-humour a piece of my mind, I 'd sooner part with my wife. Here 's Mr Honeywood, see what he 'll say to it. My dear Honeywood, look at this incendiary letter dropped at my door. It will freeze you with terror; and yet lovey here can read it—can read it, and laugh.

Mrs Croaker. Yes, and so will Mr Honeywood.

Croaker. If he does, I 'll suffer to be hanged the next minute in the rogue's place, that 's all.

Mrs Croaker. Speak, Mr Honeywood; is there any thing more foolish than my husband's fright upon this occasion?

Honeywood. It would not become me to decide, madam; but, doubtless, the greatness of his terrors now will but invite them to renew their villainy another time.

Mrs Croaker. I told you, he 'd be of my opinion.

Croaker. How, sir! Do you maintain that I should lie down

under such an injury, and shew, neither by my fears nor complaints, that I have something of the spirit of a man in me?

Honeywood. Pardon me, sir. You ought to make the loudest complaints, if you desire redress. The surest way to have redress, is to be earnest in the pursuit of it.

Croaker. Ay, whose opinion is he of now?

Mrs Croaker. But don't you think that laughing off our fears is the best way?

Honeywood. What is the best, madam, few can say; but I'll maintain it to be a very wise way.

Croaker. But we're talking of the best. Surely the best way is to face the enemy in the field, and not wait till he plunders us in our very bed-chamber.

Honeywood. Why, sir, as to the best, that—that's a very wise way too.

Mrs Croaker. But can any thing be more absurd, than to double our distresses by our apprehensions, and put it in the power of every low fellow, that can scrawl ten words of wretched spelling, to torment us?

Honeywood. Without doubt, nothing more absurd.

Croaker. How! would it not be more absurd to despise the rattle till we are bit by the snake?

Honeywood. Without doubt, perfectly absurd.

Croaker. Then you are of my opinion.

Honeywood. Entirely.

Mrs Croaker. And you reject mine?

Honeywood. Heavens forbid, madam! No, sure no reasoning can be more just than yours. We ought certainly to despise malice if we cannot oppose it, and not make the incendiary's pen as fatal to our repose as the highwayman's pistol.

Mrs Croaker. Oh, then you think I'm quite right?

Honeywood. Perfectly right.

Croaker. A plague of plagues, we can't be both right. I ought to be sorry, or I ought to be glad. My hat must be on my head, or my hat must be off.

Mrs Croaker. Certainly, in two opposite opinions, if one be perfectly reasonable, the other can't be perfetly right.

Honeywood. And why may not both be right, madam? Mr Croaker in earnestly seeking redress, and you in waiting the event with good humour? Pray, let me see the letter again. I have it. This letter requires twenty guineas to be left at the bar of the Talbot Inn. If it be indeed an incendiary letter, what if you and I, sir, go there; and when the writer comes to be paid his expected booty, seize him?

Croaker. My dear friend, it's the very thing—the very thing. While I walk by the door, you shall plant yourself in ambush near the bar; burst out upon the miscreant like a masked battery; extort a confession at once, and so hang him up by surprise.

Honeywood. Yes, but I would not choose to exercise too much severity. It is my maxim, sir, that crimes generally punish themselves.

Croaker. Well, but we may upbraid him a little, I suppose? (*Ironically.*)

Honeywood. Ay, but not punish him too rigidly,

Croaker. Well, well, leave that to my own benevolence.

Honeywood. Well, I do; but remember that universal benevolence is the first law of nature.

[*Exeunt Honeywood and Mrs Croaker.*

Croaker. Yes; and my universal benevolence will hang the dog, if he had as many necks as a hydra.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE—AN INN.

Enter Olivia and Jarvis.

Olivia. Well, we have got safe to the inn, however. Now, if the post-chaise were ready——

Jarvis. The horses are just finishing their oats; and, as they are not going to be married, they choose to take their own time.

Olivia. You are for ever giving wrong motives to my impatience.

Jarvis. Be as impatient as you will, the horses must take their own time; besides, you don't consider we have got no answer from our fellow-traveller yet. If we hear nothing from Mr Leontine, we have only one way left us.

Olivia. What way?

Jarvis. The way home again.

Olivia. Not so. I have made a resolution to go, and nothing shall induce me to break it.

Jarvis. Ay; resolutions are well kept, when they jump with inclination. However, I'll go hasten things without. And I'll call, too, at the bar to see if any thing should be left for

us there. Don't be in such a plaguy hurry, madam, and we shall go the faster, I promise you. [*Exit Jarvis.*

Enter Landlady.

Landlady. What! Solomon, why don't you move? Pipes and tobacco for the Lamb there. Will nobody answer? To the Dolphin; quick. The Angel has been outrageous this half hour. Did your ladyship call, madam.

Olivia. No, madam.

Landlady. I find as you are for Scotland, madam—But that's no business of mine; married, or not married, I ask no questions. To be sure we had a sweet little couple set off from this two days ago for the same place. The gentleman, for a tailor, was, to be sure, as fine a spoken tailor as ever blew froth from a full pot. And the young lady so bashful, it was near half an hour before we could get her to finish a pint of raspberry between us.

Olivia. But this gentleman and I are not going to be married, I assure you.

Landlady. May be not. That's no business of mine: for certain Scotch marriages seldom turn out well. There was, of my own knowledge, Miss Macfag, that married her father's footman. Alack-a-day, she and her husband soon parted, and now keep separate cellars in Hedge-Lane.

Olivia. (*Aside.*) A very pretty picture of what lies before me!

Enter Leontine.

Leontine. My dear Olivia, my anxiety, till you were out of danger, was too great to be resisted. I could not help coming to see you set out, though it exposes us to a discovery.

Olivia. May every thing you do prove as fortunate. Indeed, Leontine, we have been most cruelly disappointed. Mr Honeywood's bill upon the city has, it seems, been protested, and we have been utterly at a loss how to proceed.

Leontine. How! an offer of his own too! Sure he could not mean to deceive us?

Olivia. Depend upon his sincerity; he only mistook the desire for the power of serving us. But let us think no more of it. I believe the post-chaise is ready by this.

Landlady. Not quite yet; and begging your ladyship's pardon, I don't think your ladyship quite ready for the post-

chaise. The north road is a cold place, madam. I have a drop in the house of as pretty raspberry as ever was tipt over tongue. Just a thimble-full to keep the wind off your stomach. To be sure, the last couple we had here, they said it was a perfect nosegay. Ecod, I sent them both away as good-natured —Up went the blinds, round went the wheels, and Drive away, post-boy! was the word.

Enter Croaker.

Croaker. Well, while my friend Honeywood is upon the post of danger at the bar, it must be my business to have an eye about me here. I think I know an incendiary's look; for wherever the devil makes a purchase, he never fails to set his mark. Ha! who have we here? My son and daughter! What can they be doing here?

Landlady. I tell you, madam, it will do you good; I think I know by this time what 's good for the north road. It 's a raw night, madam.— Sir——

Leontine. Not a drop more, good madam. I should now take it as a greater favour, if you hasten the horses, for I am afraid to be seen myself.

Landlady. That shall be done. Wha, Solomon! are you all dead there? Wha, Solomon, I say! [*Exit, bawling.*

Olivia. Well, I dread lest an expedition begun in fear, should end in repentance. Every moment we stay increases our danger, and adds to my apprehensions.

Leontine. There 's no danger, trust me, my dear; there can be none. If Honeywood has acted with honour, and kept my father, as he promised, in employment till we are out of danger, nothing can interrupt our journey.

Olivia. I have no doubt of Mr Honeywood's sincerity, and even his desire to serve us. My fears are from your father's suspicions. A mind so disposed to be alarmed without a cause, will be but too ready when there 's a reason.

Leontine. Why, let him, when we are out of his power. But believe me, Olivia, you have no great reason to dread his resentment. His repining temper, as it does no manner of injury to himself, so will it never do harm to others. He only frets to keep himself employed, and scolds for his private amusement.

Olivia. I don't know that; but I 'm sure, on some occasions, it makes him look most shockingly.

Croaker, discovering himself.

Croaker. How does he look now?—How does he look now?

Olivia. Ah!

Leontine. Undone!

Croaker. How do I look now? Sir, I am your very humble servant. Madam, I am yours! What! you are going off, are you? Then, first, if you please, take a word or two from me with you before you go. Tell me first where you are going; and when you have told me that, perhaps I shall know as little as I did before.

Leontine. If that be so, our answer might but increase your displeasure, without adding to your information.

Croaker. I want no information from you, puppy: and you too, good madam, what answer have you got? Eh! (*A cry without, Stop him.*) I think I heard a noise. My friend Honeywood without—has he seized the incendiary? Ah, no, for now I hear no more on 't.

Leontine. Honeywood without! Then, sir, it was Mr Honeywood that directed you hither?

Croaker. No, sir, it was Mr Honeywood conducted me hither.

Leontine. Is it possible?

Croaker. Possible! Why, he 's in the house now, sir; more anxious about me than my own son, sir.

Leontine. Then, sir, he 's a villain.

Croaker. How, sirrah! a villain, because he takes most care of your father? I 'll not bear it. I tell you, I'll not bear it. Honeywood is a friend to the family, and I 'll have him treated as such.

Leontine. I shall study to repay his friendship as it deserves.

Croaker. Ah, rogue, if you knew how earnestly he entered into my griefs, and pointed out the means to detect them, you would love him as I do. (*A cry without, Stop him.*) Fire and fury! they have seized the incendiary: they have the villain, the incendiary in view. Stop him! stop an incendiary! a murderer! stop him! [*Exit.*

Olivia. Oh, my terrors! What can this tumult mean?

Leontine. Some new mark, I suppose, of Mr Honeywood's sincerity. But we shall have satisfaction: he shall give me instant satisfaction.

Olivia. It must not be, my Leontine, if you value my esteem or my happiness. Whatever be our fate, let us not add guilt

to our misfortunes: consider that our innocence will shortly be all that we have left us. You must forgive him.

Leontine. Forgive him! Has he not in every instance betrayed us? Forced to borrow money from him, which appears a mere trick to delay us; promised to keep my father engaged till we were out of danger, and here brought him to the very scene of our escape?

Olivia. Don't be precipitate. We may yet be mistaken.

Enter Postboy, dragging in Jarvis; Honeywood entering soon after.

Postboy. Ay, master, we have him fast enough. Here is the incendiary dog. I'm entitled to the reward; I'll take my oath I saw him ask for the money at the bar, and then run for it.

Honeywood. Come, bring him along. Let us see him. Let him learn to blush for his crimes. (*Discovering his mistake.*) Death! what's here? Jarvis, Leontine, Olivia! What can all this mean?

Jarvis. Why, I'll tell you what it means: that I was an old fool, and that you are my master—that's all.

Honeywood. Confusion!

Leontine. Yes, sir, I find you have kept your word with me. After such baseness, I wonder how you can venture to see the man you have injured?

Honeywood. My dear Leontine, by my life, my honour——

Leontine. Peace, peace, for shame; and do not continue to aggravate baseness by hypocrisy. I know you, sir, I know you.

Honeywood. Why won't you hear me? By all that's just, I knew not——

Leontine. Hear you, sir! to what purpose? I now see through all your low arts; your ever complying with every opinion; your never refusing any request: your friendship's as common as a prostitute's favours, and as fallacious; all these, sir, have long been contemptible to the world, and are now perfectly so to me.

Honeywood. Ha! contemptible to the world! that reaches me. [*Aside.*

Leontine. All the seeming sincerity of your professions, I now find were only allurements to betray; and all your seeming regret for their consequences, only calculated to cover the cowardice of your heart. Draw, villain!

Enter Croaker, out of breath.

Croaker. Where is the villain? Where is the incendiary? (*Seizing the Postboy.*) Hold him fast, the dog: he has the gallows in his face. Come, you dog, confess; confess all, and hang yourself.

Postboy. Zounds! master, what do you throttle me for?

Croaker. (*Beating him.*) Dog, do you resist? do you resist?

Postboy. Zounds! master, I'm not he; there's the man that we thought was the rogue, and turns out to be one of the company.

Croaker. How!

Honeywood. Mr Croaker, we have all been under a strange mistake here; I find there is nobody guilty; it was all an error—entirely an error of our own.

Croaker. And I say, sir, that you're in an error; for there's guilt and double guilt, a plot, a damned jesuitical, pestilential plot, and I must have proof of it.

Honeywood. Do but hear me.

Croaker. What! you intend to bring 'em off, I suppose? I'll hear nothing.

Honeywood. Madam, you seem at least calm enough to hear reason.

Olivia. Excuse me.

Honeywood. Good Jarvis, let me then explain it to you.

Jarvis. What signifies explanations when the thing is done?

Honeywood. Will nobody hear me? Was there ever such a set, so blinded by passion and prejudice? (*To the Postboy.*) My good friend, I believe you'll be surprised when I assure you ——

Postboy. Sure me nothing—I'm sure of nothing but a good beating.

Croaker. Come then you, madam, if you ever hope for any favour or forgiveness, tell me sincerely all you know of this affair.

Olivia. Unhappily, sir, I'm but too much the cause of your suspicions: You see before you, sir, one that, with false pretences, has stept into your family to betray it; not your daughter ——

Croaker. Not my daughter!

Olivia. Not your daughter—but a mean deceiver—who—support me, I cannot ——

Honeywood. Help, she's going; give her air.

Croaker. Ay, ay, take the young woman to the air; I would not hurt a hair of her head, whose ever daughter she may be —not so bad as that neither. [*Exeunt all but Croaker.*

Yes, yes, all's out; I now see the whole affair: my son is either married, or going to be so, to this lady, whom he imposed upon me as his sister. Ay, certainly so; and yet I don't find it afflicts me so much as one might think. There's the advantage of fretting away our misfortunes beforehand,—we never feel them when they come.

Enter Miss Richland and Sir William.

Sir William. But how do you know, madam, that my nepnew intends setting off from this place?

Miss Richland. My maid assured me he was come to this inn, and my own knowledge of his intending to leave the kingdom, suggested the rest. But what do I see? my guardian here before us! Who, my dear sir, could have expected meeting you here? To what accident do we owe this pleasure?

Croaker. To a fool, I believe.

Miss Richland. But to what purpose did you come?

Croaker. To play the fool.

Miss Richland. But with whom?

Croaker. With greater fools than myself.

Miss Richland. Explain.

Croaker. Why, Mr Honeywood brought me here, to do nothing now I am here; and my son is going to be married to I don't know who, that is here: so now you are as wise as I am.

Miss Richland. Married! to whom, sir?

Croaker. To Olivia, my daughter, as I took her to be; but who the devil she is, or whose daughter she is, I know no more than the man in the moon.

Sir William. Then, sir, I can inform you; and, though a stranger, yet you shall find me a friend to your family. It will be enough, at present, to assure you, that both in point of birth and fortune, the young lady is at least your son's equal. Being left by her father, Sir James Woodville ——

Croaker. Sir James Woodville! What! of the West?

Sir William. Being left by him, I say, to the care of a mercenary wretch, whose only aim was to secure her fortune to himself, she was sent to France, under pretence of education; and there every art was tried to fix her for life in a convent, contrary to her inclinations. Of this I was informed upon

my arrival at Paris; and, as I had been once her father's friend, I did all in my power to frustrate her guardian 's base intentions. I had even meditated to rescue her from his authority, when your son stept in with more pleasing violence, gave her liberty, and you a daughter.

Croaker. But I intend to have a daughter of my own choosing, sir. A young lady, sir, whose fortune, by my interest with those that have interest, will be double what my son has a right to expect. Do you know Mr Lofty, sir?

Sir William. Yes, sir; and know that you are deceived in him. But step this way, and I 'll convince you.

[*Croaker and Sir William seem to confer.*

Enter Honeywood.

Honeywood. Obstinate man, still to persist in his outrage! Insulted by him, despised by all, I now begin to grow contemptible even to myself. How have I sunk, by too great an assiduity to please! How have I overtaxed all my abilities, lest the approbation of a single fool should escape me! But all is now over: I have survived my reputation, my fortune, my friendships, and nothing remains henceforward for me but solitude and repentance.

Miss Richland. Is it true, Mr Honeywood, that you are setting off, without taking leave of your friends? The report is, that you are quitting England: Can it be?

Honeywood. Yes, madam; and though I am so unhappy as to have fallen under your displeasure, yet, thank Heaven! I leave you to happiness — to one who loves you, and deserves your love — to one who has power to procure you affluence, and generosity to improve your enjoyment of it.

Miss Richland. And are you sure, sir, that the gentleman you mean is what you describe him?

Honeywood. I have the best assurances of it, — his serving me. He does indeed deserve the highest happiness, and that is in your power to confer. As for me, weak and wavering as I have been, obliged by all, and incapable of serving any, what happiness can I find but in solitude? what hope, but in being forgotten?

Miss Richland. A thousand: to live among friends that esteem you, whose happiness it will be to be permitted to oblige you.

Honeywood. No, madam, my resolution is fixed. Inferiority among strangers is easy; but among those that once were

equals, insupportable. Nay, to shew you how far my resolution can go, I can now speak with calmness of my former follies, my vanity, my dissipation, my weakness. I will even confess, that, among the number of my other presumptions, I had the insolence to think of loving you. Yes, madam, while I was pleading the passion of another, my heart was tortured with its own. But it is over; it was unworthy our friendship, and let it be forgotten.

Miss Richland. You amaze me!

Honeywood. But you 'll forgive it, I know you will: since the confession should not have come from me even now, but to convince you of the sincerity of my intention of—never mentioning it more. [*Going.*

Miss Richland. Stay, sir, one moment—Ha! he here——

Enter Lofty.

Lofty. Is the coast clear? None but friends? I have followed you here with a trifling piece of intelligence; but it goes no farther; things are not yet ripe for a discovery. I have spirits working at a certain board; your affair at the Treasury will be done in less than—a thousand years. Mum!

Miss Richland. Sooner, sir, I should hope.

Lofty. Why, yes, I believe it may, if it falls into proper hands, that know where to push and where to parry; that know how the land lies—eh, Honeywood?

Miss Richland. It has fallen into yours.

Lofty. Well, to keep you no longer in suspense, your thing is done. It is done, I say—that 's all. I have just had assurances from Lord Neverout, that the claim has been examined, and found admissible. *Quietus* is the word, madam.

Honeywood. But how? his lordship has been at Newmarket these ten days.

Lofty. Indeed! Then Sir Gilbert Goose must have been most damnably mistaken. I had it of him.

Miss Richland. He! why, Sir Gilbert and his family have been in the country this month.

Lofty. This month! it must certainly be so—Sir Gilbert's letter did come to me from Newmarket, so that he must have met his lordship there; and so it came about. I have his letter about me; I 'll read it to you. (*Taking out a large bundle.*) That 's from Paoli of Corsica, that from the Marquis of Squilachi. Have you a mind to see a letter from Count Poniatowski, now King of Poland? Honest Pon—(*Searching.*)

Oh, sir, what, are you here too? I'll tell you what, honest friend, if you have not absolutely delivered my letter to Sir William Honeywood, you may return it. The thing will do without him.

Sir William. Sir, I have delivered it; and must inform you, it was received with the most mortifying contempt.

Croaker. Contempt! Mr Lofty, what can that mean?

Lofty. Let him go on, let him go on, I say. You'll find it come to something presently.

Sir William. Yes, sir; I believe you'll be amazed, if, after waiting some time in the antichamber—after being surveyed with insolent curiosity by the passing servants, I was at last assured, that Sir William Honeywood knew no such person, and I must certainly have been imposed upon.

Lofty. Good! let me die; very good. Ha! ha! ha!

Croaker. Now, for my life, I can't find out half the goodness of it.

Lofty. You can't? Ha! ha!

Croaker. No, for the soul of me: I think it was as confounded a bad answer as ever was sent from one private gentleman to another.

Lofty. And so you can't find out the force of the message? Why, I was in the house at that very time. Ha! ha! it was I that sent that very answer to my own letter. Ha! ha!

Croaker. Indeed! How? why?

Lofty. In one word, things between Sir William and me must be behind the curtain. A party has many eyes. He sides with Lord Buzzard, I side with Sir Gilbert Goose. So that unriddles the mystery.

Croaker. And so it does, indeed; and all my suspicions are over.

Lofty. Your suspicions! What, then, you have been suspecting, you have been suspecting, have you? Mr Croaker, you and I were friends—we are friends no longer. Never talk to me. It's over; I say it's over.

Croaker. As I hope for your favour, I did not mean to offend. It escaped me. Don't be discomposed.

Lofty. Zounds! sir, but I am discomposed, and will be discomposed. To be treated thus! Who am I? Was it for this I have been dreaded both by ins and outs? Have I been libelled in the Gazetteer, and praised in the St James's; have I been chaired at Wildman's, and a speaker at Merchant-Tailor's Hall; have I had my hand to addresses, and my head in the print-shops,—and talk to me of suspects?

Croaker. My dear sir, be pacified. What can you have but asking pardon?

Lofty. Sir, I will not be pacified—Suspects! Who am I? To be used thus! Have I paid court to men in favour to serve my friends, the lords of the treasury, Sir William Honeywood, and the rest of the gang, and talk to me of suspects! Who am I, I say, who am I?

Sir William. Since, sir, you are so pressing for an answer, I 'll tell you who you are:—A gentleman as well acquainted with politics as with men in power; as well acquainted with persons of fashion as with modesty; with lords of the treasury as with truth; and, with all, as you are with Sir William Honeywood. I am Sir William Honeywood. (*Discovering his ensigns of the Bath.*)

Croaker. Sir William Honeywood!

Honeywood. Astonishment! my uncle! (*Aside.*)

Lofty. So, then, my confounded genius has been all this time only leading me up to the garret, in order to fling me out of the window.

Croaker. What, Mr Importance, and are these your works? Suspect you! You, who have been dreaded by the ins and outs; you, who have had your hand to addresses, and your head stuck up in print-shops. If you were served right, you should have your head stuck up in the pillory.

Lofty. Ay, stick it where you will; for, by the Lord, it cuts but a very poor figure where it sticks at present.

Sir William. Well, Mr Croaker, I hope you now see how incapable this gentleman is of serving you, and how little Miss Richland has to expect from his influence.

Croaker. Ay, sir, too well I see it; and I can 't but say I have had some boding of it these ten days. So I 'm resolved, since my son has placed his affections on a lady of moderate fortune, to be satisfied with his choice, and not run the hazard of another Mr Lofty in helping him to a better.

Sir William. I approve your resolution; and here they come, to receive a confirmation of your pardon and consent.

Enter Mrs Croaker, Jarvis, Leontine, and Olivia.

Mrs Croaker. Where 's my husband? Come, come, lovey, you must forgive them. Jarvis here has been to tell me the whole affair; and I say, you must forgive them. Our own was a stolen match, you know, my dear; and we never had any reason to repent of it.

Croaker. I wish we could both say so. However, this gentleman, Sir William Honeywood, has been beforehand with you in obtaining their pardon. So, if the two poor fools have a mind to marry, I think we can tack them together without crossing the Tweed for it. [*Joining their hands.*

Leontine. How blest and unexpected! What, what can we say to such goodness? But our future obedience shall be the best reply. And as for this gentleman, to whom we owe——

Sir William. Excuse me, sir, if I interrupt your thanks, as I have here an interest that calls me. (*Turning to Honeywood.*) Yes, sir, you are surprised to see me; and I own that a desire of correcting your follies led me hither. I saw with indignation the errors of a mind that only sought applause from others; that easiness of disposition which, though inclined to the right, had not courage to condemn the wrong. I saw with regret those splendid errors, that still took name from some neighbouring duty; your charity, that was but injustice; your benevolence, that was but weakness; and your friendship but credulity. I saw with regret, great talents and extensive learning only employed to add sprightliness to error, and increase your perplexities. I saw your mind with a thousand natural charms; but the greatness of its beauty served only to heighten my pity for its prostitution.

Honeywood. Cease to upbraid me, sir: I have for some time but too strongly felt the justice of your reproaches. But there is one way still left me. Yes, sir, I have determined this very hour to quit for ever a place where I have made myself the voluntary slave of all, and to seek among strangers that fortitude which may give strength to the mind, and marshal all its dissipated virtues. Yet, ere I depart, permit me to solicit favour for this gentleman, who, notwithstanding what has happened, has laid me under the most signal obligations. Mr Lofty——

Lofty. Mr Honeywood, I'm resolved upon a reformation as well as you. I now begin to find that the man who first invented the art of speaking truth, was a much cunninger fellow than I thought him. And to prove that I design to speak truth for the future, I must now assure you, that you owe your late enlargement to another; as, upon my soul, I had no hand in the matter. So now, if any of the company has a mind for preferment, he may take my place; I'm determined to resign. [*Exit.*

Honeywood. How have I been deceived!

Sir William. No, sir, you have been obliged to a kinder,

fairer friend, for that favour,—to Miss Richland. Would she complete our joy, and make the man she has honoured by her friendship happy in her love, I should then forget all, and be as blest as the welfare of my dearest kinsman can make me.

Miss Richland. After what is past, it would be but affectation to pretend to indifference. Yes, I will own an attachment, which I find was more than friendship. And if my entreaties cannot alter his resolution to quit the country, I will even try if my hand has not power to detain him. [*Giving her hand.*

Honeywood. Heavens! how can I have deserved all this? How express my happiness—my gratitude? A moment like this overpays an age of apprehension.

Croaker. Well, now I see content in every face; but Heaven send we be all better this day three months!

Sir William. Henceforth, nephew, learn to respect yourself. He who seeks only for applause from without, has all his happiness in another's keeping.

Honeywood. Yes, sir, I now too plainly perceive my errors: my vanity, in attempting to please all by fearing to offend any; my meanness, in approving folly lest fools should disapprove. Henceforth, therefore, it shall be my study to reserve my pity for real distress; my friendship for true merit; and my love for her who first taught me what it is to be happy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.*

SPOKEN BY MRS BULKLEY.

As puffing quacks some caitiff wretch procure
To swear the pill or drop has wrought a cure;
Thus, on the stage, our play-wrights still depend
For epilogues and prologues on some friend,
Who knows each art of coaxing up the town,
And makes full many a bitter pill go down.
Conscious of this, our bard has gone about,
And teased each rhyming friend to help him out:

* The author, in expectation of an Epilogue from a friend at Oxford, deferred writing one himself till the very last hour. What is here offered, owes all its success to the graceful manner of the actress who spoke it.

An epilogue! things can't go on without it!
It could not fail, would you but set about it:
"Young man," cries one, (a bard laid up in clover,)
"Alas! young man, my writing days are over!
Let boys play tricks, and kick the straw, not I;
Your brother Doctor there, perhaps, may try."
"What, I, dear sir?" the Doctor interposes,
"What, plant my thistle, sir, among his roses!
No, no, I've other contests to maintain;
To-night I head our troops at Warwick-Lane.
Go ask your manager"—"Who, me! Your pardon;
Those things are not our forte at Covent Garden."
Our author's friends, thus placed at happy distance,
Give him good words indeed, but no assistance.
As some unhappy wight, at some new play,
At the pit door stands elbowing a way,
While oft, with many a smile, and many a shrug,
He eyes the centre, where his friends sit snug;
His simpering friends, with pleasure in their eyes,
Sink as he sinks, and as he rises rise:
He nods, they nod; he cringes, they grimace;
But not a soul will budge to give him place.
Since, then, unhelp'd, our bard must now conform
"To 'bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,"
Blame where you must, be candid where you can,
And be each critic the *Good-Natured Man.*

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR,

THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

A COMEDY.

She Stoops to Conquer was represented for the first time, March 15, 1773. It was very successful, and became a stock play. The author's friends had some difficulty in fixing upon a name for it: Goldsmith himself originally entitled it *The Old House a New Inn.*— B.

DEDICATION.

TO SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

DEAR SIR,—By inscribing this slight performance to you, I do not mean so much to compliment you as myself. It may do me some honour to inform the public, that I have lived many years in intimacy with you. It may serve the interests of mankind also to inform them, that the greatest wit may be found in a character, without impairing the most unaffected piety.

I have, particularly, reason to thank you for your partiality to this performance. The undertaking a comedy, not merely sentimental, was very dangerous; and Mr Colman, who saw this piece in its various stages, always thought it so. However, I ventured to trust it to the public; and, though it was necessarily delayed till late in the season, I have every reason to be grateful.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most sincere friend and admirer,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE CAST OF THE CHARACTERS AT COVENT GARDEN IN 1773.

MEN.

Sir Charles Marlow	Mr Gardner.
Young Marlow (his son)	Mr Lewis.
Hardcastle	Mr Shuter.
Hastings	Mr Dubellamy.
Tony Lumpkin	Mr Quick.
Diggory	Mr Saunders.

WOMEN.

Mrs Hardcastle	Mrs Green.
Miss Hardcastle	Mrs Bulkley.
Miss Neville	Mrs Kniveton.
Maid	Miss Willems.

Landlord, Servants, &c.

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER;

OR,

THE MISTAKES OF A NIGHT.

PROLOGUE,

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Enter Mr Woodward, dressed in black, and holding a handkerchief to his eyes.

Excuse me, sirs, I pray — I can't yet speak —
I 'm crying now — and have been all the week.
" 'Tis not alone this mourning suit," good masters:
" I've that within" for which there are no plasters!
Pray, would you know the reason why I 'm crying?
The Comic Muse, long sick, is now a-dying!
And if she goes, my tears will never stop;
For, as a player, I can't squeeze out one drop:
I am undone, that 's all — shall lose my bread —
I 'd rather — but that 's nothing — lose my head.
When the sweet maid is laid upon the bier,
Shuter and I shall be chief mourners here.
To her a mawkish drab of spurious breed,
Who deals in sentimentals, will succeed.
Poor Ned and I are dead to all intents;
We can as soon speak Greek as sentiments:
Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up,
We now and then take down a hearty cup.
What shall we do? If Comedy forsake us,
They 'll turn us out, and no one else will take us.
But why can't I be moral? Let me try:
My heart thus pressing — fix'd my face and eye —
With a sententious look that nothing means,
(Faces are blocks in sentimental scenes,)
Thus I begin, " All is not gold that glitters,
Pleasures seem sweet, but prove a glass of bitters.

When ign'rance enters, folly is at hand:
Learning is better far than house or land.
Let not your virtue trip: who trips may stumble,
And virtue is not virtue if she tumble."
I give it up — morals won't do for me;
To make you laugh, I must play tragedy,
One hope remains, — hearing the maid was ill,
A Doctor comes this night to shew his skill;
To cheer her heart, and give your muscles motion,
He, in Five Draughts prepared, presents a potion —
A kind of magic charm; for, be assured,
If you will swallow it, the maid is cured:
But desp'rate the Doctor's and her case is,
If you reject the dose and make wry faces.
This truth he boasts, will boast it while he lives,
No pois'nous drugs are mix'd in what he gives.
Should he succeed, you'll give him his degree;
If not, within he will receive no fee.
The college, you, must his pretensions back,
Pronounce him Regular, or dub him Quack.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I. — A CHAMBER IN AN OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE.

Enter Mrs Hardcastle and Mr Hardcastle.

Mrs Hardcastle. I vow, Mr Hardcastle, you're very particular. Is there a creature in the whole country but ourselves, that does not take a trip to town now and then, to rub off the rust a little? There's the two Miss Hoggs, and our neighbour Mrs Grigsby, go to take a month's polishing every winter.

Hardcastle. Ay, and bring back vanity and affectation to last them the whole year. I wonder why London cannot keep its own fools at home. In my time, the follies of the town crept slowly among us, but now they travel faster than a stage-coach. Its fopperies come down not only as inside passengers, but in the very basket.

Mrs Hardcastle. Ay, your times were fine times indeed: you have been telling us of them for many a long year. Here we live in an old rumbling mansion, that looks for all the world like an inn, but that we never see company. Our best visitors are old Mrs Oddfish, the curate's wife, and little

Cripplegate, the lame dancing-master; and all our entertainment your old stories of Prince Eugene and the Duke of Marlborough. I hate such old-fashioned trumpery.

Hardcastle. And I love it. I love every thing that 's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine; and, I believe, Dorothy, (*taking her hand,*) you 'll own I have been pretty fond of an old wife.

Mrs Hardcastle. Lord, Mr Hardcastle, you 're for ever at your Dorothy's and your old wives. You may be a Darby, but I 'll be no Joan, I promise you. I 'm not so old as you 'd make me, by more than one good year. Add twenty to twenty, and make money of that.

Hardcastle. Let me see; twenty added to twenty, makes just fifty and seven.

Mrs Hardcastle. It 's false, Mr Hardcastle; I was but twenty when I was brought to bed of Tony, that I had by Mr Lumpkin, my first husband; and he 's not come to years of discretion yet.

Hardcastle. Nor ever will, I dare answer for him. — Ay, you have taught him finely!

Mrs Hardcastle. No matter. Tony Lumpkin has a good fortune. My son is not to live by his learning. I don't think a boy wants much learning to spend fifteen hundred a-year.

Hardcastle. Learning, quotha! a mere composition of tricks and mischief.

Mrs Hardcastle. Humour, my dear; nothing but humour. Come, Mr Hardcastle, you must allow the boy a little humour.

Hardcastle. I 'd sooner allow him a horse-pond. If burning the footman's shoes, frightening the maids, and worrying the kittens be humour, he has it. It was but yesterday he fastened my wig to the back of my chair, and when I went to make a bow, I popt my bald head in Mrs Frizzle's face.

Mrs Hardcastle. And am I to blame? The poor boy was always too sickly to do any good. A school would be his death. When he comes to be a little stronger, who knows what a year or two's Latin may do for him?

Hardcastle. Latin for him! A cat and fiddle. No, no; the alehouse and the stable are the only schools he 'll ever go to.

Mrs Hardcastle. Well, we must not snub the poor boy now, for I believe we shan't have him long among us. Any body that looks in his face may see he 's consumptive.

Hardcastle. Ay, if growing too fat be one of the symptoms.

Mrs Hardcastle. He coughs sometimes.

Hardcastle. Yes, when his liquor goes the wrong way.

Mrs Hardcastle. I 'm actually afraid of his lungs.

Hardcastle. And truly so am I; for he sometimes whoops

like a speaking trumpet—(*Tony, hallooing behind the scenes.*)—Oh, there he goes—a very consumptive figure, truly!

Enter Tony, crossing the Stage.

Mrs Hardcastle. Tony, where are you going, my charmer? Won't you give papa and I a little of your company, lovey?

Tony. I 'm in haste, mother; I cannot stay.

Mrs Hardcastle. You shan't venture out this raw evening, my dear; you look most shockingly.

Tony. I can't stay, I tell you. The Three Pigeons expects me down every moment. There 's some fun going forward.

Hardcastle. Ay, the alehouse, the old place; I thought so.

Mrs Hardcastle. A low, paltry set of fellows.

Tony. Not so low neither. There 's Dick Muggins, the exciseman, Jack Slang, the horse-doctor, little Aminidab, that grinds the music-box, and Tom Twist, that spins the pewter platter.

Mrs Hardcastle. Pray, my dear, disappoint them for one night at least.

Tony. As for disappointing them, I should not so much mind; but I can't abide to disappoint myself.

Mrs Hardcastle. (*Detaining him.*) You shan't go.

Tony. I will, I tell you.

Mrs Hardcastle. I say you shan't.

Tony. We 'll see which is the strongest, you or I.

[*Exit, hauling her out.*

Hardcastle. (*Alone.*) Ay, there goes a pair that only spoil each other. But is not the whole age in a combination to drive sense and discretion out of doors? There 's my pretty darling, Kate! the fashions of the times have almost infected her too. By living a year or two in town, she is as fond of gauze and French frippery as the best of them.

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Hardcastle. Blessings on my pretty innocence! drest out as usual, my Kate. Goodness! What a quantity of superfluous silk hast thou got about thee, girl! I could never teach the fools of this age, that the indigent world could be clothed out of the trimmings of the vain.

Miss Hardcastle. You know our agreement, sir. You allow me the morning to receive and pay visits, and to dress in my own manner; and in the evening I put on my housewife's dress to please you.

Hardcastle. Well, remember I insist on the terms of our agreement; and, by the by, I believe I shall have occasion to try your obedience this very evening.

Miss Hardcastle. I protest, sir, I don't comprehend your meaning.

Hardcastle. Then, to be plain with you, Kate, I expect the young gentleman I have chosen to be your husband from town this very day. I have his father's letter, in which he informs me his son is set out, and that he intends to follow himself shortly after.

Miss Hardcastle. Indeed! I wish I had known something of this before. Bless me, how shall I behave? It's a thousand to one I shan't like him; our meeting will be so formal, and so like a thing of business, that I shall find no room for friendship or esteem.

Hardcastle. Depend upon it, child, I never will control your choice; but Mr Marlow, whom I have pitched upon, is the son of my old friend, Sir Charles Marlow, of whom you have heard me talk so often. The young gentleman has been bred a scholar, and is designed for an employment in the service of his country. I am told he's a man of an excellent understanding.

Miss Hardcastle. Is he?

Hardcastle. Very generous.

Miss Hardcastle. I believe I shall like him.

Hardcastle. Young and brave.

Miss Hardcastle. I'm sure I shall like him.

Hardcastle. And very handsome.

Miss Hardcastle. My dear papa, say no more, (*kissing his hand*) he's mine—I'll have him.

Hardcastle. And, to crown all, Kate, he's one of the most bashful and reserved young fellows in all the world.

Miss Hardcastle. Eh! you have frozen me to death again. That word reserved has undone all the rest of his accomplishments. A reserved lover, it is said, always makes a suspicious husband.

Hardcastle. On the contrary, modesty seldom resides in a breast that is not enriched with nobler virtues. It was the very feature in his character that first struck me.

Miss Hardcastle. He must have more striking features to catch me, I promise you. However, if he be so young, so handsome, and so every thing as you mention, I believe he'll do still. I think I'll have him.

Hardcastle. Ay, Kate, but there is still an obstacle. It's more than an even wager he may not have you.

Miss Hardcastle. My dear papa, why will you mortify one so? Well, if he refuses, instead of breaking my heart at his indifference, I'll only break my glass for its flattery, set my cap to some newer fashion, and look out for some less difficult admirer.

Hardcastle. Bravely resolved! In the meantime I 'll go prepare the servants for his reception: as we seldom see company, they want as much training as a company of recruits the first day's muster. [*Exit.*

Miss Hardcastle. (*Alone.*) Lud, this news of papa's puts me all in a flutter. Young, handsome; these he put last, but I put them foremost. Sensible, good-natured; I like all that. But then, reserved and sheepish; that's much against him. Yet can't he be cured of his timidity, by being taught to be proud of his wife? Yes; and can't I— But I vow I'm disposing of the husband, before I have secured the lover.

Enter Miss Neville.

Miss Hardcastle. I'm glad you 're come, Neville, my dear. Tell me, Constance, how do I look this evening? Is there any thing whimsical about me? Is it one of my well-looking days, child? am I in face to-day?

Miss Neville. Perfectly, my dear. Yet now I look again— bless me!—sure no accident has happened among the canary birds or the gold fishes. Has your brother or the cat been meddling? or has the last novel been too moving?

Miss Hardcastle. No; nothing of all this. I have been threatened—I can scarce get it out—I have been threatened with a lover.

Miss Neville. And his name——

Miss Hardcastle. Is Marlow.

Miss Neville. Indeed!

Miss Hardcastle. The son of Sir Charles Marlow.

Miss Neville. As I live, the most intimate friend of Mr Hastings, my admirer. They are never asunder. I believe you must have seen him when we lived in town.

Miss Hardcastle. Never.

Miss Neville. He 's a very singular character, I assure you. Among women of reputation and virtue, he is the modestest man alive; but his acquaintance give him a very different character among creatures of another stamp—you understand me.

Miss Hardcastle. An odd character, indeed. I shall never be able to manage him. What shall I do? Pshaw! think no

more of him, but trust to occurrences for success. But how goes on your own affair, my dear? has my mother been courting you for my brother Tony, as usual?

Miss Neville. I have just come from one of our agreeable *tête-a-têtes*. She has been saying a hundred tender things, and setting off her pretty monster as the very pink of perfection.

Miss Hardcastle. And her partiality is such, that she actually thinks him so. A fortune like yours is no small temptation. Besides, as she has the sole management of it, I'm not surprised to see her unwilling to let it go out of the family.

Miss Neville. A fortune like mine, which chiefly consists in jewels, is no such mighty temptation. But, at any rate, if my dear Hastings be but constant, I make no doubt to be too hard for her at last. However, I let her suppose that I am in love with her son; and she never once dreams that my affections are fixed upon another.

Miss Hardcastle. My good brother holds out stoutly. I could almost love him for hating you so.

Miss Neville. It is a good-natured creature at bottom, and I'm sure would wish to see me married to any body but himself. But my aunt's bell rings for our afternoon's walk round the improvements. Allons! Courage is necessary, as our affairs are critical.

Miss Hardcastle. Would it were bed-time, and all were well. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—AN ALEHOUSE ROOM.

Several shabby fellows with punch and tobacco; Tony at the head of the table, a little higher than the rest, a mallet in his hand.

Omnes. Hurrea! hurrea! hurrea! bravo!

First Fellow. Now, gentlemen, silence for a song. The Squire is going to knock himself down for a song.

Omnes. Ay, a song, a song!

Tony. Then I'll sing you, gentlemen, a song I made upon this alehouse, The Three Pigeons.

SONG.

Let schoolmasters puzzle their brain,
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives *genus* a better discerning.

Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians,
Their *quis*, and their *quæs*, and their *quods*,
They 're all but a parcel of pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When methodist preachers come down,
A-preaching that drinking is sinful,
I 'll wager the rascals a crown,
They always preach best with a skinful.
But when you come down with your pence,
For a slice of their scurvy religion,
I 'll leave it to all men of sense,
But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever,
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
Here 's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons;
But of all the birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Omnes. Bravo, bravo!

First Fellow. The Squire has got spunk in him.

Second Fellow. I loves to hear him sing, bekeays he never gives us nothing that 's low.

Third Fellow. Oh, damn any thing that 's low, I cannot bear it.

Fourth Fellow. The genteel thing is the genteel thing at any time: if so be that a gentleman bees in a concatenation accordingly.

Third Fellow. I like the maxum of it, Master Muggins. What though I am obligated to dance a bear, a man may be a gentleman for all that. May this be my poison, if my bear ever dances but to the very genteelest of tunes; "Water Parted," or "The minuet in Ariadne."

Second Fellow. What a pity it is the Squire is not come to his own. It would be well for all the publicans within ten miles round of him.

Tony. Ecod, and so it would, Master Slang. I 'd then shew what it was to keep choice of company.

Second Fellow. Oh, he takes after his own father for that. To be sure, old Squire Lumpkin was the finest gentleman I ever set my eyes on. For winding the straight horn, or beating a

thicket for a hare or a wench, he never had his fellow. It was a saying in the place, that he kept the best horses, dogs, and girls in the whole county.

Tony. Ecod, and when I'm of age, I'll be no bastard, I promise you. I have been thinking of Bet Bouncer and the miller's gray mare to begin with. But come, my boys, drink about and be merry, for you pay no reckoning. Well, Stingo, what 's the matter?

Enter Landlord.

Landlord. There be two gentlemen in a post-chaise at the door. They have lost their way upo' the forest; and they are talking something about Mr Hardcastle.

Tony. As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister. Do they seem to be Londoners?

Landlord. I believe they may. They look woundily like Frenchmen.

Tony. Then desire them to step this way, and I'll set them right in a twinkling. (*Exit Landlord.*) Gentlemen, as they mayn't be good enough company for you, step down for a moment, and I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon.

[*Exeunt Mob.*

Tony. (*Alone.*) Father-in-law has been calling me whelp and hound this half-year. Now, if I pleased, I could be so revenged upon the old grumbletonian. But then I'm afraid—afraid of what? I shall soon be worth fifteen hundred a-year, and let him frighten me out of that if he can.

Enter Landlord, conducting Marlow and Hastings.

Marlow. What a tedious uncomfortable day have we had of it! We were told it was but forty miles across the country, and we have come above three score.

Hastings. And all, Marlow, from that unaccountable reserve of yours, that would not let us inquire more frequently on the way.

Marlow. I own, Hastings, I am unwilling to lay myself under an obligation to every one I meet, and often stand the chance of an unmannerly answer.

Hastings. At present, however, we are not likely to receive any answer.

Tony. No offence, gentlemen. But I 'm told you have

been inquiring for one Mr Hardcastle in these parts. Do you know what part of the country you are in?

Hastings. Not in the least, sir, but should thank you for information.

Tony. Nor the way you came?

Hastings. No, sir; but if you can inform us——

Tony. Why, gentlemen, if you know neither the road you are going, nor where you are, nor the road you came, the first thing I have to inform you is, that—you have lost your way.

Marlow. We wanted no ghost to tell us that.

Tony. Pray, gentlemen, may I be so bold as to ask the place from whence you came?

Marlow. That 's not necessary towards directing us where we are to go.

Tony. No offence; but question for question is all fair, you know. Pray, gentlemen, is not this same Hardcastle a cross-grained, old-fashioned, whimsical fellow, with an ugly face; a daughter, and a pretty son?

Hastings. We have not seen the gentleman; but he has the family you mention.

Tony. The daughter, a tall, trapessing, trolloping, talkative maypole; the son, a pretty, well-bred, agreeable youth, that every body is fond of?

Marlow. Our information differs in this. The daughter is said to be well-bred, and beautiful; the son an awkward booby, reared up and spoiled at his mother's apron-string.

Tony. He-he-hem!—Then, gentlemen, all I have to tell you is, that you won't reach Mr Hardcastle's house this night, I believe.

Hastings. Unfortunate!

Tony. It 's a damned long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way. Stingo, tell the gentlemen the way to Mr Hardcastle's, (*winking upon the Landlord,*) Mr Hardcastle's, of Quagmire Marsh—you understand me?

Landlord. Master Hardcastle's! Lock-a-daisy, my masters, you 're come a deadly deal wrong! When you came to the bottom of the hill, you should have crossed down Squash Lane.

Marlow. Cross down Squash Lane!

Landlord. Then you were to keep straight forward, till you came to four roads.

Marlow. Come to where four roads meet?

Tony. Ay; but you must be sure to take only one of them.

Marlow. O sir, you 're facetious.

Tony. Then keeping to the right, you are to go sideways, till you come upon Crack-skull common: there you must look sharp for the track of the wheel, and go forward till you come to farmer Murrain's barn. Coming to the farmer's barn, you are to turn to the right, and then to the left, and then to the right about again, till you find out the old mill ——

Marlow. Zounds, man! we could as soon find out the longitude!

Hastings. What 's to be done, Marlow?

Marlow. This house promises but a poor reception; though perhaps the landlord can accommodate us.

Landlord. Alack, master, we have but one spare bed in the whole house.

Tony. And to my knowledge, that 's taken up by three lodgers already. (*After a pause in which the rest seem disconcerted.*) I have hit it: don 't you think, Stingo, our landlady could accommodate the gentlemen by the fire-side, with—three chairs and a bolster.

Hastings. I hate sleeping by the fire-side.

Marlow. And I detest your three chairs and a bolster.

Tony. You do, do you?—then, let me see,—what if you go on a mile farther, to the Buck's Head; the old Buck's Head on the hill, one of the best inns in the whole country?

Hastings. O ho! so we have escaped an adventure for this night, however.

Landlord. (*Apart to Tony.*) Sure, you ben't sending them to your father's as an inn, be you?

Tony. Mum, you fool you. Let them find that out. (*To them.*) You have only to keep on straight forward, till you come to a large old house by the road side. You 'll see a pair of large horns over the door. That 's the sign. Drive up the yard, and call stoutly about you.

Hastings. Sir, we are obliged to you: The servants can 't miss the way?

Tony. No, no: But I tell you, though, the landlord is rich, and going to leave off business; so he wants to be thought a gentleman, saving your presence, he! he! he! He 'll be for giving you his company; and, ecod, if you mind him, he 'll persuade you that his mother was an alderman, and his aunt a justice of peace.

Landlord. A troublesome old blade, to be sure; but a keeps as good wines and beds as any in the whole country.

Marlow. Well, if he supplies us with these, we shall want

no farther connection. We are to turn to the right, did you say?

Tony. No, no, straight forward; I 'll just step myself, and shew you a piece of the way. (*To the Landlord.*) Mum!

Landlord. Ah, bless your heart, for a sweet, pleasant—— damned mischievous son of a whore. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.—AN OLD-FASHIONED HOUSE.

Enter Hardcastle, followed by three or four awkward Servants.

Hardcastle. Well, I hope you are perfect in the table exercise I have been teaching you these three days. You all know your posts and your places, and can shew that you have been used to good company, without ever stirring from home.

Omnes. Ay, ay.

Hardcastle. When company comes, you are not to pop out and stare, and then run in again, like frighted rabbits in a warren.

Omnes. No, no.

Hardcastle. You, Diggory, whom I have taken from the barn, are to make a shew at the side-table; and you, Roger, whom I have advanced from the plough, are to place yourself behind my chair. But you 're not to stand so, with your hands in your pockets. Take your hands from your pockets, Roger—and from your head, you blockhead you. See how Diggory carries his hands. They 're a little too stiff, indeed, but that 's no great matter.

Diggory. Ay, mind how I hold them. I learned to hold my hands this way, when I was upon drill for the militia. And so being upon drill——

Hardcastle. You must not be so talkative, Diggory. You must be all attention to the guests; you must hear us talk, and not think of talking; you must see us drink, and not think of drinking; you must see us eat, and not think of eating.

Diggory. By the laws, your worship, that 's parfectly unpossible. Whenever Diggory sees yeating going forward, ecod, he 's always wishing for a mouthful himself.

Hardcastle. Blockhead! is not a bellyful in the kitchen as

good as a bellyful in the parlour? Stay your stomach with that reflection.

Diggory. Ecod, I thank your worship, I'll make a shift to stay my stomach with a slice of cold beef in the pantry.

Hardcastle. Diggory, you are too talkative. Then, if I happen to say a good thing, or tell a good story, at table, you must not all burst out a-laughing, as if you made part of the company.

Diggory. Then, ecod, your worship must not tell the story of Ould Grouse in the gun-room: I can't help laughing at that —he! he! he!—for the soul of me. We have laughed at that these twenty years—ha! ha! ha!

Hardcastle. Ha! ha! ha! The story is a good one. Well, honest Diggory, you may laugh at that; but still remember to be attentive. Suppose one of the company should call for a glass of wine, how will you behave? A glass of wine, sir, if you please, (*To Diggory*)—Eh, why don't you move?

Diggory. Ecod, your worship, I never have courage till I see the eatables and drinkables brought upo' the table, and then I'm as bauld as a lion.

Hardcastle. What, will nobody move?

First Servant. I'm not to leave this pleace.

Second Servant. I'm sure it's no pleace of mine.

Third Servant. Nor mine, for sartain.

Diggory. Wauns, and I'm sure it canna be mine.

Hardcastle. You numskulls! and so while, like your betters, you are quarrelling for places, the guests must be starved. O you dunces! I find I must begin all over again —— But don't I hear a coach drive into the yard? To your posts, you blockheads. I'll go in the meantime, and give my old friend's son a hearty welcome at the gate.

[*Exit Hardcastle.*

Diggory. By the elevens, my place is quite gone out of my head.

Roger. I know that my place is to be everywhere.

First Servant. Where the devil is mine?

Second Servant. My pleace is to be no where at all; and so I'se go about my business.

[*Exeunt Servants, running about, as if frightened, several ways.*

Enter Servant, with candles, shewing in Marlow and Hastings.

Servant. Welcome, gentlemen, very welcome! This way.

Hastings. After the disappointments of the day, welcome once more, Charles, to the comforts of a clean room and a good fire. Upon my word, a very well-looking house: antique, but creditable.

Marlow. The usual fate of a large mansion. Having first ruined the master by good house-keeping, it at last comes to levy contributions as an inn.

Hastings. As you say, we passengers are to be taxed to pay all these fineries. I have often seen a good sideboard, or a marble chimney-piece, though not actually put in the bill, inflame a reckoning confoundedly.

Marlow. Travellers, George, must pay in all places; the only difference is, that in good inns you pay dearly for luxuries, in bad inns you are fleeced and starved.

Hastings. You have lived pretty much among them. In truth, I have been often surprised, that you who have seen so much of the world, with your natural good sense, and your many opportunities, could never yet acquire a requisite share of assurance.

Marlow. The Englishman's malady. But tell me, George, where could I have learned that assurance you talk of? My life has been chiefly spent in a college or an inn, in seclusion from that lovely part of the creation that chiefly teach men confidence. I don't know that I was ever familiarly acquainted with a single modest woman, except my mother — But among females of another class, you know ——

Hastings. Ay, among them you are impudent enough, of all conscience.

Marlow. They are of us, you know.

Hastings. But in the company of women of reputation, I never saw such an idiot — such a trembler; you look for all the world as if you wanted an opportunity of stealing out of the room.

Marlow. Why, man, that's because I do want to steal out of the room. Faith, I have often formed a resolution to break the ice, and rattle away at any rate. But I don't know how, a single glance from a pair of fine eyes has totally overset my resolution. An impudent fellow may counterfeit modesty,

but I'll be hanged if a modest man can ever counterfeit impudence.

Hastings. If you could but say half the fine things to them, that I have heard you lavish upon the bar-maid of an inn, or even a college bed-maker ——

Marlow. Why, George, I can't say fine things to them — they freeze, they petrify me. They may talk of a comet, or a burning mountain, or some such bagatelle; but to me, a modest woman, drest out in all her finery, is the most tremendous object of the whole creation.

Hastings. Ha! ha! ha! At this rate, man, how can you ever expect to marry?

Marlow. Never; unless, as among kings and princes, my bride were to be courted by proxy. If, indeed, like an Eastern bridegroom, one were to be introduced to a wife he never saw before, it might be endured. But to go through all the terrors of a formal courtship, together with the episode of aunts, grandmothers, and cousins, and at last to blurt out the broad staring question of, "Madam, will you marry me?" No, no, that's a strain much above me, I assure you.

Hastings. I pity you. But how do you intend behaving to the lady you are come down to visit at the request of your father?

Marlow. As I behave to all other ladies: bow very low; answer yes, or no, to all her demands. But for the rest, I don't think I shall venture to look in her face till I see my father's again.

Hastings. I'm surprised that one who is so warm a friend, can be so cool a lover.

Marlow. To be explicit, my dear Hastings, my chief inducement down was to be instrumental in forwarding your happiness, not my own. Miss Neville loves you, the family don't know you; as my friend, you are sure of a reception, and let honour do the rest.

Hastings. My dear Marlow! But I'll suppress the emotion. Were I a wretch, meanly seeking to carry off a fortune, you should be the last man in the world I would apply to for assistance. But Miss Neville's person is all I ask, and that is mine, both from her deceased father's consent, and her own inclination.

Marlow. Happy man! You have talents and art to captivate any woman. I'm doomed to adore the sex, and yet to converse with the only part of it I despise. This stammer in my address, and this awkward unprepossessing visage of mine,

can never permit me to soar above the reach of a milliner's 'prentice, or one of the duchesses of Drury-lane. Pshaw! this fellow here to interrupt us.

Enter Hardcastle.

Hardcastle. Gentlemen, once more you are heartily welcome. Which is Mr Marlow? Sir, you are heartily welcome. It 's not my way, you see, to receive my friends with my back to the fire. I like to give them a hearty reception in the old style at my gate. I like to see their horses and trunks taken care of.

Marlow. (*Aside.*) He has got our names from the servants already. (*To him.*) We approve your caution and hospitality, sir. (*To Hastings.*) I have been thinking, George, of changing our travelling dresses in the morning. I am grown confoundedly ashamed of mine.

Hardcastle. I beg, Mr Marlow, you 'll use no ceremony in this house.

Hastings. I fancy, Charles, you 're right: the first blow is half the battle. I intend opening the campaign with the white and gold.

Hardcastle. Mr Marlow — Mr Hastings — gentlemen — pray be under no restraint in this house. This is Liberty-hall, gentlemen. You may do just as you please here.

Marlow. Yet, George, if we open the campaign too fiercely at first, we may want ammunition before it is over. I think to reserve the embroidery to secure a retreat.

Hardcastle. Your talking of a retreat, Mr Marlow, puts me in mind of the Duke of Marlborough, when we went to besiege Denain. He first summoned the garrison——

Marlow. Don 't you think the *ventre d'or* waistcoat will do with the plain brown?

Hardcastle. He first summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Hastings. I think not: brown and yellow mix but very poorly.

Hardcastle. I say, gentlemen, as I was telling you, he summoned the garrison, which might consist of about five thousand men——

Marlow. The girls like finery.

Hardcastle. Which might consist of about five thousand men, well appointed with stores, ammunition, and other implements of war. Now, says the Duke of Marlborough to

George Brooks, that stood next to him — You must have heard of George Brooks — I'll pawn my dukedom, says he, but I take that garrison without spilling a drop of blood. So ——

Marlow. What, my good friend, if you gave us a glass of punch in the meantime; it would help us to carry on the siege with vigour.

Hardcastle. Punch, sir! (*Aside.*) This is the most unaccountable kind of modesty I ever met with.

Marlow. Yes, sir, punch. A glass of warm punch, after our journey, will be comfortable. This is Liberty-hall, you know.

Enter Roger with a cup.

Hardcastle. Here's a cup, sir.

Marlow. (*Aside.*) So this fellow, in his Liberty-hall, will only let us have just what he pleases.

Hardcastle. (*Taking the cup.*) I hope you'll find it to your mind. I have prepared it with my own hands, and I believe you'll own the ingredients are tolerable. Will you be so good as to pledge me, sir? Here, Mr Marlow, here is to our better acquaintance. (*Drinks.*)

Marlow. (*Aside.*) A very impudent fellow this! but he's a character, and I'll humour him a little. Sir, my service to you. (*Drinks.*)

Hastings. (*Aside.*) I see this fellow wants to give us his company, and forgets that he's an inn-keeper, before he has learned to be a gentleman.

Marlow. From the excellence of your cup, my old friend, I suppose you have a good deal of business in this part of the country. Warm work, now and then, at elections, I suppose.

Hardcastle. No, sir, I have long given that work over. Since our betters have hit upon the expedient of electing each other, there is no business "for us that sell ale."

Hastings. So, then, you have no turn for politics, I find.

Hardcastle. Not in the least. There was a time, indeed, I fretted myself about the mistakes of government, like other people; but, finding myself every day grow more angry, and the government growing no better, I left it to mend itself. Since that, I no more trouble my head about Hyder Ally, or Ally Cawn, than about Ally Croaker. Sir, my service to you.

Hastings. So that with eating above stairs and drinking

below, with receiving your friends within and amusing them without, you lead a good, pleasant, bustling life of it.

Hardcastle. I do stir about a great deal, that 's certain. Half the differences of the parish are adjusted in this very parlour.

Marlow. (*After drinking.*) And you have an argument in your cup, old gentleman, better than any in Westminster-hall.

Hardcastle. Ay, young gentleman, that, and a little philosophy.

Marlow. (*Aside.*) Well, this is the first time I ever heard of an innkeeper's philosophy.

Hastings. So, then, like an experienced general, you attack them on every quarter. If you find their reason manageable, you attack it with your philosophy ; if you find they have no reason, you attack them with this. Here 's your health, my philosopher. (*Drinks.*)

Hardcastle. Good, very good, thank you ; ha! ha! ha! Your generalship puts me in mind of Prince Eugene, when he fought the Turks, at the battle of Belgrade. You shall hear.

Marlow. Instead of the battle of Belgrade, I believe it 's almost time to talk about supper. What has your philosophy got in the house for supper?

Hardcastle. For supper, sir! (*Aside.*) Was ever such a request to a man in his own house!

Marlow. Yes, sir, supper, sir ; I begin to feel an appetite. I shall make devilish work to-night in the larder, I promise you.

Hardcastle. (*Aside.*) Such a brazen dog sure never my eyes beheld. (*To him.*) Why, really, sir, as for supper, I can't well tell. My Dorothy and the cook-maid settle these things between them. I leave these kind of things entirely to them.

Marlow. You do, do you?

Hardcastle. Entirely. By the by, I believe they are in actual consultation upon what 's for supper this moment in the kitchen.

Marlow. Then I beg they 'll admit me as one of their privy-council. It 's a way I have got. When I travel I always choose to regulate my own supper. Let the cook be called. No offence, I hope, sir.

Hardcastle. O no, sir, none in the least ; yet I don't know how ; our Bridget, the cook-maid, is not very communicative upon these occasions. Should we send for her, she might scold us all out of the house.

Hastings. Let 's see your list of the larder, then. I ask it as a favour. I always match my appetite to my bill of fare.

Marlow. (*To Hardcastle, who looks at them with surprise.*) Sir, he 's very right, and it 's my way too.

Hardcastle. Sir, you have a right to command here. Here, Roger, bring us the bill of fare for to-night's supper: I believe it 's drawn out.— Your manner, Mr Hastings, puts me in mind of my uncle, Colonel Wallop. It was a saying of his, that no man was sure of his supper till he had eaten it.

Enter Roger.

Hastings. (*Aside.*) All upon the high rope! His uncle a colonel! we shall soon hear of his mother being a justice of the peace. But let 's hear the bill of fare.

Marlow. (*Perusing.*) What 's here? For the first course; for the second course; for the dessert. The devil, sir, do you think we have brought down the whole Joiners' Company, or the Corporation of Bedford, to eat up such a supper? Two or three little things, clean and comfortable, will do.

Hastings. But let 's hear it.

Marlow. (*Reading.*) "For the first course,—at the top, a pig, and pruin sauce."

Hastings. Damn your pig, I say.

Marlow. And damn your pruin sauce, say I.

Hardcastle. And yet, gentlemen, to men that are hungry, pig with pruin sauce is very good eating.

Marlow. "At the bottom a calf's tongue and brains."

Hastings. Let your brains be knocked out, my good sir, I don't like them.

Marlow. Or you may clap them on a plate by themselves.

Hardcastle. (*Aside.*) Their impudence confounds me. (*To them.*) Gentlemen, you are my guests, make what alterations you please. Is there any thing else you wish to retrench or alter, gentlemen?

Marlow. "Item: A pork pie, a boiled rabbit and sausages, a Florentine, a shaking pudding, and a dish of tiff—taff—taffety cream."

Hastings. Confound your made dishes; I shall be as much at a loss in this house as at a green and yellow dinner at the French ambassador's table. I 'm for plain eating.

Hardcastle. I 'm sorry, gentlemen, that I have nothing you like; but if there be any thing you have a particular fancy to——

Marlow. Why, really sir, your bill of fare is so exquisite, that any one part of it is full as good as another. Send us what you please. So much for supper. And now to see that our beds are aired, and properly taken care of.

Hardcastle. I entreat you'll leave all that to me. You shall not stir a step.

Marlow. Leave that to you! I protest, sir, you must excuse me; I always look to these things myself.

Hardcastle. I must insist, sir, you'll make yourself easy on that head,

Marlow. You see I'm resolved on it. (*Aside.*) A very troublesome fellow this, as ever I met with.

Hardcastle. Well, sir, I'm resolved at least to attend you. (*Aside.*) This may be modern modesty, but I never saw any thing look so like old-fashioned impudence.

[*Exeunt Marlow and Hardcastle.*

Hastings. (*Alone.*) So I find this fellow's civilities begin to grow troublesome. But who can be angry at those assiduities which are meant to please him?—Ha! what do I see? Miss Neville, by all that's happy!

Enter Miss Neville.

Miss Neville. My dear Hastings! To what unexpected good fortune—to what accident, am I to ascribe this happy meeting?

Hastings. Rather let me ask the same question, as I could never have hoped to meet my dearest Constance at an inn.

Miss Neville. An inn! sure you mistake: my aunt, my guardian, lives here. What could induce you to think this house an inn?

Hastings. My friend, Mr Marlow, with whom I came down, and I, have been sent here as to an inn, I assure you. A young fellow whom we accidentally met at a house hard by, directed us hither.

Miss Neville. Certainly it must be one of my hopeful cousin's tricks, of whom you have heard me talk so often; ha! ha! ha!

Hastings. He whom your aunt intends for you? he of whom I have such just apprehensions?

Miss Neville. You have nothing to fear from him, I assure you. You'd adore him if you knew how heartily he despises me. My aunt knows it too, and has undertaken to court me for him, and actually begins to think she has made a conquest.

Hastings. Thou dear dissembler! You must know, my

Constance, I have just seized this happy opportunity of my friend's visit here to get admittance into the family. The horses that carried us down are now fatigued with their journey, but they'll soon be refreshed; and, then, if my dearest girl will trust in her faithful Hastings, we shall soon be landed in France, where even among slaves the laws of marriage are respected.

Miss Neville. I have often told you, that though ready to obey you, I yet should leave my little fortune behind with reluctance. The greatest part of it was left me by my uncle, the India Director, and chiefly consists in jewels. I have been for some time persuading my aunt to let me wear them. I fancy I'm very near succeeding. The instant they are put into my possession, you shall find me ready to make them and myself yours.

Hastings. Perish the baubles! Your person is all I desire. In the meantime, my friend Marlow must not be let into his mistake. I know the strange reserve of his temper is such, that if abruptly informed of it, he would instantly quit the house before our plan was ripe for execution.

Miss Neville. But how shall we keep him in the deception? — Miss Hardcastle is just returned from walking — What if we still continue to deceive him? —— This, this way ——

[*They confer.*

Enter Marlow.

Marlow. The assiduities of these good people tease me beyond bearing. My host seems to think it ill manners to leave me alone, and so he claps not only himself, but his old-fashioned wife on my back. They talk of coming to sup with us too; and then, I suppose, we are to run the gauntlet through all the rest of the family. — What have we got here?

Hastings. My dear Charles! Let me congratulate you — The most fortunate accident! — Who do you think is just alighted?

Marlow. Cannot guess.

Hastings. Our mistresses, boy, Miss Hardcastle and Miss Neville. Give me leave to introduce Miss Constance Neville to your acquaintance. Happening to dine in the neighbourhood, they called on their return to take fresh horses here. Miss Hardcastle has just stept into the next room, and will be back in an instant. Wasn't it lucky? eh!

Marlow. (*Aside.*) I have been mortified enough of all

conscience, and here comes something to complete my embarrassment.

Hastings. Well, but wasn't it the most fortunate thing in the world?

Marlow. Oh, yes. Very fortunate — a most joyful encounter — But our dresses, George, you know, are in disorder — What if we should postpone the happiness till to-morrow? — To-morrow at her own house — It will be every bit as convenient — and rather more respectful — To-morrow let it be.

[*Offering to go.*

Miss Neville. By no means, sir. Your ceremony will displease her. The disorder of your dress will shew the ardour of your impatience. Besides, she knows you are in the house, and will permit you to see her.

Marlow. Oh, the devil! How shall I support it? — Hem! hem! Hastings, you must not go. You are to assist me, you know. I shall be confoundedly ridiculous. Yet hang it! I'll take courage. Hem!

Hastings. Pshaw, man! It's but the first plunge, and all's over. She's but a woman, you know.

Marlow. And of all women, she that I dread most to encounter.

Enter Miss Hardcastle, as returned from walking.

Hastings. (*Introducing them.*) Miss Hardcastle, Mr Marlow. I'm proud of bringing two persons of such merit together, that only want to know, to esteem each other.

Miss Hardcastle. (*Aside.*) Now for meeting my modest gentleman with a demure face, and quite in his own manner. (*After a pause, in which he appears very uneasy and disconcerted.*) I'm glad of your safe arrival, sir — I'm told you had some accidents by the way.

Marlow. Only a few, madam. Yes, we had some. Yes, madam, a good many accidents, but should be sorry — madam — or rather glad of any accidents — that are so agreeably concluded. Hem!

Hastings. (*To him.*) You never spoke better in your whole life. Keep it up, and I'll insure you the victory.

Miss Hardcastle. I'm afraid you flatter, sir. You that have seen so much of the finest company, can find little entertainment in an obscure corner of the country.

Marlow. (*Gathering courage.*) I have lived, indeed, in the world, madam; but I have kept very little company. I have

been but an observer upon life, madam, while others were enjoying it.

Miss Neville. But that, I am told, is the way to enjoy it at last.

Hastings. (*To him.*) Cicero never spoke better. Once more, and you are confirmed in assurance for ever.

Marlow. (*To him.*) Hem! stand by me, then, and when I'm down, throw in a word or two to set me up again.

Miss Hardcastle. An observer, like you, upon life, were, I fear, disagreeably employed, since you must have had much more to censure than to approve.

Marlow. Pardon me, madam. I was always willing to be amused. The folly of most people is rather an object of mirth than uneasiness.

Hastings. (*To him.*) Bravo, bravo. Never spoke so well in your whole life. Well, Miss Hardcastle, I see that you and Mr Marlow are going to be very good company. I believe our being here will but embarrass the interview.

Marlow. Not in the least, Mr Hastings. We like your company of all things. (*To him.*) Zounds! George, sure you won't go? how can you leave us?

Hastings. Our presence will but spoil conversation, so we'll retire to the next room. (*To him.*) You don't consider, man, that we are to manage a little tête-à-tête of our own. [*Exeunt.*

Miss Hardcastle. (*After a pause.*) But you have not been wholly an observer, I presume, sir: the ladies, I should hope, have employed some part of your addresses.

Marlow. (*Relapsing into timidity.*) Pardon me, madam, I—I—I—as yet have studied—only—to—deserve them.

Miss Hardcastle. And that, some say, is the very worst way to obtain them.

Marlow. Perhaps so, madam. But I love to converse only with the more grave and sensible part of the sex—But I'm afraid I grow tiresome.

Miss Hardcastle. Not at all, sir; there is nothing I like so much as grave conversation myself; I could hear it for ever. Indeed I have often been surprised how a man of sentiment could ever admire those light airy pleasures, where nothing reaches the heart.

Marlow. It's——a disease——of the mind, madam. In the variety of tastes there must be some who, wanting a relish ——for——um—a—um.

Miss Hardcastle. I understand you, sir. There must be

some who, wanting a relish for refined pleasures, pretend to despise what they are incapable of tasting.

Marlow. My meaning, madam, but infinitely better expressed. And I can't help observing —— a ——

Miss Hardcastle. (*Aside.*) Who could ever suppose this fellow impudent upon some occasions! (*To him.*) You were going to observe, sir ——

Marlow. I was observing, madam—I protest, madam, I forget what I was going to observe.

Miss Hardcastle. (*Aside.*) I vow and so do I. (*To him.*) You were observing, sir, that in this age of hypocrisy—something about hypocrisy, sir.

Marlow. Yes, madam. In this age of hypocrisy, there are few who, upon strict inquiry, do not—a—a—a ——

Miss Hardcastle. I understand you perfectly, sir.

Marlow. (*Aside.*) Egad! and that's more than I do myself.

Miss Hardcastle. You mean that in this hypocritical age, there are few that do not condemn in public, what they practise in private, and think they pay every debt to virtue when they praise it.

Marlow. True, madam; those who have most virtue in their mouths, have least of it in their bosoms. But I'm sure I tire you, madam.

Miss Hardcastle. Not in the least, sir; there's something so agreeable and spirited in your manner, such life and force—Pray, sir, go on.

Marlow. Yes, madam, I was saying —— that there are some occasions—when a total want of courage, madam, destroys all the —— and puts us —— upon—a—a—a ——

Miss Hardcastle. I agree with you entirely: a want of courage upon some occasions, assumes the appearance of ignorance, and betrays us when we most want to excel. I beg you'll proceed.

Marlow. Yes, madam. Morally speaking, madam—but I see Miss Neville expecting us in the next room. I would not intrude for the world.

Miss Hardcastle. I protest, sir, I never was more agreeably entertained in all my life. Pray go on.

Marlow. Yes, madam, I was —— But she beckons us to join her. Madam, shall I do myself the honour to attend you?

Miss Hardcastle. Well, then, I'll follow.

Marlow. (*Aside.*) This pretty smooth dialogue has done me. [*Exit.*

Miss Hardcastle. (*Alone.*) Ha! ha! ha! Was there ever such a sober, sentimental interview! I'm certain he scarce looked in my face the whole time. Yet the fellow, but for his unaccountable bashfulness, is pretty well too. He has good sense, but then so buried in his fears, that it fatigues one more than ignorance. If I could teach him a little confidence, it would be doing somebody that I know of a piece of service. But who is that somebody? That, faith, is a question I can scarce answer. [*Exit.*

Enter Tony and Miss Neville, followed by Mrs Hardcastle and Hastings.

Tony. What do you follow me for, cousin Con? I wonder you're not ashamed to be so very engaging.

Miss Neville. I hope, cousin, one may speak to one's own relations, and not be to blame.

Tony. Ay, but I know what sort of a relation you want to make me though; but it won't do. I tell you, cousin Con, it won't do; so I beg you'll keep your distance—I want no nearer relationship.

[*She follows, coquetting him to the back scene.*

Mrs Hardcastle. Well, I vow, Mr Hastings, you are very entertaining. There's nothing in the world I love to talk of so much as London, and the fashions; though I was never there myself.

Hastings. Never there! You amaze me! From your air and manner, I concluded you had been bred all your life either at Ranelagh, St James's, or Tower Wharf.

Mrs Hardcastle. Oh, sir, you're only pleased to say so. We country persons can have no manner at all. I'm in love with the town, and that serves to raise me above some of our neighbouring rustics; but who can have a manner, that has never seen the Pantheon, the Grotto Gardens, the Borough, and such places where the nobility chiefly resort? All I can do is to enjoy London at second-hand. I take care to know every tête-à-tête from the Scandalous Magazine, and have all the fashions, as they come out, in a letter from the two Miss Rickets of Crooked Lane. Pray, how do you like this head, Mr Hastings?

Hastings. Extremely elegant and degagée, upon my word, madam. Your friseur is a Frenchman, I suppose?

Mrs Hardcastle. I protest, I dressed it myself from a print in the Ladies' Memorandum-book for the last year.

Hastings. Indeed! Such a head in a side-box at the play-house, would draw as many gazers as my Lady Mayoress at a city ball.

Mrs Hardcastle. I vow, since inoculation began, there is no such thing to be seen as a plain woman, so one must dress a little particular, or one may escape in the crowd.

Hastings. But that can never be your case, madam, in any dress. (*Bowing.*)

Mrs Hardcastle. Yet, what signifies my dressing, when I have such a piece of antiquity by my side as Mr Hardcastle: all I can say will never argue down a single button from his clothes. I have often wanted him to throw off his great flaxen wig, and where he was bald, to plaster it over, like my Lord Pately, with powder.

Hastings. You are right, madam; for, as among the ladies there are none ugly, so among the men there are none old.

Mrs Hardcastle. But what do you think his answer was? Why, with his usual Gothic vivacity, he said I only wanted him to throw off his wig to convert it into a *tête* for my own wearing.

Hastings. Intolerable! At your age you may wear what you please, and it must become you.

Mrs Hardcastle. Pray, Mr Hastings, what do you take to be the most fashionable age about town?

Hastings. Some time ago, forty was all the mode; but I'm told the ladies intend to bring up fifty for the ensuing winter.

Mrs Hardcastle. Seriously? Then I shall be too young for the fashion.

Hastings. No lady begins now to put on jewels till she's past forty. For instance, miss there, in a polite circle, would be considered as a child—a mere maker of samplers.

Mrs Hardcastle. And yet, my niece thinks herself as much a woman, and is as fond of jewels, as the oldest of us all.

Hastings. Your niece, is she? And that young gentleman—a brother of yours, I should presume?

Mrs Hardcastle. My son, sir. They are contracted to each other. Observe their little sports. They fall in and out ten times a-day, as if they were man and wife already. (*To them.*) Well, Tony, child, what soft things are you saying to your cousin Constance this evening?

Tony. I have been saying no soft things; but that it's very hard to be followed about so. Ecod! I've not a place in the house now that's left to myself, but the stable.

Mrs Hardcastle. Never mind him, Con, my dear, he's in another story behind your back.

Miss Neville. There's something generous in my cousin's manner. He falls out before faces, to be forgiven in private.

Tony. That's a damned confounded—crack.

Mrs Hardcastle. Ah! he's a sly one. Don't you think they're like each other about the mouth, Mr Hastings? The Blenkinsop mouth to a T. They're of a size too. Back to back, my pretties, that Mr Hastings may see you. Come, Tony.

Tony. You had as good not make me, I tell you. (*Measuring.*)

Miss Neville. O lud! he has almost cracked my head.

Mrs Hardcastle. Oh, the monster! For shame, Tony. You a man, and behave so!

Tony. If I'm a man, let me have my fortin. Ecod! I'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs Hardcastle. Is this, ungrateful boy, all that I'm to get for the pains I have taken in your education? I that have rocked you in your cradle, and fed that pretty mouth with a spoon! Did not I work that waistcoat to make you genteel? Did not I prescribe for you every day, and weep while the receipt was operating?

Tony. Ecod! you had reason to weep, for you have been dosing me ever since I was born. I have gone through every receipt in the Complete Housewife ten times over; and you have thoughts of coursing me through Quincey next spring. But, ecod! I tell you, I 'll not be made a fool of no longer.

Mrs Hardcastle. Wasn't it all for your good, viper? Wasn't it all for your good?

Tony. I wish you 'd let me and my good alone, then. Snubbing this way when I'm in spirits! If I 'm to have any good, let it come of itself; not to keep dinging it, dinging it into one so.

Mrs Hardcastle. That's false; I never see you when you're in spirits. No, Tony, you then go to the alehouse or kennel. I 'm never to be delighted with your agreeable wild notes, unfeeling monster!

Tony. Ecod! mamma, your own notes are the wildest of the two.

Mrs Hardcastle. Was ever the like? But I see he wants to break my heart; I see he does.

Hastings. Dear madam, permit me to lecture the young gentleman a little. I 'm certain I can persuade him to his duty.

Mrs Hardcastle. Well, I must retire. Come, Constance, my love. You see, Mr Hastings, the wretchedness of my situation: was ever poor woman so plagued with a dear, sweet, pretty, provoking, undutiful boy!

[*Exeunt Mrs Hardcastle and Miss Neville.*

Tony. (*Singing.*)

There was a young man riding by,
And fain would have his will.
Rang do didlo dee.

Don't mind her. Let her cry. It's the comfort of her heart. I have seen her and sister cry over a book for an hour together; and they said they liked the book the better the more it made them cry.

Hastings. Then you're no friend to the ladies, I find, my pretty young gentleman?

Tony. That's as I find 'um.

Hastings. Not to her of your mother's choosing, I dare answer? And yet she appears to me a pretty, well tempered girl.

Tony. That's because you don't know her as well as I. Ecod! I know every inch about her; and there's not a more bitter cantanckerous toad in all Christendom.

Hastings. (*Aside.*) Pretty encouragement this for a lover!

Tony. I have seen her since the height of that. She has as many tricks as a hare in a thicket, or a colt the first day's breaking.

Hastings. To me she appears sensible and silent.

Tony. Ay, before company. But when she 's with her playmates, she 's as loud as a hog in a gate.

Hastings. But there is a meek modesty about her that charms me.

Tony. Yes, but curb her never so little, she kicks up, and you're flung in a ditch.

Hastings. Well, but you must allow her a little beauty.—Yes, you must allow her some beauty.

Tony. Bandbox! She's all a made-up thing, mun. Ah! could you but see Bet Bouncer of these parts, you might then talk of beauty. Ecod! she has two eyes as black as sloes, and cheeks as broad and red as a pulpit cushion. She'd make two of she.

Hastings. Well, what say you to a friend that would take this bitter bargain off your hands?

Tony. Anan!

Hastings. Would you thank him that would take Miss Neville, and leave you to happiness and your dear Betsey?

Tony. Ay; but where is there such a friend, for who would take her?

Hastings. I am he. If you but assist me, I'll engage to whip her off to France, and you shall never hear more of her.

Tony. Assist you! Ecod I will, to the last drop of my blood. I'll clap a pair of horses to your chaise that shall trundle you off in a twinkling, and may be get you a part of her fortin beside, in jewels, that you little dream of.

Hastings. My dear squire, this looks like a lad of spirit.

Tony. Come along, then, and you shall see more of my spirit before you have done with me. (*Singing.*)

We are the boys
That fears no noise
Where the thundering cannons roar.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Enter Hardcastle.

Hardcastle. WHAT could my old friend Sir Charles mean by recommending his son as the modestest young man in town? To me he appears the most impudent piece of brass that ever spoke with a tongue. He has taken possession of the easy chair by the fire-side already. He took off his boots in the parlour, and desired me to see them taken care of. I'm desirous to know how his impudence affects my daughter. She will certainly be shocked at it.

Enter Miss Hardcastle, plainly dressed.

Hardcastle. Well, my Kate, I see you have changed your dress, as I bid you; and yet, I believe, there was no great occasion.

Miss Hardcastle. I find such a pleasure, sir, in obeying your commands, that I take care to observe them without ever debating their propriety.

Hardcastle. And yet, Kate, I sometimes give you some cause, particularly when I recommended my modest gentleman to you as a lover to-day.

Miss Hardcastle. You taught me to expect something extraordinary, and I find the original exceeds the description.

Hardcastle. I was never so surprised in my life! He has quite confounded all my faculties.

Miss Hardcastle. I never saw any thing like it; and a man of the world too!

Hardcastle. Ay, he learned it all abroad — what a fool was I, to think a young man could learn modesty by travelling. He might as soon learn wit at a masquerade.

Miss Hardcastle. It seems all natural to him.

Hardcastle. A good deal assisted by bad company and a French dancing-master.

Miss Hardcastle. Sure you mistake, papa. A French dancing-master could never have taught him that timid look — that awkward address — that bashful manner.

Hardcastle. Whose look? whose manner, child?

Miss Hardcastle. Mr Marlow's: his *mauvaise honte*, his timidity, struck me at the first sight.

Hardcastle. Then your first sight deceived you; for I think him one of the most brazen first sights that ever astonished my senses.

Miss Hardcastle. Sure, sir, you rally! I never saw any one so modest.

Hardcastle. And can you be serious? I never saw such a bouncing, swaggering puppy since I was born. Bully Dawson was but a fool to him.

Miss Hardcastle. Surprising! He met me with a respectful bow, a stammering voice, and a look fixed on the ground.

Hardcastle. He met me with a loud voice, a lordly air, and a familiarity that made my blood freeze again.

Miss Hardcastle. He treated me with diffidence and respect; censured the manners of the age; admired the prudence of girls that never laughed; tired me with apologies for being tiresome; then left the room with a bow, and "Madam, I would not for the world detain you."

Hardcastle. He spoke to me as if he knew me all his life before; asked twenty questions, and never waited for an answer; interrupted my best remarks with some silly pun; and when I was in my best story of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, he asked if I had not a good hand at making punch. Yes, Kate, he asked your father if he was a maker of punch!

Miss Hardcastle. One of us must certainly be mistaken.

Hardcastle. If he be what he has shewn himself, I 'm determined he shall never have my consent.

Miss Hardcastle. And if he be the sullen thing I take him, he shall never have mine.

Hardcastle. In one thing, then, we are agreed,—to reject him.

Miss Hardcastle. Yes—but upon conditions. For if you should find him less impudent, and I more presuming; if you find him more respectful, and I more importunate—I don't know—the fellow is well enough for a man—certainly we don't meet many such at a horse-race in the country.

Hardcastle. If we should find him so—— But that 's impossible. The first appearance has done my business. I 'm seldom deceived in that.

Miss Hardcastle. And yet there may be many good qualities under that first appearance.

Hardcastle. Ay, when a girl finds a fellow's outside to her taste, she then sets about guessing the rest of his furniture. With her, a smooth face stands for good sense, and a genteel figure for every virtue.

Miss Hardcastle. I hope, sir, a conversation begun with a compliment to my good sense, won't end with a sneer at my understanding?

Hardcastle. Pardon me, Kate. But if young Mr Brazen can find the art of reconciling contradictions, he may please us both, perhaps.

Miss Hardcastle. And as one of us must be mistaken, what if we go to make farther discoveries?

Hardcastle. Agreed. But, depend on 't, I 'm in the right.

Miss Hardcastle. And, depend on 't, I 'm not much in the wrong. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Tony, running in with a casket.

Tony. Ecod! I have got them. Here they are. My cousin Con's necklaces, bobs and all. My mother shan't cheat the poor souls out of their fortin neither. O my genus, is that you?

Enter Hastings.

Hastings. My dear friend, how have you managed with your mother? I hope you have amused her with pretending love for your cousin, and that you are willing to be reconciled at

last? Our horses will be refreshed in a short time, and we shall soon be ready to set off.

Tony. And here's something to bear your charges by the way—(*giving the casket*)—your sweetheart's jewels. Keep them; and hang those, I say, that would rob you of one of them.

Hastings. But how have you procured them from your mother?

Tony. Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no fibs. I procured them by the rule of thumb. If I had not a key to every drawer in mother's bureau, how could I go to the alehouse so often as I do? An honest man may rob himself of his own at any time.

Hastings. Thousands do it every day. But, to be plain with you, Miss Neville is endeavouring to procure them from her aunt this very instant. If she succeeds, it will be the most delicate way, at least, of obtaining them.

Tony. Well, keep them, till you know how it will be. But I know how it will be well enough,—she'd as soon part with the only sound tooth in her head.

Hastings. But I dread the effects of her resentment, when she finds she has lost them.

Tony. Never you mind her resentment, leave me to manage that. I don't value her resentment the bounce of a cracker. Zounds! here they are. Morrice! Prance! [*Exit Hastings.*

Tony, Mrs Hardcastle, and Miss Neville.

Mrs Hardcastle. Indeed, Constance, you amaze me. Such a girl as you want jewels! It will be time enough for jewels, my dear, twenty years hence, when your beauty begins to want repairs.

Miss Neville. But what will repair beauty at forty, will certainly improve it at twenty, madam.

Mrs Hardcastle. Yours, my dear, can admit of none. That natural blush is beyond a thousand ornaments. Besides, child, jewels are quite out at present. Don't you see half the ladies of our acquaintance, my Lady Kill-daylight, and Mrs Crump, and the rest of them, carry their jewels to town, and bring nothing but paste and marcasites back.

Miss Neville. But who knows, madam, but somebody that shall be nameless would like me best with all my little finery about me?

Mrs Hardcastle. Consult your glass, my dear, and then see

if, with such a pair of eyes, you want any better sparklers. What do you think, Tony, my dear? Does your cousin Con want any jewels in your eyes to set off her beauty?

Tony. That's as hereafter may be.

Miss Neville. My dear aunt, if you knew how it would oblige me.

Mrs Hardcastle. A parcel of old-fashioned rose and table-cut things. They would make you look like the court of King Solomon at a puppet-show. Besides, I believe, I can't readily come at them. They may be missing for aught I know to the contrary.

Tony. (*Apart to Mrs Hardcastle.*) Then why don't you tell her so at once, as she's so longing for them? Tell her they're lost. It's the only way to quiet her. Say they're lost, and call me to bear witness.

Mrs Hardcastle. (*Apart to Tony.*) You know, my dear, I'm only keeping them for you. So if I say they're gone, you'll bear me witness, will you? He! he! he!

Tony. Never fear me. Ecod! I'll say I saw them taken out with my own eyes.

Miss Neville. I desire them but for a day, madam—just to be permitted to shew them as relics, and then they may be locked up again.

Mrs Hardcastle. To be plain with you, my dear Constance, if I could find them you should have them. They're missing, I assure you. Lost, for aught I know; but we must have patience wherever they are.

Miss Neville. I'll not believe it; this is but a shallow pretence to deny me. I know they are too valuable to be so slightly kept, and as you are to answer for the loss——

Mrs Hardcastle. Don't be alarmed, Constance. If they be lost, I must restore an equivalent. But my son knows they are missing, and not to be found.

Tony. That I can bear witness to. They are missing, and not to be found; I'll take my oath on't.

Mrs Hardcastle. You must learn resignation, my dear; for though we lose our fortune, yet we should not lose our patience. See me, how calm I am.

Miss Neville. Ay, people are generally calm at the misfortunes of others.

Mrs Hardcastle. Now, I wonder a girl of your good sense should waste a thought upon such trumpery. We shall soon find them; and in the meantime you shall make use of my garnets till your jewels be found.

Miss Neville. I detest garnets.

Mrs Hardcastle. The most becoming things in the world to set off a clear complexion. You have often seen how well they look upon me. You shall have them. [*Exit.*

Miss Neville. I dislike them of all things. You shan't stir. Was ever any thing so provoking, to mislay my own jewels, and force me to wear her trumpery.

Tony. Don't be a fool. If she gives you the garnets, take what you can get. The jewels are your own already. I have stolen them out of her bureau, and she does not know it. Fly to your spark; he'll tell you more of the matter. Leave me to manage her.

Miss Neville. My dear cousin!

Tony. Vanish. She's here, and has missed them already. [*Exit Miss Neville.*] Zounds! how she fidgets and spits about like a catharine wheel!

Enter Mrs Hardcastle.

Mrs Hardcastle. Confusion! thieves! robbers! we are cheated, plundered, broke open, undone.

Tony. What's the matter, what's the matter, mamma? I hope nothing has happened to any of the good family?

Mrs Hardcastle. We are robbed. My bureau has been broken open, the jewels taken out, and I'm undone.

Tony. Oh! is that all? Ha! ha! ha! By the laws, I never saw it better acted in my life. Ecod, I thought you was ruined in earnest, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs Hardcastle. Why, boy, I am ruined in earnest. My bureau has been broken open, and all taken away.

Tony. Stick to that, ha! ha! ha! stick to that. I'll bear witness, you know! call me to bear witness.

Mrs Hardcastle. I tell you, Tony, by all that's precious, the jewels are gone, and I shall be ruined for ever.

Tony. Sure I know they are gone, and I am to say so.

Mrs Hardcastle. My dearest Tony, but hear me. They're gone, I say.

Tony. By the laws, mamma, you make me for to laugh, ha! ha! I know who took them well enough, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs Hardcastle. Was there ever such a blockhead, that can't tell the difference between jest and earnest! I tell you I'm not in jest, booby.

Tony. That's right, that's right; you must be in a bitter

passion, and then nobody will suspect either of us. I'll bear witness that they are gone.

Mrs Hardcastle. Was there ever such a cross-grained brute, that won't hear me! Can you bear witness that you're no better than a fool? Was ever poor woman so beset with fools on one hand, and thieves on the other!

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs Hardcastle. Bear witness again, you blockhead, you, and I'll turn you out of the room directly. My poor niece, what will become of her! Do you laugh, you unfeeling brute, as if you enjoyed my distress?

Tony. I can bear witness to that.

Mrs Hardcastle. Do you insult me, monster? I'll teach you to vex your mother, I will!

Tony. I can bear witness to that. (*He runs off, she follows him.*

Enter Miss Hardcastle and Maid.

Miss Hardcastle. What an unaccountable creature is that brother of mine, to send them to the house as an inn, ha! ha! I don't wonder at his impudence.

Maid. But what is more, madam, the young gentleman, as you passed by in your present dress, asked me if you were the bar-maid? He mistook you for the bar-maid, madam!

Miss Hardcastle. Did he? Then, as I live, I'm resolved to keep up the delusion. Tell me, Pimple, how do you like my present dress? Don't you think I look something like Cherry in the Beaux' Stratagem?

Maid. It's the dress, madam, that every lady wears in the country, but when she visits or receives company.

Miss Hardcastle. And are you sure he does not remember my face or person?

Maid. Certain of it.

Miss Hardcastle. I vow I thought so; for though we spoke for some time together, yet his fears were such that he never once looked up during the interview. Indeed, if he had, my bonnet would have kept him from seeing me.

Maid. But what do you hope from keeping him in his mistake?

Miss Hardcastle. In the first place, I shall be seen, and that is no small advantage to a girl who brings her face to market. Then I shall perhaps make an acquaintance, and that's no small victory gained over one who never addresses any but

the wildest of her sex. But my chief aim is to take my gentleman off his guard, and, like an invisible champion of romance, examine the giant's force before I offer to combat.

Maid. But are you sure you can act your part, and disguise your voice so that he may mistake that, as he has already mistaken your person?

Miss Hardcastle. Never fear me. I think I have got the true bar cant — Did your honour call? — Attend the Lion there. — Pipes and tobacco for the Angel. — The Lamb has been outrageous this half hour.

Maid. It will do, madam. But he's here. [*Exit Maid.*

Enter Marlow.

Marlow. What a bawling in every part of the house! I have scarce a moment's repose. If I go to the best room, there I find my host and his story; if I fly to the gallery, there we have my hostess with her curtsey down to the ground. I have at last got a moment to myself, and now for recollection. [*Walks and muses.*

Miss Hardcastle. Did you call, sir? Did your honour call?

Marlow. (*Musing.*) As for Miss Hardcastle, she's too grave and sentimental for me.

Miss Hardcastle. Did your honour call?

[*She still places herself before him, he turning away.*

Marlow. No, child, (*Musing.*) Besides, from the glimpse I had of her, I think she squints.

Miss Hardcastle. I'm sure, sir, I heard the bell ring.

Marlow. No, no, (*Musing.*) I have pleased my father, however, by coming down, and I'll to-morrow please myself by returning. (*Taking out his tablets and perusing.*)

Miss Hardcastle. Perhaps the other gentleman called, sir?

Marlow. I tell you no.

Miss Hardcastle. I should be glad to know, sir: we have such a parcel of servants.

Marlow. No, no, I tell you, (*Looks full in her face.*) Yes, child, I think I did call. I wanted — I wanted — I vow, child, you are vastly handsome.

Miss Hardcastle. O la, sir, you'll make one ashamed.

Marlow. Never saw a more sprightly malicious eye. Yes, yes, my dear, I did call. Have you got any of your — a — what d'ye call it, in the house?

Miss Hardcastle. No, sir, we have been out of that these ten days.

Marlow. One may call in this house, I find, to very little purpose. Suppose I should call for a taste, just by way of trial, of the nectar of your lips, perhaps I might be disappointed in that too.

Miss Hardcastle. Nectar! nectar! That's a liquor there's no call for in these parts. French, I suppose. We keep no French wines here, sir.

Marlow. Of true English growth, I assure you.

Miss Hardcastle. Then it's odd I should not know it. We brew all sorts of wines in this house, and I have lived here these eighteen years.

Marlow. Eighteen years! Why, one would think, child, you kept the bar before you was born. How old are you?

Miss Hardcastle. Oh, sir, I must not tell my age. They say women and music should never be dated.

Marlow. To guess at this distance, you can't be much above forty. (*Approaching.*) Yet nearer, I don't think so much. (*Approaching.*) By coming close to some women, they look younger still; but when we come very close indeed—(*Attempting to kiss her.*)

Miss Hardcastle. Pray, sir, keep your distance. One would think you wanted to know one's age as they do horses, by mark of mouth.

Marlow. I protest, child, you use me extremely ill. If you keep me at this distance, how is it possible you and I can ever be acquainted?

Miss Hardcastle. And who wants to be acquainted with you? I want no such acquaintance, not I. I'm sure you did not treat Miss Hardcastle, that was here a while ago, in this obstropalous manner. I'll warrant me, before her you looked dashed, and kept bowing to the ground, and talked, for all the world, as if you were before a justice of the peace.

Marlow. (*Aside.*) Egad, she has hit it, sure enough! (*To her.*) In awe of her, child? Ha! ha! ha! A mere awkward, squinting thing! No, no. I find you don't know me. I laughed and rallied her a little; but I was unwilling to be too severe. No, I could not be too severe, curse me!

Miss Hardcastle. Oh, then, sir, you are a favourite, I find, among the ladies?

Marlow. Yes, my dear, a great favourite. And yet, hang me, I don't see what they find in me to follow. At the ladies' club in town I'm called their agreeable Rattle. Rattle, child, is not my real name, but one I'm known by. My name is

Solomons ; Mr Solomons, my dear, at your service. (*Offering to salute her.*)

Miss Hardcastle. Hold, sir, you are introducing me to your club, not to yourself. And you 're so great a favourite there, you say ?

Marlow. Yes, my dear. There 's Mrs Mantrap, Lady Betty Blackleg, the Countess of Sligo, Mrs Langhorns, old Miss Biddy Buckskin, and your humble servant, keep up the spirit of the place.

Miss Hardcastle. Then it's a very merry place, I suppose ?

Marlow. Yes, as merry as cards, suppers, wine, and old women can make us.

Miss Hardcastle. And their agreeable Rattle, ha ! ha ! ha !

Marlow. (*Aside.*) Egad ! I don 't quite like this chit. She looks knowing, methinks. You laugh, child ?

Miss Hardcastle. I can't but laugh to think what time they all have for minding their work, or their family.

Marlow. (*Aside.*) All 's well ; she don 't laugh at me. (*To her.*) Do you ever work, child ?

Miss Hardcastle. Ay, sure. There 's not a screen or a quilt in the whole house but what can bear witness to that.

Marlow. Odso ! then you must shew me your embroidery. I embroider and draw patterns myself a little. If you want a judge of your work, you must apply to me. (*Seizing her hand.*)

Miss Hardcastle. Ay, but the colours don 't look well by candle-light. You shall see all in the morning. (*Struggling.*)

Marlow. And why not now, my angel ? Such beauty fires beyond the power of resistance. Pshaw ! the father here ! My old luck : I never nicked seven that I did not throw ames ace three times following.* [*Exit Marlow.*

Enter Hardcastle, who stands in surprise.

Hardcastle. So, madam. So I find this is your modest lover. This is your humble admirer, that kept his eyes fixed on the ground, and only adored at humble distance. Kate, Kate, art thou not ashamed to deceive your father so ?

Miss Hardcastle. Never trust me, dear papa, but he 's still

* Ames ace, or ambs ace, is two aces thrown at the same time on two dice. As seven is the main, to throw ames ace thrice running, when the player nicks, that is, hazards his money on seven, is singularly bad luck. —B.

the modest man I first took him for; you'll be convinced of it as well as I.

Hardcastle. By the hand of my body, I believe his impudence is infectious! Didn't I see him seize your hand? Didn't I see him hawl you about like a milk-maid? And now you talk of his respect and his modesty, forsooth!

Miss Hardcastle. But if I shortly convince you of his modesty, that he has only the faults that will pass off with time, and the virtues that will improve with age, I hope you'll forgive him.

Hardcastle. The girl would actually make one run mad! I tell you I'll not be convinced. I am convinced. He has scarcely been three hours in the house, and he has already encroached on all my prerogatives. You may like his impudence, and call it modesty; but my son-in-law, madam, must have very different qualifications.

Miss Hardcastle. Sir, I ask but this night to convince you.

Hardcastle. You shall not have half the time, for I have thoughts of turning him out this very hour.

Miss Hardcastle. Give me that hour, then, and I hope to satisfy you.

Hardcastle. Well, an hour let it be then. But I'll have no trifling with your father. All fair and open, do you mind me.

Miss Hardcastle. I hope, sir, you have ever found that I considered your commands as my pride; for your kindness is such, that my duty as yet has been inclination. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Enter Hastings and Miss Neville.

Hastings. You surprise me: Sir Charles Marlow expected here this night! Where have you had your information?

Miss Neville. You may depend upon it. I just saw his letter to Mr Hardcastle, in which he tells him he intends setting out a few hours after his son.

Hastings. Then, my Constance, all must be completed before he arrives. He knows me; and should he find me here, would discover my name, and, perhaps, my designs, to the rest of the family.

Miss Neville. The jewels, I hope, are safe?

Hastings. Yes, yes. I have sent them to Marlow, who keeps the keys of our baggage. In the meantime, I'll go to prepare

matters for our elopement. I have had the Squire's promise of a fresh pair of horses; and if I should not see him again, will write him farther directions. [*Exit.*

Miss Neville. Well, success attend you! In the meantime, I'll go amuse my aunt with the old pretence of a violent passion for my cousin. [*Exit.*

Enter Marlow, followed by a Servant.

Marlow. I wonder what Hastings could mean by sending me so valuable a thing as a casket to keep for him, when he knows the only place I have is the seat of a post-coach at an inn door. Have you deposited the casket with the landlady, as I ordered you? Have you put it into her own hands?

Servant. Yes, your honour.

Marlow. She said she'd keep it safe, did she?

Servant. Yes; she said she'd keep it safe enough. She asked me how I came by it; and she said she had a great mind to make me give an account of myself. [*Exit Servant.*

Marlow. Ha! ha! ha! They're safe, however. What an unaccountable set of beings have we got amongst! This little bar-maid, though, runs in my head most strangely, and drives out the absurdities of all the rest of the family. She's mine, she must be mine, or I'm greatly mistaken.

Enter Hastings.

Hastings. Bless me! I quite forgot to tell her that I intended to prepare at the bottom of the garden. Marlow here, and in spirits too!

Marlow. Give me joy, George! Crown me, shadow me with laurels! Well, George, after all, we modest fellows don't want for success among the women.

Hastings. Some women, you mean. But what success has your honour's modesty been crowned with now, that it grows so insolent upon us?

Marlow. Didn't you see the tempting, brisk, lovely, little thing, that runs about the house with a bunch of keys to its girdle?

Hastings. Well, and what then?

Marlow. She's mine, you rogue you. Such fire, such motion, such eyes, such lips — but, egad! she would not let me kiss them though.

Hastings. But are you so sure, so very sure of her?

Marlow. Why, man, she talked of shewing me her work above stairs, and I am to approve the pattern.

Hastings. But how can you, Charles, go about to rob a woman of her honour?

Marlow. Pshaw! pshaw! We all know the honour of the bar-maid of an inn. I don't intend to rob her, take my word for it; there 's nothing in this house I shan't honestly pay for.

Hastings. I believe the girl has virtue.

Marlow. And if she has, I should be the last man in the world that would attempt to corrupt it.

Hastings. You have taken care, I hope, of the casket I sent you to lock up? It 's in safety?

Marlow. Yes, yes; it 's safe enough. I have taken care of it. But how could you think the seat of a post-coach at an inn-door a place of safety? Ah! numskull! I have taken better precautions for you than you did for yourself—I have——

Hastings. What?

Marlow. I have sent it to the landlady to keep for you.

Hastings. To the landlady!

Marlow. The landlady.

Hastings. You did?

Marlow. I did. She 's to be answerable for its forthcoming, you know.

Hastings. Yes, she 'll bring it forth with a witness.

Marlow. Wasn 't I right? I believe you 'll allow that I acted prudently upon this occasion.

Hastings. (*Aside.*) He must not see my uneasiness.

Marlow. You seem a little disconcerted though, methinks. Sure nothing has happened?

Hastings. No, nothing. Never was in better spirits in all my life. And so you left it with the landlady, who, no doubt, very readily undertook the charge.

Marlow. Rather too readily; for she not only kept the casket, but, through her great precaution, was going to keep the messenger too. Ha! ha! ha!

Hastings. He! he! he! They 're safe, however.

Marlow. As a guinea in a miser's purse.

Hastings. (*Aside.*) So now all hopes of fortune are at an end, and we must set off without it. (*To him.*) Well, Charles, I 'll leave you to your meditations on the pretty bar-maid, and, he! he! he! may you be as successful for yourself as you have been for me! [*Exit.*

Marlow. Thank ye, George: I ask no more. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter Hardcastle.

Hardcastle. I no longer know my own house. It 's turned all topsy-turvy. His servants have got drunk already. I 'll bear it no longer; and yet, from my respect for his father, I 'll be calm. (*To him.*) Mr Marlow, your servant. I 'm your very humble servant. (*Bowing low.*)

Marlow. Sir, your humble servant. (*Aside.*) What 's to be the wonder now?

Hardcastle. I believe, sir, you must be sensible, sir, that no man alive ought to be more welcome than your father's son, sir. I hope you think so?

Marlow. I do from my soul, sir. I don't want much entreaty. I generally make my father's son welcome wherever he goes.

Hardcastle. I believe you do, from my soul, sir, But though I say nothing to your own conduct, that of your servants is insufferable. Their manner of drinking is setting a very bad example in this house, I assure you.

Marlow. I protest, my very good sir, that is no fault of mine. If they don 't drink as they ought, they are to blame. I ordered them not to spare the cellar. I did, I assure you. (*To the side-scene.*) Here, let one of my servants come up. (*To him.*) My positive directions were, that as I did not drink myself, they should make up for my deficiencies below.

Hardcastle. Then they had your orders for what they do? I 'm satisfied!

Marlow. They had, I assure you. You shall hear it from one of themselves.

Enter Servant, drunk.

Marlow. You, Jeremy! Come forward, sirrah! What were my orders? Were you not told to drink freely, and call for what you thought fit, for the good of the house?

Hardcastle. (*Aside.*) I begin to lose my patience.

Jeremy. Please your honour, liberty and Fleet-Street for ever! Though I'm but a servant, I 'm as good as another man. I 'll drink for no man before supper, sir, damme! Good liquor will sit upon a good supper, but a good supper will not sit upon——hiccup——upon my conscience, sir. [*Exit.*

Marlow. You see, my old friend, the fellow is as drunk as

he can possibly be. I don't know what you'd have more, unless you'd have the poor devil soused in a beer-barrel.

Hardcastle. Zounds, he'll drive me distracted, if I contain myself any longer! Mr Marlow: sir, I have submitted to your insolence for more than four hours, and I see no likelihood of its coming to an end. I'm now resolved to be master here, sir, and I desire that you and your drunken pack may leave my house directly.

Marlow. Leave your house!—Sure you jest, my good friend? What! when I'm doing what I can to please you.

Hardcastle. I tell you, sir, you don't please; so I desire you'll leave my house.

Marlow. Sure you cannot be serious? at this time o'night, and such a night? You only mean to banter me.

Hardcastle. I tell you, sir, I'm serious! and now that my passions are roused, I say this house is mine, sir: this house is mine, and I command you to leave it directly.

Marlow. Ha! ha! ha! A puddle in a storm. I shan't stir a step, I assure you. (*In a serious tone.*) This your house, fellow! It's my house. This is my house. Mine while I choose to stay. What right have you to bid me leave this house, sir? I never met with such impudence, curse me; never in my whole life before.

Hardcastle. Nor I, confound me if ever I did! To come to my house, to call for what he likes, to turn me out of my own chair, to insult the family, to order his servants to get drunk, and then to tell me, "This house is mine, sir!" By all that's impudent, it makes me laugh. Ha! ha! ha! Pray, sir, (*bantering*) as you take the house, what think you of taking the rest of the furniture? There's a pair of silver candlesticks, and there's a fire-screen, and here's a pair of brazen-nosed bellows; perhaps you may take a fancy to them?

Marlow. Bring me your bill, sir; bring me your bill, and let's make no more words about it.

Hardcastle. There are a set of prints, too. What think you of the Rake's Progress, for your own apartment?

Marlow. Bring me your bill, I say; and I'll leave you and your infernal house directly.

Hardcastle. Then there's a mahogany table that you may see your own face in.

Marlow. My bill, I say.

Hardcastle. I had forgot the great chair for your own particular slumbers, after a hearty meal.

Marlow. Zounds! bring me my bill, I say, and let's hear no more on't.

Hardcastle. Young man, young man, from your father's letter to me, I was taught to expect a well-bred modest man as a visitor here, but now I find him no better than a coxcomb and a bully; but he will be down here presently, and shall hear more of it. [*Exit.*

Marlow. How's this! Sure I have not mistaken the house. Every thing looks like an inn; the servants cry coming; the attendance is awkward; the bar-maid, too, to attend us. But she's here, and will farther inform me. Whither so fast, child? A word with you.

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Miss Hardcastle. Let it be short then. I'm in a hurry. (*Aside.*) I believe he begins to find out his mistake. But it's too soon quite to undeceive him.

Marlow. Pray, child, answer me one question. What are you, and what may your business in this house be?

Miss Hardcastle. A relation of the family, sir.

Marlow. What, a poor relation?

Miss Hardcastle. Yes, sir, a poor relation, appointed to keep the keys, and to see that the guests want nothing in my power to give them.

Marlow. That is, you act as the bar-maid of this inn.

Miss Hardcastle. Inn! O la——what brought that into your head? One of the best families in the county keep an inn!—Ha! ha! ha! old Mr Hardcastle's house an inn!

Harlow. Mr Hardcastle's house! Is this Mr Hardcastle's house, child?

Miss Hardcastle. Ay, sure. Whose else should it be?

Marlow. So then, all's out, and I have been damnably imposed upon. Oh, confound my stupid head, I shall be laughed at over the whole town! I shall be stuck up in caricatura in all the print-shops. The Dullissimo-Maccaroni. To mistake this house of all others for an inn, and my father's old friend for an innkeeper! What a swaggering puppy must he take me for! What a silly puppy do I find myself! There, again, may I be hang'd, my dear, but I mistook you for the bar-maid.

Miss Hardcastle. Dear me! dear me! I'm sure there's nothing in my behaviour to put me upon a level with one of that stamp.

Marlow. Nothing, my dear, nothing. But I was in for a

list of blunders, and could not help making you a subscriber. My stupidity saw every thing the wrong way. I mistook your assiduity for assurance, and your simplicity for allurement. But it's over—this house I no more shew my face in.

Miss Hardcastle. I hope, sir, I have done nothing to disoblige you. I'm sure I should be sorry to affront any gentleman who has been so polite, and said so many civil things to me. I'm sure I should be sorry (*pretending to cry*) if he left the family upon my account. I'm sure I should be sorry people said any thing amiss, since I have no fortune but my character.

Marlow. (*Aside.*) By Heaven! she weeps. This is the first mark of tenderness I ever had from a modest woman, and it touches me. (*To her.*) Excuse me, my lovely girl; you are the only part of the family I leave with reluctance. But, to be plain with you, the difference of our birth, fortune, and education, make an honourable connection impossible; and I can never harbour a thought of seducing simplicity that trusted in my honour, of bringing ruin upon one whose only fault was being too lovely.

Miss Hardcastle. (*Aside.*) Generous man! I now begin to admire him. (*To him.*) But I am sure my family is as good as Miss Hardcastle's; and though I'm poor, that's no great misfortune to a contented mind; and, until this moment, I never thought that it was bad to want fortune.

Marlow. And why now, my pretty simplicity?

Miss Hardcastle. Because it puts me at a distance from one, that if I had a thousand pounds, I would give it all to.

Marlow. (*Aside.*) This simplicity bewitches me so, that if I stay, I'm undone. I must make one bold effort, and leave her. (*To her.*) Your partiality in my favour, my dear, touches me most sensibly; and were I to live for myself alone, I could easily fix my choice. But I owe too much to the opinion of the world, too much to the authority of a father; so that—I can scarcely speak it—it affects me. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Miss Hardcastle. I never knew half his merit till now. He shall not go, if I have power or art to detain him. I'll still preserve the character in which I *stooped to conquer*, but will undeceive my papa, who, perhaps, may laugh him out of his resolution. [*Exit.*

Enter Tony and Miss Neville.

Tony. Ay, you may steal for yourselves the next time. I have done my duty. She has got the jewels again, that's a

sure thing; but she believes it was all a mistake of the servants.

Miss Neville. But, my dear cousin, sure you won't forsake us in this distress? If she in the least suspects that I am going off, I shall certainly be locked up, or sent to my aunt Pedigree's, which is ten times worse.

Tony. To be sure, aunts of all kinds are damned bad things. But what can I do? I have got you a pair of horses that will fly like Whistle Jacket; and I'm sure you can't say but I have courted you nicely before her face. Here she comes; we must court a bit or two more, for fear she should suspect us.

[*They retire, and seem to fondle.*

Enter Mrs Hardcastle.

Mrs Hardcastle. Well, I was greatly fluttered, to be sure. But my son tells me it was all a mistake of the servants. I shan't be easy, however, till they are fairly married, and then let her keep her own fortune. But what do I see? fondling together, as I'm alive. I never saw Tony so sprightly before. Ah! have I caught you, my pretty doves? What, billing, exchanging stolen glances and broken murmurs? Ah!

Tony. As for murmurs, mother, we grumble a little now and then, to be sure; but there's no love lost between us.

Mrs Hardcastle. A mere sprinkling, Tony, upon the flame, only to make it burn brighter.

Miss Neville. Cousin Tony promises to give us more of his company at home. Indeed, he shan't leave us any more. It won't leave us, cousin Tony, will it?

Tony. Oh, it's a pretty creature. No, I'd sooner leave my horse in a pound, than leave you when you smile upon one so. Your laugh makes you so becoming.

Miss Neville. Agreeable cousin! Who can help admiring that natural humour, that pleasant, broad, red, thoughtless, (*patting his cheek*)—ah! it's a bold face!

Mrs Hardcastle. Pretty innocence!

Tony. I'm sure I always loved cousin Con's hazel eyes, and her pretty long fingers, that she twists this way and that over the haspicolls, like a parcel of bobbins.

Mrs Hardcastle. Ah! he would charm the bird from the tree. I was never so happy before. My boy takes after his father, poor Mr Lumpkin, exactly. The jewels, my dear Con, shall be yours incontinently. You shall have them. Isn't he a sweet boy, my dear? You shall be married to-morrow, and

we 'll put off the rest of his education, like Dr Drowsy's sermons, to a fitter opportunity.

Enter Diggory.

Diggory. Where 's the Squire? I have got a letter for your worship.

Tony. Give it to my mamma. She reads all my letters first.

Diggory. I had orders to deliver it into your own hands.

Tony. Who does it come from?

Diggory. Your worship mun ask that o' the letter itself.

Tony. I could wish to know though, (*turning the letter and gazing on it.*)

Miss Neville. (*Aside.*) Undone! undone! A letter to him from Hastings: I know the hand. If my aunt sees it, we are ruined for ever. I 'll keep her employed a little, if I can. (*To Mrs Hardcastle.*) But I have not told you, madam, of my cousin's smart answer just now to Mr Marlow. We so laughed—You must know, madam—This way a little, for he must not hear us. (*They confer.*)

Tony. (*Still gazing.*) A damned cramp piece of penmanship, as ever I saw in my life. I can read your print hand very well; but here there are such handles, and shanks, and dashes, that one can scarce tell the head from the tail. "To Anthony Lumpkin, Esquire." It 's very odd, I can read the outside of my letters, where my own name is, well enough. But when I come to open it, it 's all —— buzz. That 's hard —very hard; for the inside of the letter is always the cream of the correspondence.

Mrs Hardcastle. Ha! ha! ha! Very well, very well. And so my son was too hard for the philosopher?

Miss Neville. Yes, madam; but you must hear the rest, madam. A little more this way, or he may hear us. You 'll hear how he puzzled him again.

Mrs Hardcastle. He seems strangely puzzled now himself, methinks.

Tony. (*Still gazing.*) A damned up and down hand, as if it was disguised in liquor. (*Reading.*) "Dear sir,"—Ay, that 's that. Then there 's an M, and a T, and an S, but whether the next be an izzard or an R, confound me, I cannot tell!

Mrs Hardcastle. What 's that, my dear; can I give you any assistance?

Miss Neville. Pray, aunt, let me read it. Nobody reads a

cramp hand better than I. (*Twitching the letter from him.*) Do you know who it is from?

Tony. Can't tell, except from Dick Ginger the feeder.

Miss Neville. Ay, so it is, (*pretending to read.*) Dear Squire, hoping that you're in health, as I am at this present. The gentlemen of the Shake Bag Club has cut the gentlemen of the Goose Green quite out of feather. The odds —— um —— odd battle — um — long fighting — um — here, here, it's all about cocks and fighting; it's of no consequence — here, put it up, put it up. (*Thrusting the crumpled letter upon him.*)

Tony. But I tell you, miss, it's of all the consequence in the world. I would not lose the rest of it for a guinea. Here, mother, do you make it out. Of no consequence!

[*Giving Mrs Hardcastle the letter.*

Mrs Hardcastle. How's this! (*reads,*) "Dear Squire, I'm now waiting for Miss Neville, with a postchaise and pair, at the bottom of the garden, but I find my horses yet unable to perform the journey. I expect you'll assist us with a pair of fresh horses, as you promised. Despatch is necessary, as the hag"—ay, the hag—"your mother, will otherwise suspect us. Yours, Hastings." Grant me patience: I shall run distracted! My rage chokes me!

Miss Neville. I hope, madam, you'll suspend your resentment for a few moments, and not impute to me any impertinence, or sinister design, that belongs to another.

Mrs Hardcastle. (*Curtsying very low.*) Fine spoken madam; you are most miraculously polite and engaging, and quite the very pink of courtesy and circumspection, madam. (*Changing her tone.*) And you, you great ill-fashioned oaf, with scarce sense enough to keep your mouth shut,—were you, too, joined against me? But I'll defeat all your plots in a moment. As for you, madam, since you have got a pair of fresh horses ready, it would be cruel to disappoint them. So, if you please, instead of running away with your spark, prepare, this very moment, to run off with me. Your old aunt Pedigree will keep you secure, I'll warrant me. You too, sir, may mount your horse, and guard us upon the way.—Here, Thomas, Roger, Diggory!—I'll shew you, that I wish you better than you do yourselves. [*Exit.*

Miss Neville. So now I'm completely ruined.

Tony. Ay, that's a sure thing.

Miss Neville. What better could be expected, from being connected with such a stupid fool, and after all the nods and signs I made him?

Tony. By the laws, miss, it was your own cleverness, and not my stupidity, that did your business! You were so nice and so busy with your Shake Bags and Goose Greens, that I thought you could never be making believe.

Enter Hastings.

Hastings. So, sir, I find by my servant, that you have shewn my letter, and betrayed us. Was this well done, young gentleman?

Tony. Here's another. Ask miss, there, who betrayed you. Ecod! it was her doing, not mine.

Enter Marlow.

Marlow. So, I have been finely used here among you. Rendered contemptible, driven into ill manners, despised, insulted, laughed at.

Tony. Here's another. We shall have all Bedlam broke loose presently.

Miss Neville. And there, sir, is the gentleman to whom we all owe every obligation.

Marlow. What can I say to him? a mere boy, an idiot, whose ignorance and age are a protection.

Hastings. A poor contemptible booby, that would but disgrace correction.

Miss Neville. Yet with cunning and malice enough to make himself merry with all our embarrassments.

Hastings. An insensible cub.

Marlow. Replete with tricks and mischief.

Tony. Baw! damme, but I'll fight you both, one after the other —— with baskets.

Marlow. As for him, he's below resentment. But your conduct, Mr Hastings, requires an explanation: You knew of my mistakes, yet would not undeceive me.

Hastings. Tortured as I am with my own disappointments, is this a time for explanations? It is not friendly, Mr Marlow.

Marlow. But, sir ——

Miss Neville. Mr Marlow, we never kept on your mistake, till it was too late to undeceive you. Be pacified.

Enter Servant.

Servant. My mistress desires you 'll get ready immediately, madam. The horses are putting to. Your hat and things are in the next room. We are to go thirty miles before morning. [*Exit Servant.*

Miss Neville. Well, well, I 'll come presently.

Marlow. (*To Hastings.*) Was it well done, sir, to assist in rendering me ridiculous?—To hang me out for the scorn of all my acquaintance? Depend upon it, sir, I shall expect an explanation.

Hastings. Was it well done, sir, if you 're upon that subject, to deliver what I intrusted to yourself, to the care of another, sir?

Miss Neville. Mr Hastings! Mr Marlow! Why will you increase my distress by this groundless dispute? I implore —I intreat you ——

Enter Servant.

Servant. Your cloak, madam. My mistress is impatient. [*Exit Servant.*

Miss Neville. I come. Pray, be pacified. If I leave you thus, I shall die with apprehension.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Your fan, muff, and gloves, madam. The horses are waiting. [*Exit Servant.*

Miss Neville. Oh, Mr Marlow, if you knew what a scene of constraint and ill-nature lies before me, I am sure it would convert your resentment into pity!

Marlow. I 'm so distracted with a variety of passions, that I don't know what I do. Forgive me, madam. George, forgive me. You know my hasty temper, and should not exasperate it.

Hastings. The torture of my situation is my only excuse.

Miss Neville. Well, my dear Hastings, if you have that esteem for me that I think—that I am sure you have, your constancy for three years will but increase the happiness of our future connection. If ——

Mrs Hardcastle. (*Within.*) Miss Neville! Constance, why, Constance, I say!

Miss Neville. I'm coming! Well, constancy; remember, constancy is the word. [*Exit.*

Hastings. My heart! how can I support this? To be so near happiness, and such happiness!

Marlow. (*To Tony.*) You see now, young gentleman, the effects of your folly. What might be amusement to you, is here disappointment, and even distress.

Tony. (*From a reverie.*) Ecod, I have hit it: it's here! Your hands. Yours, and yours, my poor Sulky. My boots there, ho!—Meet me, two hours hence, at the bottom of the garden; and if you don't find Tony Lumpkin a more good-natured fellow than you thought for, I'll give you leave to take my best horse, and Bet Bouncer into the bargain. Come along. My boots, ho! [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Enter Hastings and Servant.

Hastings. You saw the old lady and Miss Neville drive off, you say?

Servant. Yes, your honour. They went off in a post-coach, and the young squire went on horseback. They're thirty miles off by this time.

Hastings. Then all my hopes are over!

Servant. Yes, sir. Old Sir Charles is arrived. He and the old gentleman of the house have been laughing at Mr Marlow's mistake this half hour. They are coming this way. [*Exit.*

Hastings. Then I must not be seen. So now to my fruitless appointment at the bottom of the garden. This is about the time. [*Exit.*

Enter Sir Charles Marlow and Hardcastle.

Hardcastle. Ha! ha! ha! The peremptory tone in which he sent forth his sublime commands!

Sir Charles. And the reserve with which I suppose he treated all your advances.

Hardcastle. And yet he might have seen something in me above a common innkeeper, too.

Sir Charles. Yes, Dick, but he mistook you for an uncommon innkeeper; ha! ha! ha!

Hardcastle. Well, I'm in too good spirits to think of any

thing but joy. Yes, my dear friend, this union of our families will make our personal friendships hereditary, and though my daughter's fortune is but small ——

Sir Charles. Why, Dick, will you talk of fortune to me? My son is possessed of more than a competence already, and can want nothing but a good and virtuous girl to share his happiness and increase it. If they like each other, as you say they do ——

Hardcastle. If, man! I tell you they do like each other. My daughter as good as told me so.

Sir Charles. But girls are apt to flatter themselves you know.

Hardcastle. I saw him grasp her hand in the warmest manner myself; and here he comes to put you out of your *ifs*, I warrant him.

Enter Marlow.

Marlow. I come, sir, once more, to ask pardon for my strange conduct. I can scarce reflect on my insolence without confusion.

Hardcastle. Tut, boy, a trifle. You take it too gravely. An hour or two's laughing with my daughter, will set all to rights again. She 'll never like you the worse for it.

Marlow. Sir, I shall be always proud of her approbation.

Hardcastle. Approbation is but a cold word, Mr Marlow; if I am not deceived, you have something more than approbation thereabouts. You take me?

Marlow. Really, sir, I 've not that happiness.

Hardcastle. Come, boy, I'm an old fellow, and know what 's what as well as you that are younger. I know what has past between you; but mum.

Marlow. Sure, sir, nothing has past between us but the most profound respect on my side, and the most distant reserve on hers. You don't think, sir, that my impudence has been past upon all the rest of the family?

Hardcastle. Impudence! No, I don't say that—not quite impudence—though girls like to be played with and rumpled a little too, sometimes. But she has told no tales, I assure you.

Marlow. I never gave her the slightest cause.

Hardcastle. Well, well, I like modesty in its place well enough; but this is over-acting, young gentleman. You may be open. Your father and I will like you the better for it.

Marlow. May I die, sir, if I ever ——

Hardcastle. I tell you, she don't dislike you; and as I 'm sure you like her ——

Marlow. Dear sir — I protest, sir ——

Hardcastle. I see no reason why you should not be joined as fast as the parson can tie you.

Marlow. But hear me, sir ——

Hardcastle. Your father approves the match, I admire it; every moment's delay will be doing mischief, so ——

Marlow. But why don't you hear me? By all that 's just and true, I never gave Miss Hardcastle the slightest mark of my attachment, or even the most distant hint to suspect me of affection. We had but one interview, and that was formal, modest, and uninteresting.

Hardcastle. (*Aside.*) This fellow's formal, modest impudence is beyond bearing.

Sir Charles. And you never grasped her hand, or made any protestations?

Marlow. As Heaven is my witness, I came down in obedience to your commands; I saw the lady without emotion, and parted without reluctance. I hope you 'll exact no farther proofs of my duty, nor prevent me from leaving a house in which I suffer so many mortifications. [*Exit.*

Sir Charles. I 'm astonished at the air of sincerity with which he parted.

Hardcastle. And I 'm astonished at the deliberate intrepidity of his assurance.

Sir Charles. I dare pledge my life and honour upon his truth.

Hardcastle. Here comes my daughter, and I would stake my happiness upon her veracity.

Enter Miss Hardcastle.

Hardcastle. Kate, come hither, child. Answer us sincerely and without reserve: has Mr Marlow made you any professions of love and affection?

Miss Hardcastle. The question is very abrupt, sir! But since you require unreserved sincerity — I think he has.

Hardcastle. (*To Sir Charles.*) You see.

Sir Charles. And pray, madam, have you and my son had more than one interview?

Miss Hardcastle. Yes, sir, several.

Hardcastle. (*To Sir Charles.*) You see.

Sir Charles. But did he profess any attachment?

Miss Hardcastle. A lasting one.

Sir Charles. Did he talk of love?

Miss Hardcastle. Much, sir.

Sir Charles. Amazing! And all this formally?

Miss Hardcastle. Formally.

Hardcastle. Now, my friend, I hope you are satisfied?

Sir Charles. And how did he behave, madam?

Miss Hardcastle. As most profess'd admirers do: said some civil things of my face; talked much of his want of merit, and the greatness of mine; mentioned his heart, gave a short tragedy speech, and ended with pretended rapture.

Sir Charles. Now I 'm perfectly convinced, indeed. I know his conversation among women to be modest and submissive. This forward, canting, ranting manner by no means describes him, and, I am confident, he never sat for the picture.

Miss Hardcastle. Then, what, sir, if I should convince you to your face of my sincerity? If you and my papa, in about half an hour, will place yourselves behind that screen, you shall hear him declare his passion to me in person.

Sir Charles. Agreed. And if I find him what you describe, all my happiness in him must have an end. [*Exit.*

Miss Hardcastle. And if you don't find him what I describe, I fear my happiness must never have a beginning. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE CHANGES TO THE BACK OF THE GARDEN.

Enter Hastings.

Hastings. What an idiot am I to wait here for a fellow who probably takes a delight in mortifying me. He never intended to be punctual, and I'll wait no longer. What do I see? It is he! and perhaps with news of my Constance.

Enter Tony, booted and spattered.

Hastings. My honest Squire! I now find you a man of your word. This looks like friendship.

Tony. Ay, I'm your friend, and the best friend you have in the world, if you knew but all. This riding by night, by the by, is cursedly tiresome. It has shook me worse than the basket of a stage-coach.

Hastings. But how? where did you leave your fellow-travellers? Are they in safety? Are they housed?

Tony. Five and twenty miles in two hours and a half, is no such bad driving. The poor beasts have smoked for it: rabbit

me! but I'd rather ride forty miles after a fox, than ten with such varmint.

Hastings. Well, but where have you left the ladies? I die with impatience.

Tony. Left them! Why, where should I leave them but where I found them?

Hastings. This is a riddle.

Tony. Riddle me this, then. What's that goes round the house, and round the house, and never touches the house?

Hastings. I'm still astray.

Tony. Why, that's it, mun. I have led them astray. By jingo, there's not a pond or a slough within five miles of the place but they can tell the taste of.

Hastings. Ha! ha! ha! I understand: you took them in a round, while they supposed themselves going forward, and so you have at last brought them home again.

Tony. You shall hear. I first took them down Feather-bed Lane, where we stuck fast in the mud. I then rattled them crack over the stones of Up-and-down Hill. I then introduced them to the gibbet on Heavy-tree Heath; and from that, with a circumbendibus, I fairly lodged them in the horse-pond at the bottom of the garden.

Hastings. But no accident, I hope?

Tony. No, no; only mother is confoundedly frightened. She thinks herself forty miles off. She's sick of the journey; and the cattle can scarce crawl. So, if your own horses be ready, you may whip off with cousin, and I'll be bound that no soul here can budge a foot to follow you.

Hastings. My dear friend, how can I be grateful?

Tony. Ay, now it's dear friend; noble Squire! Just now, it was all idiot, cub, and run me through the guts. Damn your way of fighting, I say. After we take a knock in this part of the country, we kiss and be friends. But if you had run me through the guts, then I should be dead, and you might go kiss the hangman.

Hastings. The rebuke is just. But I must hasten to relieve Miss Neville: if you keep the old lady employed, I promise to take care of the young one. [*Exit Hastings.*

Tony. Never fear me. Here she comes; vanish! She's got from the pond, and draggled up to the waist like a mermaid.

Enter Mrs Hardcastle.

Mrs Hardcastle. Oh, Tony, I'm killed! Shook! Battered

to death! I shall never survive it. That last jolt, that laid us against the quickset hedge, has done my business.

Tony. Alack, mamma! it was all your own fault. You would be for running away by night, without knowing one inch of the way.

Mrs Hardcastle. I wish we were at home again. I never met so many accidents in so short a journey. Drenched in the mud, overturned in a ditch, stuck fast in a slough, jolted to a jelly, and at last to lose our way! Whereabout do you think we are, Tony?

Tony. By my guess, we should come upon Crackskull Common, about forty miles from home.

Mrs Hardcastle. O lud! O lud! The most notorious spot in all the country. We only want a robbery to make a complete night on't.

Tony. Don't be afraid, mamma; don't be afraid. Two of the five that kept here are hanged, and the other three may not find us. Don't be afraid. — Is that a man that 's galloping behind us? No, it 's only a tree. — Don't be afraid.

Mrs Hardcastle. The fright will certainly kill me.

Tony. Do you see any thing like a black hat moving behind the thicket?

Mrs Hardcastle. Oh, death!

Tony. No; it 's only a cow. Don't be afraid, mamma; don't be afraid.

Mrs Hardcastle. As I 'm alive, Tony, I see a man coming towards us. Ah! I 'm sure on't. If he perceives us, we are undone.

Tony. (*Aside.*) Father-in-law, by all that 's unlucky, come to take one of his night walks. (*To her.*) Ah! it 's a highwayman, with pistols as long as my arm. A damn'd ill-looking fellow!

Mrs Hardcastle. Good Heaven defend us! He approaches.

Tony. Do you hide yourself in that thicket, and leave me to manage him. If there be any danger, I 'll cough and cry hem. When I cough, be sure to keep close.

[*Mrs Hardcastle hides behind a tree in the back scene.*

Enter Hardcastle.

Hardcastle. I 'm mistaken, or I heard voices of people in want of help. Oh, Tony, is that you? I did not expect you so soon back. Are your mother and her charge in safety?

Tony. Very safe, sir, at my aunt Pedigree's. Hem.

Mrs Hardcastle. (*From behind.*) Ah, death! I find there 's danger.

Hardcastle. Forty miles in three hours; sure that's too much, my youngster.

Tony. Stout horses and willing minds make short journeys, as they say. Hem.

Mrs Hardcastle. (*From behind.*) Sure, he'll do the dear boy no harm.

Hardcastle. But I heard a voice here; I should be glad to know from whence it came.

Tony. It was I, sir, talking to myself, sir. I was saying that forty miles in four hours was very good going. Hem. As to be sure it was. Hem. I have got a sort of cold by being out in the air. We'll go in, if you please. Hem.

Hardcastle. But if you talked to yourself, you did not answer yourself. I'm certain I heard two voices, and am resolved (*raising his voice*) to find the other out.

Mrs Hardcastle. (*From behind.*) Oh! he's coming to find me out. Oh!

Tony. What need you go, sir, if I tell you? Hem. I'll lay down my life for the truth—hem—I'll tell you all, sir. [*Detaining him.*

Hardcastle. I tell you I will not be detained. I insist on seeing. It's in vain to expect I'll believe you.

Mrs Hardcastle. (*Running forward from behind.*) O lud! he'll murder my poor boy, my darling! Here, good gentleman, whet your rage upon me. Take my money, my life, but spare that young gentleman; spare my child, if you have any mercy.

Hardcastle. My wife, as I'm a Christian. From whence can she have come? or what does she mean?

Mrs Hardcastle. (*Kneeling.*) Take compassion on us, good Mr Highwayman. Take our money, our watches, all we have, but spare our lives. We will never bring you to justice; indeed we won't, good Mr Highwayman.

Hardcastle. I believe the woman's out of her senses. What, Dorothy, don't you know me?

Mrs Hardcastle. Mr Hardcastle, as I'm alive! My fears blinded me. But who, my dear, could have expected to meet you here, in this frightful place, so far from home? What has brought you to follow us?

Hardcastle. Sure, Dorothy, you have not lost your wits? So far from home, when you are within forty yards of your own door! (*To him.*) This is one of your old tricks, you graceless rogue, you. (*To her.*) Don't you know the gate and the mulberry-tree? and don't you remember the horse-pond, my dear?

Mrs Hardcastle. Yes, I shall remember the horse-pond as long as I live; I have caught my death in it. (*To Tony.*) And is it to you, you graceless varlet, I owe all this? I'll teach you to abuse your mother — I will.

Tony. Ecod, mother, all the parish says you have spoiled me, and so you may take the fruits on't.

Mrs Hardcastle. I'll spoil you, I will.

[*Follows him off the stage.*

Hardcastle. There's morality, however, in his reply. [*Exit.*

Enter Hastings and Miss Neville.

Hastings. My dear Constance, why will you deliberate thus? If we delay a moment, all is lost for ever. Pluck up a little resolution, and we shall soon be out of the reach of her malignity.

Miss Neville. I find it impossible. My spirits are so sunk with the agitations I have suffered, that I am unable to face any new danger. Two or three years' patience will at last crown us with happiness.

Hastings. Such a tedious delay is worse than inconstancy. Let us fly, my charmer! Let us date our happiness from this very moment. Perish fortune! Love and content will increase what we possess beyond a monarch's revenue. Let me prevail!

Miss Neville. No, Mr Hastings, no. Prudence once more comes to my relief, and I will obey its dictates. In the moment of passion, fortune may be despised, but it ever produces a lasting repentance. I'm resolved to apply to Mr Hardcastle's compassion and justice for redress.

Hastings. But though he had the will, he has not the power, to relieve you.

Miss Neville. But he has influence, and upon that I am resolved to rely.

Hastings. I have no hopes. But since you persist, I must reluctantly obey you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE CHANGES.

Enter Sir Charles Marlow and Miss Hardcastle.

Sir Charles. What a situation am I in! If what you say appears, I shall then find a guilty son. If what he says be

true, I shall then lose one that, of all others, I most wished for a daughter.

Miss Hardcastle. I am proud of your approbation; and to shew I merit it, if you place yourselves as I directed, you shall hear his explicit declaration. But he comes.

Sir Charles. I'll to your father, and keep him to the appointment. [*Exit Sir Charles.*

Enter Marlow.

Marlow. Though prepared for setting out, I come once more to take leave; nor did I, till this moment, know the pain I feel in the separation.

Miss Hardcastle. (*In her own natural manner.*) I believe these sufferings cannot be very great, sir, which you can so easily remove. A day or two longer, perhaps, might lessen your uneasiness, by shewing the little value of what you now think proper to regret.

Marlow. (*Aside.*) This girl every moment improves upon me. (*To her.*) It must not be, madam; I have already trifled too long with my heart. My very pride begins to submit to my passion. The disparity of education and fortune, the anger of a parent, and the contempt of my equals, begin to lose their weight; and nothing can restore me to myself but this painful effort of resolution.

Miss Hardcastle. Then go, sir; I'll urge nothing more to detain you. Though my family be as good as hers you came down to visit, and my education, I hope, not inferior, what are these advantages without equal affluence? I must remain contented with the slight approbation of imputed merit; I must have only the mockery of your addresses, while all your serious aims are fixed on fortune.

Enter Hardcastle and Sir Charles Marlow, from behind.

Sir Charles. Here, behind this screen.

Hardcastle. Ay, ay; make no noise. I'll engage my Kate covers him with confusion at last.

Marlow. By Heavens! madam, fortune was ever my smallest consideration. Your beauty at first caught my eye; for who could see that without emotion? But every moment that I converse with you, steals in some new grace, heightens the picture, and gives it stronger expression. What at first seemed rustic plainness, now appears refined simplicity. What seemed

forward assurance, now strikes me as the result of courageous innocence and conscious virtue.

Sir Charles. What can it mean? He amazes me!

Hardcastle. I told you how it would be. Hush!

Marlow. I am now determined to stay, madam, and I have too good an opinion of my father's discernment, when he sees you, to doubt his approbation.

Miss Hardcastle. No, Mr Marlow, I will not, cannot detain you. Do you think I could suffer a connection in which there is the smallest room for repentance? Do you think I would take the mean advantage of a transient passion to load you with confusion? Do you think I could ever relish that happiness which was acquired by lessening yours?

Marlow. By all that 's good, I can have no happiness but what 's in your power to grant me! Nor shall I ever feel repentance but in not having seen your merits before. I will stay even contrary to your wishes; and though you should persist to shun me, I will make my respectful assiduities atone for the levity of my past conduct.

Miss Hardcastle. Sir, I must entreat you 'll desist. As our acquaintance began, so let it end, in indifference. I might have given an hour or two to levity; but seriously, Mr Marlow, do you think I could ever submit to a connection where I must appear mercenary, and you imprudent? Do you think I could ever catch at the confident addresses of a secure admirer?

Marlow. (*Kneeling.*) Does this look like security? Does this look like confidence? No, madam, every moment that shews me your merit, only serves to increase my diffidence and confusion. Here let me continue——

Sir Charles. I can hold it no longer. Charles, Charles, how hast thou deceived me! Is this your indifference, your uninteresting conversation?

Hardcastle. Your cold contempt; your formal interview! What have you to say now?

Marlow. That I 'm all amazement! What can it mean?

Hardcastle. It means that you can say and unsay things at pleasure: that you can address a lady in private, and deny it in public: that you have one story for us, and another for my daughter.

Marlow. Daughter!— This lady your daughter?

Hardcastle. Yes, sir, my only daughter—my Kate; whose else should she be?

Marlow. Oh, the devil!

Miss Hardcastle. Yes, sir, that very identical tall squinting

lady you were pleased to take me for; (*curtsying*) she that you addressed as the mild, modest, sentimental man of gravity, and the bold, forward, agreeable Rattle of the ladies' club. Ha! ha! ha!

Marlow. Zounds, there's no bearing this; it's worse than death!

Miss Hardcastle. In which of your characters, sir, will you give us leave to address you? As the faltering gentleman, with looks on the ground, that speaks just to be heard, and hates hypocrisy; or the loud confident creature, that keeps it up with Mrs Mantrap, and old Miss Biddy Buckskin, till three in the morning?—Ha! ha! ha!

Marlow. Oh, curse on my noisy head! I never attempted to be impudent yet that I was not taken down! I must be gone.

Hardcastle. By the hand of my body, but you shall not. I see it was all a mistake, and I am rejoiced to find it. You shall not stir, I tell you. I know she'll forgive you. Won't you forgive him, Kate? We'll all forgive you. Take courage, man. [*They retire, she tormenting him, to the back scene.*

Enter Mrs Hardcastle and Tony.

Mrs Hardcastle. So, so, they're gone off. Let them go, I care not.

Hardcastle. Who gone?

Mrs Hardcastle. My dutiful niece and her gentleman, Mr Hastings, from town. He who came down with our modest visitor here.

Sir Charles. Who, my honest George Hastings? As worthy a fellow as lives, and the girl could not have made a more prudent choice.

Hardcastle. Then, by the hand of my body, I'm proud of the connection.

Mrs Hardcastle. Well, if he has taken away the lady, he has not taken her fortune: that remains in this family to console us for her loss.

Hardcastle. Sure, Dorothy, you would not be so mercenary?

Mrs Hardcastle. Ay, that's my affair, not yours.

Hardcastle. But you know if your son, when of age, refuses to marry his cousin, her whole fortune is then at her own disposal.

Mrs Hardcastle. Ay, but he's not of age, and she has not thought proper to wait for his refusal.

Enter Hastings and Miss Neville.

Mrs Hardcastle. (*Aside.*) What, returned so soon! I begin not to like it.

Hastings. (*To Hardcastle.*) For my late attempt to fly off with your niece, let my present confusion be my punishment. We are now come back, to appeal from your justice to your humanity. By her father's consent I first paid her my addresses, and our passions were first founded in duty.

Miss Neville. Since his death, I have been obliged to stoop to dissimulation to avoid oppression. In an hour of levity, I was ready even to give up my fortune to secure my choice: But I am now recovered from the delusion, and hope, from your tenderness, what is denied me from a nearer connection.

Mrs Hardcastle. Pshaw, pshaw; this is all but the whining end of a modern novel.

Hardcastle. Be it what it will, I 'm glad they 're come back to reclaim their due. Come hither, Tony, boy. Do you refuse this lady's hand, whom I now offer you?

Tony. What signifies my refusing? You know I can't refuse her till I 'm of age, father.

Hardcastle. While I thought concealing your age, boy, was likely to conduce to your improvement, I concurred with your mother's desire to keep it secret. But since I find she turns it to a wrong use, I must now declare you have been of age these three months.

Tony. Of age! Am I of age, father?

Hardcastle. Above three months.

Tony. Then you 'll see the first use I 'll make of my liberty. (*Taking Miss Neville's hand.*) Witness all men by these presents, that I, Anthony Lumpkin, esquire, of BLANK place, refuse you, Constantia Neville, spinster, of no place at all, for my true and lawful wife. So Constance Neville may marry whom she pleases, and Tony Lumpkin is his own man again.

Sir Charles. O brave Squire!

Hastings. My worthy friend!

Mrs Hardcastle. My undutiful offspring.

Marlow. Joy, my dear George, I give you joy sincerely! And, could I prevail upon my little tyrant here to be less arbitrary, I should be the happiest man alive, if you would return me the favour.

Hastings. (*To Miss Hardcastle.*) Come, madam, you are now driven to the very last scene of all your contrivances. I

know you like him, I'm sure he loves you, and you must and shall have him.

Hardcastle. (*Joining their hands.*) And I say so too. And, Mr Marlow, if she makes as good a wife as she has a daughter, I don't believe you'll ever repent your bargain. So now to supper. To-morrow we shall gather all the poor of the parish about us, and the mistakes of the night shall be crowned with a merry morning. So, boy, take her; and, as you have been mistaken in the mistress, my wish is, that you may never be mistaken in the wife. [*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE,

BY DR GOLDSMITH.

SPOKEN BY MRS BULKLEY, IN THE CHARACTER OF MISS HARDCASTLE.

Well, having stoop'd to conquer with success,
And gain'd a husband without aid from dress,
Still, as a bar-maid, I could wish it too,
As I have conquer'd him to conquer you:
And let me say, for all your resolution,
That pretty bar-maids have done execution.
Our life is all a play, composed to please;
"We have our exits and our entrances."
The first act shews the simple country maid,
Harmless and young, of every thing afraid;
Blushes when hired, and, with unmeaning action,
"I hopes as how to give you satisfaction."
Her second act displays a livelier scene,—
The unblushing bar-maid of a country inn,
Who whisks about the house, at market caters,
Talks loud, coquets the guests, and scolds the waiters.
Next the scene shifts to town, and there she soars,
The chop-house toast of ogling *connoisseurs:*
On squires and cits she there displays her arts,
And on the gridiron broils her lovers' hearts;
And, as she smiles, her triumphs to complete,
Ev'n common-councilmen forget to eat.
The fourth act shews her wedded to the squire,
And madam now begins to hold it higher;
Pretends to taste, at operas cries *caro,*
And quits her Nancy Dawson for Che Faro:

Doats upon dancing, and, in all her pride,
Swims round the room, the Heinel of Cheapside;
Ogles and leers, with artificial skill,
Till, having lost in age the power to kill,
She sits all night at cards, and ogles at spadille.
Such, through our lives the eventful history!
The fifth and last act still remains for me:
The bar-maid now for your protection prays,
Turns female Barrister, and pleads for Bays.

EPILOGUE,*

TO BE SPOKEN IN THE CHARACTER OF TONY LUMPKIN,

By J. CRADOCK, Esq.

Well, now all 's ended, and my comrades gone,
Pray what becomes of mother's nonly son?
A hopeful blade!—in town I 'll fix my station,
And try to make a bluster in the nation:
As for my cousin Neville, I renounce her—
Off, in a crack, I 'll carry big Bet Bouncer!

Why should not I in the great world appear?
I soon shall have a thousand pounds a-year!
No matter what a man may here inherit,
In London—gad, they 've some regard to spirit:
I see the horses prancing up the streets,
And big Bet Bouncer bobs to all she meets;
Then hoiks to jigs and pastimes every night—
Not to the plays—they say it an't polite:
To Sadler's Wells, perhaps, or operas go,
And once, by chance, to the roratorio.
Thus, here and there, for ever up and down;
We 'll set the fashions, too, to half the town;
And then at auctions—money ne'er regard—
Buy pictures, like the great, ten pounds a-yard:
Zounds! we shall make these London gentry say,
We know what 's damn'd genteel as well as they!

* This came too late to be spoken.

LETTERS.

LETTERS.

LETTER I.

TO ROBERT BRIANTON, ESQ. AT BALLYMAHON, IRELAND.

EDINBURGH, *September* 26, 1753.

MY DEAR BOB,— How many good excuses (and you know I was ever good at an excuse) might I call up to vindicate my past shameful silence! I might tell how I wrote a long letter at my first coming hither: that business (with business, you know, I was always pestered) had never given me time to finger a pen. But I suppress that, and twenty more equally plausible, and as easily invented, since they might all be attended with a slight inconvenience,— of being known to be lies. Let me then speak truth. An hereditary indolence (I have it from the mother's side) has hitherto prevented my writing to you, and still prevents my writing at least twenty-five letters more, due to my friends in Ireland. No turnspit gets up into his wheel with more reluctance than I sit down to write. Yet no dog ever loved the roast meat he turns better than I do him I now address. Yet what shall I say, now I am entered? Shall I tire you with a description of this unfruitful country, where I must lead you over their hills all brown with heath, or their valleys scarcely able to feed a rabbit? Man alone seems to be the only creature who has arrived to the natural size in this poor soil. Every part of the country presents the same dismal landscape. No grove nor brook lend their music to cheer the stranger, or make the inhabitants forget their poverty. Yet with all these disadvantages, enough to call him down to humility, a Scotchman is one of the proudest things alive. The poor have pride ever ready to relieve them. If mankind should happen to despise them, they are masters of their own

admiration, and that they can plentifully bestow upon themselves. From their pride and poverty, as I take it, results one advantage this country enjoys; namely, the gentlemen here are much better bred than among us. No such character here as our fox-hunter; and they have expressed great surprise when I informed them, that some men of a thousand pounds a-year, in Ireland, spend their whole lives in running after a hare, drinking to be drunk, and getting every girl with child that will let them. And truly, if such a being, equipped in his hunting dress, came among a circle of Scots gentlemen, they would behold him with the same astonishment that a countryman does King George on horseback. The men here have generally high cheek bones, and are lean and swarthy, fond of action, dancing in particular. Though, now I have mentioned dancing, let me say something of their balls, which are very frequent here. When a stranger enters the dancing-hall, he sees one end of the room taken up by the ladies, who sit dismally in a group by themselves. On the other end stand their pensive partners that are to be. But no more intercourse between the sexes than there are between two countries at war. The ladies indeed may ogle, and the gentlemen sigh; but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady directress, or intendant, or what you will, pitches on a gentleman and lady to walk a minuet, which they perform with a formality that approaches to despondence. After five or six couple have thus walked the gauntlet, all stand up to country dances; each gentleman furnished with a partner from the aforesaid lady directress: so they dance much, say nothing, and thus concludes our assembly. I told a Scotch gentleman, that such profound silence resembled the ancient procession of the Roman matrons in honour of Ceres; and the Scotch gentleman told me (and faith I believe he was right) that I was a very great pedant for my pains. Now I am come to the ladies, and to shew that I love Scotland, and every thing that belongs to so charming a country, I insist on it, and will give him leave to break my head that denies it, that the Scotch ladies are ten thousand times finer and handsomer than the Irish. To be sure now, I see your sisters Betty and Peggy vastly surprised at my partiality; but tell them flatly I don't value them a potato, their fine skin or eyes, or good sense, or —for I say and will maintain it; and as a convincing proof (I am in a great passion) of what I assert, the Scotch ladies say it themselves. But to be less serious, where will you find

a language so prettily become a pretty mouth as the broad Scotch? And the women here speak it in its highest purity; for instance, teach one of the young ladies at home to pronounce the "*Whoar wull I gong?*" with a becoming widening of mouth, and I'll lay my life they'll wound every hearer. We have no such character here as a coquette; but, alas! how many envious prudes! Some days ago, I walked into my Lord Kilcoubry's,* (don't be surprised, my lord is but a glover) when the Duchess of H. (that fair who sacrificed her beauty to ambition, and her inward peace to a title and gilt equipage) passed by in her chariot; her battered husband, or more properly, the guardian of her charms, sat beside her. Straight envy began, in the shape of no less than three ladies who sat with me, to find faults in her faultless form. "For my part," says the first, "I think, what I always thought, that the duchess has too much of the red in her complexion." —"Madam, I am of your opinion," says the second; "I think her face has a palish cast, too much on the delicate order."—"And let me tell you," adds the third lady, whose mouth was puckered up so as scarcely to admit a pea, "that the duchess has fine lips, but she wants a mouth." At this, every lady drew up her mouth, as if going to pronounce the letter P. But how ill, my Bob, does it become me to ridicule women with whom I have scarcely any correspondence? There are, 'tis certain, handsome women here; and 'tis as certain, they have handsome men to keep them company. An ugly and a poor man is society only for himself; and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance. Fortune has given you circumstances, and Nature a person to look charming in the eyes of the fair. Nor do I envy, my dear Bob, such blessings, while I may sit down and laugh at the world, and at myself, the most ridiculous object in it. But you see I am grown downright splenetic, and perhaps the fit may continue till I hear from you. And yet I know you can't send much news from Ireland; but such as it is, send it all. Every thing you write will be agreeable to Yours, &c.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

* Kirkcudbright. He assumed the title in 1730, on the death of a distant relation; but though he always voted at the election of the Representative Peers, his title was not legally allowed till 1773, when it was restored to his son John. He used to stand in the lobby of the old Assembly Rooms, selling gloves to those who frequented this fashionable resort, except on the night of the Peers' Ball, when he assumed his sword, and took his place as a noble among those who, on other days, were his customers.—B.

LETTER II.

TO THE REV. THOMAS CONTARINE.*

LEYDEN (*no date*).†

DEAR SIR, — I suppose by this time I am accused of either neglect or ingratitude, and my silence imputed to my usual slowness of writing. But believe me, Sir, when I say, that till now I had not an opportunity of sitting down with that ease of mind which writing required. You may see by the top of the letter that I am at Leyden; but of my journey hither you must be informed. Sometime after the receipt of your last, I embarked for Bourdeaux, on board a Scotch ship called the St Andrews, Captain John Wall, master. The ship made a tolerable appearance, and, as another inducement, I was let to know that six agreeable passengers were to be my company. Well, we were but two days at sea when a storm drove us into a city of England called Newcastle-upon-Tyne. We all went ashore to refresh us after the fatigue of our voyage. Seven men and I were one day on shore; and on the following evening, as we were all very merry, the room door bursts open: enters a sergeant and twelve grenadiers with their bayonets screwed, and puts us all under the king's arrest. It seems, my company were Scotchmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland to enlist soldiers for the French army. I endeavoured all I could to prove my innocence: however, I remained in prison with the rest a fortnight, and with difficulty got off even then. Dear Sir, keep this all a secret, or at least say it was for debt;‡ for if it were once known at the university, I should hardly get a degree. But hear how Providence interposed in my favour: the ship was gone on to Bourdeaux before I got from prison, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and every one of the crew were drowned. It happened the last great storm. There was a ship at that time ready for Holland: I embarked, and

* Mr Contarine had married Goldsmith's aunt, and it was by his generosity that the poet was enabled to prosecute his studies at Edinburgh and Leyden. This gentleman was Rector of Kilmore. He died in 1756. — B.

† This letter must have been written in the summer of 1754. — B.

‡ This proposal seems absurd, but it may account for the report mentioned by some of his biographers, of his having been, on his putting to shore, arrested for a debt contracted at Edinburgh, &c.

in nine days, thank my God! I arrived safe at Rotterdam; whence I travelled by land to Leyden, whence I now write.

You may expect some account of this country; and though I am not well qualified for such an undertaking, yet shall I endeavour to satisfy some part of your expectations. Nothing surprised me more than the books every day published descriptive of the manners of this country. Any young man who takes it into his head to publish his travels, visits the countries he intends to describe; passes through them with as much inattention as his valet de chambre; and, consequently, not having a fund himself to fill a volume, he applies to those who wrote before him, and gives us the manners of a country, not as he must have seen them, but such as they might have been fifty years before. The modern Dutchman is quite a different creature from him of former times: he in every thing imitates a Frenchman, but in his easy disengaged air, which is the result of keeping polite company. The Dutchman is vastly ceremonious, and is perhaps exactly what a Frenchman might have been in the reign of Louis XIV. Such are the better bred. But the downright Hollander is one of the oddest figures in nature: upon a head of lank hair he wears a half-cocked narrow hat, laced with black ribbon; no coat, but seven waistcoats, and nine pair of breeches; so that his hips reach almost up to his arm-pits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company, or make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite! Why, she wears a large fur cap with a deal of Flanders lace; and for every pair of breeches he carries, she puts on two petticoats.

A Dutch lady burns nothing about her phlegmatic admirer but his tobacco. You must know, Sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove with coals in it, which, when she sits, she snugs under her petticoats; and at this chimney dozing Strephon lights his pipe. I take it that this continual smoking is what gives the man the ruddy healthful complexion he generally wears, by draining his superfluous moisture, while the woman, deprived of this amusement, overflows with such viscidities as tint the complexion, and give that paleness of visage which low fenny grounds and moist air conspire to cause. A Dutch woman and Scotch will well bear an opposition. The one is pale and fat, the other lean and ruddy: the one walks as if she were straddling after a go-cart, and the other takes too masculine a stride. I shall not endeavour to deprive either country of its share of beauty; but must say, that, of all objects on this earth, an English farmer's daughter is most

charming. Every countrywoman there is a complete beauty, while the higher class of women want many of the requisites to make them even tolerable. Their pleasures here are very dull, though very various. You may smoke, you may doze, you may go to the Italian comedy,—as good an amusement as either of the former. This entertainment always brings in Harlequin, who is generally a magician, and in consequence of his diabolical art, performs a thousand tricks on the rest of the persons of the drama, who are all fools. I have seen the pit in a roar of laughter at this humour, when with his sword he touches the glass from which another was drinking. 'Twas not his face they laughed at, for that was masked. They must have seen something vastly queer in the wooden sword, that neither I, nor you, Sir, were you there, could see.

In winter, when their canals are frozen, every house is forsaken, and all people are on the ice; sleds drawn by horses, and skating, are at that time the reigning amusements. They have boats here that slide on the ice, and are driven by the winds. When they spread all their sails, they go more than a mile and a half a minute, and their motion is so rapid the eye can scarcely accompany them. Their ordinary manner of travelling is very cheap and very convenient: they sail in covered boats drawn by horses; and in these you are sure to meet people of all nations. Here the Dutch slumber, the French chatter, and the English play at cards. Any man who likes company may have them to his taste. For my part, I generally detached myself from all society, and was wholly taken up in observing the face of the country. Nothing can equal its beauty: wherever I turn my eye, fine houses, elegant gardens, statues, grottoes, vistas, presented themselves; but when you enter their towns, you are charmed beyond description. No misery is to be seen here; every one is usefully employed.

Scotland and this country bear the highest contrast. There hills and rocks intercept every prospect; here 'tis all a continued plain. There you might see a well-dressed duchess issuing from a dirty close;* and here a dirty Dutchman inhabiting a palace. The Scotch may be compared to a tulip planted in dung; but I never see a Dutchman in his own house, but I think of a magnificent Egyptian temple dedicated to an ox. Physic is by no means taught here so well as in Edinburgh; and in all Leyden there are but four British

* The narrow streets, or lanes, in Edinburgh are called closes.

students, owing to all necessaries being so extremely dear, and the professors so very lazy, (the chemical professor excepted,*) that we don't much care to come hither. I am not certain how long my stay here may be; however, I expect to have the happiness of seeing you at Kilmore, if I can, next March.

Direct to me, if I am honoured with a letter from you, to Madame Diallion's, at Leyden.

Thou best of men, may Heaven guard and preserve you, and those you love! OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

LETTER III.

TO DANIEL HODSON, ESQ. AT LISHOY, NEAR BALLYMAHON, IRELAND. †

DEAR SIR,—It may be four years since my last letters went to Ireland, and to you in particular; I received no answer, probably because you never wrote to me. My brother Charles, however, informs me of the fatigue you were at in soliciting a subscription to assist me, not only among my friends and relations, but acquaintance in general. Though my pride might feel some repugnance at being thus relieved, yet my gratitude can suffer no diminution. How much am I obliged to you, to them, for such generosity, or (why should not your virtues have the proper name?) for such charity to me at that juncture! Sure I am born to ill fortune, to be so much a debtor and unable to repay. But to say no more of this—too many professions of gratitude are often considered as indirect petitions for future favours—let me only add, that my not receiving that supply was the cause of my present establishment at London. You may easily imagine what difficulties I had to encounter, left as I was without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence; and that in a country where being born an Irishman was sufficient to keep me unemployed. Many in such circumstances would have had recourse to the friar's cord, or the suicide's halter. But, with all my follies, I had principle to resist the one, and resolution to combat the other.

I suppose you desire to know my present situation. As there is nothing in it at which I should blush, or which

* Professor Gaubius.—B.

† Mr Hodson married Goldsmith's eldest sister.—B.

mankind could censure, I see no reason for making it a secret; in short, by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live. Nothing is more apt to introduce us to the gates of the Muses than poverty; but it were well if they only left us at the door; the mischief is, they sometimes choose to give us their company at the entertainment, and Want, instead of being gentleman-usher, often turns master of the ceremonies. Thus, upon hearing I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret. In this particular I do not think proper to undeceive my friends. But whether I eat or starve, live in a first floor or four pair of stairs high, I still remember them with ardour—nay, my very country comes in for a share of my affection. Unaccountable fondness for country, this *maladie du pais*, as the French call it! Unaccountable that he should still have an affection for a place who never received when in it above common civility; who never brought any thing out of it except his brogue and his blunders. Surely my affection is equally ridiculous with the Scotchman's, who refused to be cured of the itch, because it made him "unco thoughtful of his wife and bonny Inverary." But now to be serious, let me ask myself what gives me a wish to see Ireland again? The country is a fine one perhaps? No.—There is good company in Ireland? No. The conversation there is generally made up of a smutty toast, or a bawdy song; the vivacity supported by some humble cousin, who has just folly enough to earn his dinner.—Then perhaps there 's more wit and learning among the Irish? O lord! no. There has been more money spent in the encouragement of the Podareen mare there in one season, than given in rewards to learned men since the times of Usher. All their productions in learning amount to perhaps a translation, or a few tracts in divinity; and all their productions in wit to just nothing at all.—Why the plague then so fond of Ireland? Then, all at once, because you, my dear friend, and a few more, who are exceptions to the general picture, have a residence there. This is it that gives me all the pangs I feel in separation. I confess I carry this spirit sometimes to the souring the pleasures I at present possess. If I go to the opera where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lishoy fireside, and Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night from Peggy Golden. If I climb Flamstead Hill, than where Nature never exhibited a more magnificent prospect—I confess it fine—but then I had rather be placed on the little mount before Lishoy

gate, and there take in, to me, the most pleasing horizon in nature. Before Charles came hither, my thoughts sometimes found refuge from severer studies among my friends in Ireland. I fancied strange revolutions at home; but I find it was the rapidity of my own motion that gave an imaginary one to objects really at rest. No alterations there. Some friends, he tells me, are still lean, but very rich; others very fat, but still very poor. Nay, all the news I hear from you is, that you sally out in visits among the neighbours, and sometimes make a migration from the blue bed to the brown. I could from my heart wish that you, and she, and Lishoy, and Ballymahon, and all of you, would fairly make a migration into Middlesex; though upon second thoughts this might be attended with a few inconveniencies: therefore, as the mountain will not come to Mahomet, why Mahomet shall go to the mountain; or, to speak plain English, as you cannot conveniently pay me a visit, if next summer I can contrive to be absent six weeks from London, I shall spend three of them among my friends in Ireland. But first, believe me, my design is purely to visit, and neither to cut a figure nor levy contributions, neither to excite envy nor solicit favour: in fact, my circumstances are adapted to neither. I am too poor to be gazed at, and too rich to need assistance.

You see, dear Dan, how long I have been talking about myself; but attribute my vanity to my affection: as every man is fond of himself, and I consider you as a second self, I imagine you will consequently be pleased with these instances of egotism.

[*Some mention of private family affairs is here omitted.*]

My dear Sir, these things give me real uneasiness, and I could wish to redress them; but at present there is hardly a kingdom in Europe in which I am not a debtor. I have already discharged my most threatening and pressing demands, for we must be just before we can be grateful. For the rest, I need not say (you know I am) your affectionate kinsman,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Temple Exchange Coffeehouse, near Temple Bar,
Where you may direct an answer.
December 27, 1757.

LETTER IV.

TO DANIEL HODSON, ESQ. AT LISHOY, NEAR BALLYMAHON, IRELAND.

[*No date, but written in the summer of* 1758.]

DEAR SIR,— You cannot expect regularity in one who is regular in nothing. Nay, were I forced to love you by rule, I dare venture to say I could never do it sincerely. Take me, then, with all my faults. Let me write when I please; for you see I say what I please, and am only thinking aloud when writing to you. I suppose you have heard of my intention of going to the East Indies. The place of my destination is one of the factories on the coast of Coromandel; and I go in quality of physician and surgeon, for which the Company has signed my warrant, which has already cost me ten pounds. I must also pay fifty pounds for my passage, and ten pounds for my sea stores; and the other incidental expenses of my equipment will amount to sixty or seventy pounds more. The salary is but trifling, viz. one hundred pounds per annum; but the other advantages, if a person be prudent, are considerable. The practice of the place, if I am rightly informed, generally amounts to not less than one thousand pounds per annum, for which the appointed physician has an exclusive privilege. This, with the advantages resulting from trade, with the high interest which money bears, viz. twenty pounds per cent, are the inducements which persuade me to undergo the fatigues of sea, the dangers of war, and the still greater dangers of the climate— which induce me to leave a place where I am every day gaining friends and esteem, and where I might enjoy all the conveniencies of life. I am certainly wrong not to be contented with what I already possess, trifling as it is; for should I ask myself one serious question,— What is it I want? — what can I answer? My desires are capricious as the big-bellied woman's, who longed for a piece of her husband's nose. I have no certainty, it is true; but why cannot I do as some men of more merit, who have lived on more precarious terms? Scarron used jestingly to call himself the Marquis of Quenault, which was the name of the bookseller that employed him: and why may not I assert my privilege and quality on the same pretensions? Yet, upon deliberation, whatever airs I give myself on this side of the water, my dignity, I fancy, would be evaporated before I reached the other. I know you have in

Ireland a very indifferent idea of a man who writes for bread; though Swift and Steele did so in the earliest part of their lives. You imagine, I suppose, that every author by profession lives in a garret, wears shabby clothes, and converses with the meanest company. Yet I do not believe there is one single writer, who has abilities to translate a French novel, that does not keep better company, wear finer clothes, and live more genteelly, than many who pride themselves for nothing else in Ireland. I confess it again, my dear Dan, that nothing but the wildest ambition could prevail on me to leave the enjoyment of that refined conversation which I am sometimes admitted to partake in, for uncertain fortune and paltry show. You cannot conceive how I am sometimes divided: to leave all that is dear to me gives me pain; but when I consider I may possibly acquire a genteel independence for life—when I think of that dignity which philosophy claims, to raise itself above contempt and ridicule—when I think thus, I eagerly long to embrace every opportunity of separating myself from the vulgar, as much in my circumstances, as I am already in my sentiments. I am going to publish a book,* for an account of which I refer you to a letter which I wrote to my brother Goldsmith. Circulate for me among your acquaintance a hundred proposals, which I have given orders may be sent to you; and if, in pursuance of such circulation, you should receive any subscriptions, let them, when collected, be transmitted to Mr Bradley, who will give a receipt for the same.

[*Omitting here what relates to private family affairs, he then adds:*].

I know not how my desire of seeing Ireland, which had so long slept, has again revived with so much ardour. So weak is my temper, and so unsteady, that I am frequently tempted, particularly when low spirited, to return home and leave my fortune, though just beginning to look kinder. But it shall not be. In five or six years I hope to indulge these transports. I find I want constitution, and a strong steady disposition, which alone makes men great. I will, however, correct my faults, since I am conscious of them.

* His *Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning in Europe*, which he proposed to publish by subscription, to defray the expenses of his intended voyage to India.—B.

LETTER V.

TO EDWARD MILLS, ESQ. NEAR ROSCOMMON, IRELAND.

DEAR SIR,—You have quitted, I find, that plan of life which you once intended to pursue, and given up ambition for domestic tranquillity. Were I to consult your satisfaction alone in this change, I have the utmost reason to congratulate your choice; but when I consider my own, I cannot avoid feeling some regret, that one of my few friends has declined a pursuit in which he had every reason to expect success. The truth is, like the rest of the world, I am self-interested in my concern; and do not so much consider the happiness you have acquired, as the honour I have probably lost in the change. I have often let my fancy loose when you were the subject, and have imagined you gracing the bench, or thundering at the bar; while I have taken no small pride to myself, and whispered all that I could come near, that this was my cousin. Instead of this, it seems, you are contented to be merely a happy man; to be esteemed only by your acquaintance—to cultivate your paternal acres—to take unmolested a nap under one of your own hawthorns, or in Mrs Mills's bedchamber, which, even a poet must confess, is rather the most comfortable place of the two.

But, however your resolutions may be altered with respect to your situation in life, I persuade myself they are unalterable with regard to your friends in it. I cannot think the world has taken such entire possession of that heart, once so susceptible of friendship, as not to have left a corner there for a friend or two; but I flatter myself that even I have my place among the number. This I have a claim to from the similitude of our dispositions; or, setting that aside, I can demand it as my right by the most equitable law in nature, I mean that of retaliation; for, indeed, you have more than your share in mine. I am a man of few professions, and yet this very instant I cannot avoid the painful apprehension, that my present professions (which speak not half my feelings) should be considered only as a pretext to cover a request, as I have a request to make. No, my dear Ned, I know you are too generous to think so; and you know me too proud to stoop to mercenary insincerity. I have a request, it is true, to make; but, as I know to whom I am a petitioner, I make it without diffidence or confusion. It is in short this: I am going to

publish a book in London, entitled " An Essay on the Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe." Every work published here the printers in Ireland republish there, without giving the author the least consideration for his copy. I would in this respect disappoint their avarice, and have all the additional advantages that may result from the sale of my performance there to myself. The book is now printing in London, and I have requested Dr Radcliff, Mr Lawder, Mr Bryanton, my brother Mr Henry Goldsmith, and brother-in-law Mr Hodson, to circulate my proposals among their acquaintance. The same request I now make to you, and have accordingly given directions to Mr Bradley, bookseller in Dame Street, Dublin, to send you a hundred proposals. Whatever subscriptions, pursuant to those proposals, you may receive, when collected, may be transmitted to Mr Bradley, who will give a receipt for the money, and be accountable for the books. I shall not, by a paltry apology, excuse myself for putting you to this trouble. Were I not convinced that you found more pleasure in doing good-natured things, than uneasiness at being employed in them, I should not have singled you out on this occasion. It is probable you would comply with such a request, if it tended to the encouragement of any man of learning whatsoever; what then may not he expect who has claims of family and friendship to enforce his?

I am, dear Sir, your sincere friend and humble servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

London, Temple Exchange Coffeehouse,
Temple Bar, August 7, 1759.

LETTER VI.

TO THE REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH, AT LOWFIELD, NEAR BALLYMORE, IN WESTMEATH, IRELAND.

[This is evidently a second letter, subsequent to all the preceding, and written about the year 1759.]

DEAR SIR,—Your punctuality in answering a man whose trade is writing, is more than I had reason to expect; and yet you see me generally fill a whole sheet, which is all the recompense I can make for being so frequently troublesome. The behaviour of Mr Mills and Mr Lawder is a little extraordinary. However, their answering neither you nor me is a sufficient indication of their disliking the employment which I assigned them. As their conduct is different from what I had expected, so I have made an alteration in mine. I shall the beginning

of next month send over two hundred and fifty books,* which are all that I fancy can be well sold among you ; and I would have you make some distinction in the persons who have subscribed. The money, which will amount to sixty pounds, may be left with Mr Bradley, as soon as possible. I am not certain but I shall quickly have occasion for it. I have met with no disappointment with respect to my East India voyage, nor are my resolutions altered ; though, at the same time, I must confess, it gives me some pain to think I am almost beginning the world at the age of thirty-one. Though I never had a day's sickness since I saw you, yet I am not that strong active man you once knew me. You scarcely can conceive how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study, have worn me down. If I remember right, you are seven or eight years older than me, yet, I dare venture to say, that if a stranger saw us both, he would pay me the honours of seniority. Imagine to yourself a pale melancholy visage, with two great wrinkles between the eye-brows, with an eye disgustingly severe, and a big wig, and you may have a perfect picture of my present appearance. On the other hand, I conceive you as perfectly sleek and healthy, passing many a happy day among your own children, or those who knew you a child. Since I knew what it was to be a man, this is a pleasure I have not known. I have passed my days among a parcel of cool designing beings, and have contracted all their suspicious manner in my own behaviour.† I should actually be as unfit for the society of my friends at home, as I detest that which I am obliged to partake of here. I can now neither partake of the pleasure of a revel, nor contribute to raise its jollity. I can neither laugh nor drink, have contracted a hesitating disagreeable manner of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-nature itself; in short, I have thought myself into a settled melancholy, and an utter disgust of all that life brings with it. Whence this romantic turn that all our family are possessed with? whence this love for every place and every country but that in which we reside? for every occupation but our own? this desire of fortune, and yet this eagerness to dissipate? I perceive, my dear Sir, that I am at intervals for indulging this splenetic manner, and following my own taste, regardless of yours.

* His book on the "Present State of Polite Literature in Europe." Subscription price, 5s.

† It is amusing to find Goldsmith, the most unguarded and least suspicious of men, giving himself a character so foreign to his real temper. — B.

The reasons you have given me for breeding up your son a scholar are judicious and convincing; I should, however, be glad to know for what particular profession he is designed. If he be assiduous, and divested of strong passions, (for passions in youth always lead to pleasure,) he may do very well in your college; for, it must be owned, that the industrious poor have good encouragement there, perhaps better than in any other in Europe. But, if he has ambition, strong passions, and an exquisite sensibility of contempt, do not send him there, unless you have no other trade for him except your own. It is impossible to conceive how much may be done by a proper education at home. A boy, for instance, who understands perfectly well Latin, French, arithmetic, and the principles of the civil law, and can write a fine hand, has an education that may qualify him for any undertaking. And these parts of learning should be carefully inculcated, let him be designed for whatever calling he will. Above all things, let him never touch a romance or novel; those paint beauty in colours more charming than nature, and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive, are those pictures of consummate bliss! They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness which never existed; to despise the little good which fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and, in general, take the word of a man who has seen the world, and has studied human nature more by experience than precept—take my word for it, I say, that books teach us very little of the world. The greatest merit in a state of poverty would only serve to make the possessor ridiculous; may distress, but cannot relieve him. Frugality, and even avarice, in the lower orders of mankind, are true ambition. These afford the only ladder for the poor to rise to preferment. Teach then, my dear Sir, to your son thrift and economy. Let his poor wandering uncle's example be placed before his eyes. I had learned from books to be disinterested and generous, before I was taught from experience the necessity of being prudent. I had contracted the habits and notions of a philosopher, while I was exposing myself to the insidious approaches of cunning; and often by being, even with my narrow finances, charitable to excess, I forgot the rules of justice, and placed myself in the very situation of the wretch who thanked me for my bounty. When I am in the remotest part of the world, tell him this, and perhaps he may improve from my example. But I find myself again falling into my gloomy habits of thinking.

My mother, I am informed, is almost blind: even though I had the utmost inclination to return home, under such circumstances I could not; for to behold her in distress, without a capacity of relieving her from it, would add too much to my splenetic habit. Your last letter was much too short; it should have answered some queries I had made in my former. Just sit down as I do, and write forward till you have filled all your paper; it requires no thought, at least from the ease with which my own sentiments rise when they are addressed to you. For, believe me, my head has no share in all I write; my heart dictates the whole. Pray, give my love to Bob Bryanton, and entreat him, from me, not to drink. My dear Sir, give me some account about poor Jenny.* Yet her husband loves her; if so, she cannot be unhappy.

I know not whether I should tell you—yet why should I conceal those trifles, or indeed any thing from you?—there is a book of mine will be published in a few days, the life of a very extraordinary man—no less than the great Voltaire. You know already by the title, that it is no more than a catch-penny.† However, I spent but four weeks on the whole performance, for which I received twenty pounds. When published, I shall take some method of conveying it to you, unless you may think it dear of the postage, which may amount to four or five shillings. However, I fear you will not find an equivalence of amusement. Your last letter, I repeat it, was too short; you should have given me your opinion of the design of the heroi-comical poem which I sent you: you remember I intended to introduce the hero of the poem as lying in a paltry alehouse. You may take the following specimen of the manner, which I flatter myself is quite original. The room in which he lies may be described somewhat this way:—

> The window, patch'd with paper, lent a ray,
> That feebly shew'd the state in which he lay.
> The sanded floor, that grits beneath the tread;
> The humid wall with paltry pictures spread;
> The game of goose was there exposed to view,
> And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew:
> The Seasons, framed with listing, found a place,
> And Prussia's monarch shew'd his lamp-black face.

* His youngest sister, who married unfortunately.

† This character of the performance by the author has been deemed a sufficient reason for not inserting it in the present edition of his miscellaneous works. The truth is, the *Life of Voltaire* is a mere hasty compilation from such scanty and questionable materials as were supplied by the newspapers and magazines of the day. — B.

The morn was cold; he views with keen desire
A rusty grate unconscious of a fire.
An unpaid reckoning on the frieze was scored,
And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney board. *

And now imagine, after his soliloquy, the landlord to make his appearance, in order to dun him for the reckoning:—

Not with that face, so servile and so gay,
That welcomes every stranger that can pay:
With sulky eye he smoked the patient man,
Then pull'd his breeches tight, and thus began, &c.

All this is taken, you see, from nature. It is a good remark of Montaigne's, that the wisest men often have friends, with whom they do not care how much they play the fool. Take my present follies as instances of regard. Poetry is a much easier, and more agreeable species of composition than prose; and could a man live by it, it were not unpleasant employment to be a poet. I am resolved to leave no space, though I should fill it up only by telling you, what you very well know already,—I mean that I am your most affectionate friend and brother,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

LETTER VII.

TO MR MAURICE GOLDSMITH,† AT JAMES LAWDER'S, ESQ. AT KILMORE, NEAR CARRICK ON SHANNON.

January, 1770.

DEAR BROTHER,—I should have answered your letter sooner, but in truth I am not fond of thinking of the necessities

* See Poems, *Description of an Author's Bed-chamber*, and *Citizen of the World*, Letter XXX.—B.

† This was our poet's youngest brother. Having been bred to no business, he upon some occasion complained to our bard, that he found it difficult to live like a gentleman: on which Oliver begged he would, without delay, quit so unprofitable a trade, and betake himself to some handicraft employment. Maurice wisely took the hint, and bound himself apprentice to a cabinet-maker. He had a shop in Dublin, when the Duke of Rutland was lord lieutenant; who, at the instance of Mr Orde, then principal secretary of state, (now Lord Bolton,) out of regard to his brother's memory, made him an inspector of the licences in that city. He was also appointed mace-bearer on the erection of the Royal Irish Academy: both of them places very compatible with his business. In the former he gave proof of great integrity, by detecting a fraud committed on the revenue in his department, by which probably he might himself have profited, if he had not been a man of principle. He died without issue, about the year 1794.

of those I love, when it is so very little in my power to help them. I am sorry to find you are still every way unprovided for; and what adds to my uneasiness is, that I have received a letter from my sister Johnson,* by which I learn that she is pretty much in the same circumstances. As to myself, I believe I could get both you and my poor brother-in-law something like that which you desire, but I am determined never to ask for little things, nor exhaust any little interest I may have until I can serve you, him, and myself more effectually. As yet no opportunity has offered, but I believe you are pretty well convinced that I will not be remiss when it arrives. The King has lately been pleased to make me professor of ancient history in a royal academy of painting, which he has just established; but there is no salary annexed, and I took it rather as a compliment to the institution, than any benefit to myself. Honours to one in my situation are something like ruffles to a man that wants a shirt. You tell me that there are fourteen or fifteen pounds left me in the hands of my cousin Lawder, and you ask me what I would have done with them. My dear brother, I would by no means give any directions to my dear worthy relations at Kilmore how to dispose of money which is, properly speaking, more theirs than mine. All that I can say is, that I entirely, and this letter will serve to witness, give up any right and title to it; and I am sure they will dispose of it to the best advantage. To them I entirely leave it, whether they or you may think the whole necessary to fit you out, or whether our poor sister Johnson may not want the half, I leave entirely to their and your discretion. The kindness of that good couple to our poor shattered family demands our sincerest gratitude; and though they have almost forgot me, yet, if good things at last arrive, I hope one day to return, and increase their good humour by adding to my own. I have sent my cousin Jenny a miniature picture of myself, as I believe it is the most acceptable present I can offer. I have ordered it to be left for her at George Faulkener's, folded in a letter. The face, you well know, is ugly enough, but it is finely painted. I will shortly also send my friends over the Shannon some mezzotinto prints of myself, and some more of my friends here, such as Burke, Johnson, Reynolds, and Colman. I believe I have written a hundred letters to different friends in your country, and never received an

* His youngest sister, who had married unfortunately.

answer from any of them. I do not know how to account for this, or why they are unwilling to keep up for me these regards, which I must ever retain for them. If, then, you have a mind to oblige me, you will write often, whether I answer you or not. Let me particularly have the news of our family and old acquaintances. For instance, you may begin by telling me about the family where you reside, how they spend their time, and whether they ever make mention of me. Tell me about my mother, my brother Hodson, and his son; my brother Harry's son and daughter, my sister Johnson, the family of Ballyoughter, what is become of them, where they live, and how they do. You talked of being my only brother —I don't understand you—where is Charles? A sheet of paper occasionally, filled with news of this kind, would make me very happy, and would keep you nearer my mind. As it is, my dear brother, believe me to be yours most affectionately,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.*

LETTER VIII.

TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

No date.†

MY DEAR FRIEND,—We had a very quick passage from Dover to Calais, which we performed in three hours and twenty minutes, all of us extremely sea-sick, which must necessarily have happened, as my machine to prevent sea-sickness was not completed. We were glad to leave Dover, because we hated to be imposed upon; so were in high spirits at coming to Calais, where we were told that a little money would go a great way. Upon landing two little trunks, which was all we carried with us, we were surprised to see fourteen or fifteen fellows all running down to the ship to lay their hands upon them; four got under each trunk, the rest surrounded, and held the hasps; and in this manner our little baggage was conducted, with a kind of funeral solemnity, till it was safely lodged at the customhouse. We were well

* To the original is annexed a receipt which shews that the sum of £15 was paid to Maurice Goldsmith, for a legacy bequeathed to Oliver Goldsmith by the late Rev. Thomas Contarine. Dated 4th February, 1770.

† This short note was written by the author on his landing at Calais, when he accompanied the Misses Horneck and their mother to Paris in 1770.—B.

enough pleased with the people's civility, till they came to be paid: every creature that had the happiness of but touching our trunks with their finger, expected sixpence; and they had so pretty civil a manner of demanding it, that there was no refusing them. When we had done with the porters, we had next to speak with the customhouse officers, who had their pretty civil way too. We were directed to the Hotel d'Angleterre, where a valet-de-place came to offer his service, and spoke to me ten minutes before I once found out that he was speaking English. We had no occasion for his service, so we gave him a little money because he spoke English, and because he wanted it. I cannot help mentioning another circumstance: I bought a new ribbon for my wig at Canterbury, and the barber at Calais broke it in order to gain sixpence by buying me a new one.

LETTER IX.

TO BENNET LANGTON, * ESQ. AT LANGTON, NEAR SPILSBY, IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

My dear Sir,— Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, I have been almost wholly in the country at a farmer's house, quite alone, trying to write a comedy.† It is now finished, but when or how it will be acted, or whether it will be acted at all, are questions I cannot resolve. I am therefore so much employed upon that, that I am under the necessity of putting off my intended visit to Lincolnshire for this season. Reynolds is just returned from Paris, and finds himself now in the case of a truant that must make up for his idle time by diligence. We have therefore agreed to postpone our journey till next summer, when we hope to have the honour of waiting upon Lady Rothes ‡ and you, and staying double the time of our late intended visit. We often meet, and never without remembering you. I see Mr Beauclerc very often both in town and country. He is now going directly forward to become a second Boyle: deep in chemistry and physics. Johnson has been down upon a visit to a country parson, Doctor Taylor; and is returned to his old haunts at Mrs

* Mr Langton was one of the original members of the Literary Club, and succeeded Dr Johnson as professor of ancient literature in the Royal Academy of Arts. — B.

† *She Stoops to Conquer.* — B.

‡ Mr Langton married the Dowager Countess of Rothes. — B.

Thrale's. Burke is a farmer, *en attendant* a better place; but visiting about too. Every soul is a-visiting about and merry but myself; and that is hard too, as I have been trying these three months to do something to make people laugh. There have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests with a most tragical countenance. The "Natural History" * is about half finished, and I will shortly finish the rest. God knows, I am tired of this kind of finishing, which is but bungling work, and that not so much my fault as the fault of my scurvy circumstances. They begin to talk in town of the Opposition's gaining ground; the cry of liberty is still as loud as ever. I have published, or Davies has published for me, "An Abridgment of the History of England," for which I have been a good deal abused in the newspapers for betraying the liberties of the people. God knows, I had no thought for or against liberty in my head; my whole aim being to make up a book of a decent size, that, as Squire Richard says, "would do no harm to nobody." However, they set me down as an arrant Tory, and consequently an honest man. When you come to look at any part of it, you 'll say that I am a sour Whig. God bless you, and with my most respectful compliments to her ladyship, I remain, dear Sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Temple, Brick Court, *September* 7, 1771.

LETTER X.

FROM GENERAL OGLETHORPE. †

How just, Sir, were your observations, that the poorest objects were by extreme poverty deprived of the benefit of hospitals erected for the relief of the poorest!

Extreme poverty, which should be the strongest recommendation to charity, is here the insurmountable objection, which leaves the distressed to perish.

The qualifying such objects to receive the benefit of hospitals answers the intentions of the intended society. The design is the immediate relief from perishing; thereby giving time and protection to get proper destinations. And this of being admitted into an hospital is a proper destination.

* *A History of the Earth and Animated Nature*, published in 1774, 8 vols. octavo. — B.

† The founder of the colony of Georgia, whom Pope mentions:

> Or, driven by strong benevolence of soul,
> Will fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole.

You were so good as to offer to distribute such sums as should be sent to you.

At the same time that I am to return you thanks for your charitable offer, I am to send you five pounds to be distributed for that purpose, in the time and manner you think proper; which I accordingly herewith send.

You have seen, I suppose, in the St James's Evening Post, from September 22 to 25, the Zoilus that attacked you treated with proper contempt.

If a farm and a mere country scene will be a little refreshment from the smoke of London, we shall be glad of the happiness of seeing you at Cranham Hall. It is sixteen miles from the Three Nuns at Whitechapel, where Prior, our stage-coach [man] inns. He sets out at two in the afternoon. I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant, J. Ogletiiorpe.

Cranham Hall, (by Gray's Bag,) Essex. — (*No date.*)

LETTER XI.*

FROM THOMAS PAINE.

Honoured Sir, — Herewith I present you with the case of the officers of excise. A compliment of this kind from an entire stranger may appear somewhat singular; but the following reasons and information will, I presume, sufficiently apologize.

I act myself in the humble station of an officer of excise, though somewhat differently circumstanced to what many of them are, and have been the principal promoter of a plan for applying to Parliament this session for an increase of salary. A petition for this purpose has been circulated through every part of the kingdom, and signed by all the officers therein. A subscription of three shillings per officer is raised, amounting to upwards of five hundred pounds, for supporting the expenses.

The excise officers in all cities and corporate towns have obtained letters of recommendation from the electors to the members in their behalf, many or most of whom have promised their support. The enclosed case we have presented

* This letter, from the notorious author of the *Age of Reason*, accompanied a copy of his first literary production, the case of the officers of excise. We have admitted it into this edition of Goldsmith's Works, partly as a proof of the literary fame which he at this time enjoyed, and partly on account of the notoriety of its profligate author. It does not appear that the poet accepted of the philosopher's invitation to discuss a bottle of wine together. — B.

to most of the members, and shall to all, before the petition appears in the house.

The memorial before you met with so much approbation while in manuscript, that I was advised to print four thousand copies: three thousand of which were subscribed for by the officers in general, and the remaining one thousand reserved for presents.

Since the delivering them, I have received so many letters of thanks and approbation for the performance, that were I not rather singularly modest, I should insensibly become a little vain.

The literary fame of Dr Goldsmith has induced me to present one to him, such as it is. 'Tis my first and only attempt, and even now I should not have undertaken it, had I not been particularly applied to by some of my superiors in office.

I have some few questions to trouble Dr Goldsmith with, and should esteem his company for an hour or two, to partake of a bottle of wine or any thing else, and apologize for this trouble, as a singular favour conferred on his unknown humble servant and admirer, THOMAS PAINE.

Excise Coffeehouse, Broad Sreet
December 21, 1772.

P. S.—Shall take the liberty of waiting on you in a day or two.

LETTER XII.

The following Letter is printed from the *Annual Register* for the year 1801, where it is given as "A Letter of the late Dr Goldsmith, when about twenty-five years old, to a Young Gentleman whom he had for a short time instructed in different branches of learning."—B.

I HAVE thought it advisable, my dear young pupil, to adopt this method of giving my thoughts to you on some subjects which I find myself not well disposed to speak of in your presence. The reason of this you will yourself perceive in the course of reading this letter. It is disagreeable to most men, and particularly so to me, to say any thing which has the appearance of a disagreeable truth; and, as what I have now to say to you is entirely respecting yourself, it is highly probable that, in some respect or other, your view of things and mine may considerably differ.

In the various objects of knowledge, which I have had the pleasure of seeing you study under my care, as well as those which you have acquired under the various teachers who have hitherto instructed you, the most material branch of information which it imports a human being to know, has been entirely overlooked, — I mean the knowledge of yourself. There are, indeed, very few persons who possess at once the capability and the disposition to give you this instruction. Your parents, who alone are perhaps sufficiently acquainted with you for the purpose, are usually disqualified for the task, by the very affection and partiality which would prompt them to undertake it. Your masters, who probably labour under no such prejudices, have seldom either sufficient opportunities of knowing your character, or are so much interested in your welfare, as to undertake an employment so unpleasant and laborious. You are, as yet, too young and inexperienced to perform this important office for yourself, or, indeed, to be sensible of its very great consequence to your happiness. The ardent hopes and the extreme vanity natural to early youth, blind you at once to every thing within and every thing without, and make you see both yourself and the world in false colours. This illusion, it is true, will gradually wear away as your reason matures, and your experience increases ; but the question is, What is to be done in the meantime ? Evidently there is no plan for you to adopt but to make use of the reason and experience of those who are qualified to direct you.

Of this, however, I can assure you, both from my own experience, and from the opinions of all those whose opinions deserve to be valued, that if you aim at any sort of eminence or respectability in the eyes of the world, or in those of your friends ; if you have any ambition to be distinguished in your future career for your virtues, or talents, or accomplishments, this self-knowledge of which I am speaking is above all things requisite. For how is your moral character to be improved, unless you know what are the virtues and vices which your natural disposition is calculated to foster, and what are the passions which are most apt to govern you ? How are you to attain eminence in any talent or pursuit, unless you know in what particular way your powers of mind best capacitate you for excelling ? It is therefore my intention, in this letter, to offer you a few hints on this most important subject.

When you come to look abroad into the world, and to study the different characters of men, you will find that the happiness

of any individual depends not, as you would suppose, on the advantages of fortune or situation, but principally on the regulation of his own mind. If you are able to secure tranquillity within, you will not be much annoyed by any disturbance without. The great art of doing this consists in a proper government of the passions — in taking care that no propensity is suffered to acquire so much power over your mind as to be the cause of immoderate uneasiness, either to yourself or others. I insist particularly on this point, my dear young friend, because, if I am not greatly deceived, you are yourself very much disposed by nature to two passions, the most tormenting to the possessor, and the most offensive to others, of any which afflict the human race, — I mean pride and anger. Indeed, those two dispositions seem to be naturally connected with each other; for you have probably remarked, that most proud men are addicted to anger, and that most passionate men are also proud. Be this as it may, I can confidently assure you, that if an attempt is not made to subdue those uneasy propensities now when your temper is flexible, and your mind easy of impression, they will most infallibly prove the bane and torment of your whole life. They will not only destroy all possibility of your enjoying any happiness yourself, but they will produce the same effect on those about you; and by that means you will deprive yourself both of the respect of others, and the approbation of your own heart, — the only two sources from which can be derived any substantial comfort, or real enjoyment.

It is, moreover, a certain principle in morals, that all the bad passions, but especially those of which we are speaking, defeat, in all cases, their own purposes, — a position which appears quite evident, on the slightest examination. For what is the object which the proud man has constantly in view? Is it not to gain distinction, and respect, and consideration among mankind? Now, it is unfortunately the nature of pride to aim at this distinction, not by striving to acquire such virtues and talents as would really entitle him to it, but by labouring to exalt himself above his equals by little and degrading methods; by endeavouring, for example, to outvie them in dress, or show, or expense, or by affecting to look down, with haughty superciliousness, on such as are inferior to himself only by some accidental advantages for which he is no way indebted to his own merit. The consequence of this is, that all mankind declare war against him: his inferiors, whom he affects to despise, will hate him, and consequently will exert themselves

to injure and depress him; and his superiors, whom he attempts to imitate, will ridicule his absurd and unavailing efforts to invade what they consider as their own peculiar province.

If it may with truth be said, that a proud man defeats his own purposes, the same may, with equal certainty, be affirmed of a man who gives way to violence of temper. His angry invectives, his illiberal abuse, and his insulting language, produce very little effect on those who hear him, and who, perhaps, only smile at his infirmities; but who can describe the intolerable pangs of vexation, rage, and remorse, by which the heart of a passionate man is successively ravaged? Alas! it is himself alone for whom the storm is pent up, who is torn by its violence, and not those against whom its fury is meant to be directed.

You will, I dare say, readily agree to the truth of all this; but you will, perhaps, be at a loss to conceive what can be my reasons for applying it to you. My principal reasons for thinking you subject to these unhappy failings are very cogent; and they are of such a nature, that it is peculiarly painful for me to state them. In a word, then, I have seen those hateful propensities govern you with such irresistible power, that they have overcome the strongest and most natural principle that can be supposed to reign in the heart of a young person,—I mean the duty and affection you owe your parents. Surely it could be no common failing, no light or trivial fault of temper, that could be sufficient to counteract the warmest feelings and strongest duties of a young mind! Duties and feelings so natural and so indispensable, that we justly conclude a young person who appears to be devoid of them can scarcely possess any other valuable quality. From such grounds, then, can you think me harsh or uncharitable, if I have formed such conclusions?

I have been urged to what I have said by an earnest wish for the improvement of your character, and particularly for the amelioration of your heart. In a future letter, I shall pursue the subject, by endeavouring to give you some rules respecting the government and improvement of the understanding. I hope and believe that your conduct will be such as to render any future admonitions on the subjects of this letter entirely unnecessary. I am, my dear pupil, yours affectionately, &c.

The following articles of agreement between himself and Mr Thomas Davies, the bookseller, concerning two of his publications, were drawn up by Dr Goldsmith. — B.

MEMORANDUM.

Russell Street, Covent Garden.

It is agreed between Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. on the one hand, and Thomas Davies, bookseller, of Russell Street, Covent Garden, on the other, that Oliver Goldsmith shall write for Thomas Davies an History of England, from the birth of the British empire to the death of George the Second, in four volumes octavo, of the size and the letter of the Roman History, written by Oliver Goldsmith. The said History of England shall be written and compiled in the space of two years from the date hereof. And when the said History is written and delivered in manuscript, the printer giving his opinion that the quantity above mentioned is completed, that then Oliver Goldsmith shall be paid by Thomas Davies the sum of five hundred pounds sterling, for having written and compiled the same. It is agreed also, that Oliver Goldsmith shall print his name to the said work. In witness whereof, we have set our names this thirteenth of June, 1769.

Oliver Goldsmith.
Thomas Davies.

MEMORANDUM.

September 15, 1770

It is agreed between Oliver Goldsmith, M. B. and Thomas Davies, of Covent Garden, bookseller, that Oliver Goldsmith shall abridge for Thomas Davies the book entitled "Goldsmith's Roman History," in two volumes octavo into one volume in duodecimo, so as to fit it for the use of such as will not be at the expense of that in octavo. For the abridging of the said history, and for putting his name thereto, said Thomas Davies shall pay Oliver Goldsmith fifty guineas, to be paid him on the abridgment and delivery of the copy: as witness our hands,

Oliver Goldsmith.
Thomas Davies.

EDINBURGH:
Printed by ANDREW SHORTREDE, Thistle Lane.

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